

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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A BRIGAND CHIEF

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THE
C A S Q U E T

OF

LITERARY GEMS.

EDITED BY ALEX. WHITELOW.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

FIRST SERIES.—IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

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PREFACE.

THE present work belongs to a class the nature and object of which require little explanation. The vast extent of modern literature has rendered selections generally acceptable to all readers—as much from the difficulty of perusing, as procuring, the multifarious productions that are daily issuing from the press.

In the compilation of *THE CASQUET*, the Editor has endeavoured to lay before the public a collection of pieces of unequivocal merit and unobjectionable tendency, selected in some cases from rare old writers, but principally from the distinguished authors of the present day. How far he has succeeded in this object rests with the public to decide. He can only say, that he has spared no exertion towards its attainment: He has seldom abridged his own research by drawing from the compilations of others, or yielded to the temptation, which the engrossing pages of the work were calculated to suggest, of being occasionally satisfied with mediocrity. Numerous as the sources are from which the selection is composed, they bear but a slight proportion to those which have been consulted. Where much is given, much that is excellent may justly be expected; but it is hoped, that *THE CASQUET* will be found worthy of a more ambitious character, in having little that is really inferior or indifferent.

A work of this kind is perhaps more than ordinarily open to praise or blame. Every reader has his favourite authors, and is naturally enough influenced in his judgment of it by his own partialities and prejudices. To have studied, however, the various and opposite tastes of all—even so far as that were practicable—would have been to have rendered *THE CASQUET* in effect acceptable to none. The fate of the poor painter, who endeavoured to please everybody, and succeeded in pleasing nobody, stands as a familiar warning against having no better rule of conduct than the conflicting opinions of others. At the same time, the Editor has been cautious of indulging unduly in any exclusive taste: the Index of Authors will show, that he has quoted freely from writers of every party and school:—and he should be most happy, if the extracts—by illustrating the truth, in general too little remembered, that talent, genius, or worth, is not, and never was, confined to any one class—should tend (however slightly) to neutralize the effects of that wicked spirit of party vituperation which has so deeply disgraced the literature of the day.

Of the various pieces in *THE CASQUET*, the greater part may be considered as merely amusing; but in no case has amusement been followed

to the injury of moral principle or proper feeling. On the contrary, the Editor believes and hopes, that very many of the pieces will be found calculated to cherish and strengthen kind and virtuous affections—to excite a sympathy with what is good, and great, and generous, in our common nature, as well as a disgust for what is mean and vile—and to lead the mind to a right and grateful sense of all the outward glories of earth and sky which it has pleased the Creator to lay before us. It is better at all times, surely, to feel a moral than to read it; yet some are given to look with suspicion on every tale which is not supported by a weighty axiom, or which does not profess to have the cause of virtue in view. Almost all the tragedies of the last century conclude their five acts of absurd and unnatural pomposity with a stately apothegm, which was supposed to give them a title to morality far above the irregular and unmeaning plays of Shakspeare. It is remarkable, that, when Boswell objected to the want of moral in *Othello*, Dr Johnson should have defended it on the grounds merely, that it cautioned people against making unequal matches, and against yielding too readily to suspicion! If that were all the moral to be found in perhaps the best tragedy that ever was written, it were pity indeed. Virtue, it is true, is there made the victim of vice; but in what work does virtue excite more sympathy and admiration? *Desdemona* perishes innocently; yet where is there a more striking lesson to be learned of the unspeakable importance of conjugal fidelity? *Iago* is successful in his villany; yet in what case is villany felt to be more odious? Of this there is proof in the fact—a fact honourable at once to Shakspeare and humanity—that the character of *Iago*, when well supported, has been known to draw down from the galleries a general hiss of scorn and indignation. As in ordinary life example goes farther than precept, so in a book a moral may be better conveyed by inference than maxim. It were taking a limited view of the matter, to imagine, that the bulk of polite literature—whatever was not directly didactic—was of no further service than to interest or amuse. That of itself is a great deal: but how deeply, besides, is the world indebted to it, for much of its knowledge and relish of the grand and beautiful in nature and art, in matter and mind—for much of its refined and elevated feeling in spite of the too-often debasing pursuits of life—for just and correct views of the human heart—and for faithful portrayments of manners in every stage of society, which, by revealing to all what otherwise must have been known to few, necessarily tend to lessen the influence of conventional habits, and to draw together in closer fellowship the various classes of mankind? The affections, like the mental faculties, are bettered by being merely kept in play: to interest them is to improve them; and (as has been well remarked by a distinguished critic) “the tears which a pathetic and powerful writer draws from a rude nature are pledges of its permanent refinement.”

Glasgow, Oct. 1827.

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THE CASQUET.

SIEGE OF TORQUILSTONE.

A MOMENT of peril is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those, which, at more tranquil moments, our prudence at least conceals, if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even in a moment when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse and enquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her the sensations which she felt were not and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible, and the questions which she put to the knight concerning his state of health, were put in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well and better than he could have expected—"Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me dear Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse—his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess."

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety, than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a pri-

soner, and, if I judge aright of the loud hoarse voice which even now despatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf—if so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca, internally; "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened after this brief self-accusation to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were commanders within the castle; that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not. She added, that there was a Christian priest within the castle who might be possessed of more information.

"A Christian priest," said the knight, joyfully; "fetch him hither, Rebecca, if thou canst—say a sick man desires his ghostly counsel—say what thou wilt, but bring him—something I must do or attempt, but how can I determine until I know how matters stand without?"

Rebecca, in compliance with the wishes of Ivanhoe, made an attempt to bring Cedric into the wounded Knight's chamber, which was defeated by the interference of Urfried, who had been also on the watch to intercept the supposed monk. Rebecca retired to communicate to Ivanhoe the failure of her errand.

They had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what means it might be supplied; for the noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. The heavy yet hasty step

of the men-at-arms, traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartizans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text,—“The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting.”

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. “If I could but drag myself,” he said, “to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go—If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance!—It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless.”

“Fret not thyself, noble knight,” answered Rebecca, “the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle.”

“Thou knowest nought of it,” said Wilfrid, impatiently; “this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window!”

“Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight,” replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, “I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without.”

“You must not—you shall not!” exclaimed Ivanhoe; “each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft——”

“It shall be welcome,” murmured Re-

becca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps which led to the window of which they spoke.

“Rebecca, dear Rebecca!” exclaimed Ivanhoe, “this is no maiden’s pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be.”

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favourable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sally-port corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, “The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow.”

“Under what banner?” asked Ivanhoe.

“Under no ensign of war which I can observe,” answered Rebecca.

“A singular novelty,” muttered the

knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed.—See'st thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shackle-bolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious enquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca, "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem even now preparing to advance.—God of Zion, protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields; and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with cries of "*En avant De Bracy!—Beau-seant! Beau-seant!—Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!*" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamour that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by

their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post or might be suspected to be stationed,—by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows, flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight of the fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears

himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blanches not! he blanches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.*—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders, I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds."

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand—Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his

single arm—His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf," answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have—and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their place in the assault—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," replied Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts.—Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us," said the Knight, "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers."

"By saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed."

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the out-work is won—Oh God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which com-

* Every Gothic castle and city had, beyond the outer walls, a fortification composed of palisades, called the barriers, which were often the scene of severe skirmishes, as these must necessarily be carried before the walls themselves could be approached. Many of those valiant feats of arms which adorn the chivalrous pages of Froissart took place at the barriers of besieged places.

municates with the castle—have they won that pass?” exclaimed Ivanhoe.

“No,” replied Rebecca, “the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others—Alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.”

“What do they now, maiden?” said Ivanhoe; “look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed.”

“It is over for the time,” said Rebecca; “our friends strengthen themselves within the out-work which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen’s shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually injure them.”

“Our friends,” said Wilfrid, “will surely not abandon an enterprize so gloriously begun and so happily attained.—O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe has rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron.—Singular!” he again muttered to himself, “if there be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do**—a fetter-lock, and a shackle-bolt on a field sable—what may that mean?—seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?”

“Nothing,” said the Jewess; “all about him is black as the wing of the night-raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds.”

“Rebecca,” said Ivanhoe, “thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat—Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprise;

since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honour of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years captivity to fight one day by that good knight’s side in such a quarrel as this!”

“Alas!” said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, “this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health—How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?”

“Rebecca,” he replied, “thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry, to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the melle is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish to live no longer than while we are victorious and renowned—Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear.”

“Alas!” said the fair Jewess, “and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch?—What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled—of all the travail and pain you have endured—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man’s spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?”

“What remains?” cried Ivanhoe; “Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name.”

“Glory!” continued Rebecca; “alas, is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion’s dim and mouldering tomb—is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the hero of these ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?”

* *Derring-do*—desperate courage.

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight impatiently; "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honour; raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprise which sanctions his flame. Chivalry! why, maiden, it is the nurse of pure and high affection—the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant—Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight,—until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Macabæus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war."

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the idea that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honour, and incapable of expressing sentiments of honour and generosity.

"How little he knows this bosom," she said, "to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its guests, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes! Would to heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the

proudest Nazarene maiden, that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north!"

She then looked towards the couch of the wounded knight.

"He sleeps," she said; "nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time?—When yet but a short space, and those fair features will be no longer animated by the bold and buoyant spirit which forsakes them not even in sleep!—When the nostril shall be distended, the mouth agape, the eyes fixed and blood-shot; and when the proud and noble knight may be trodden on by the lowest caitiff of this accursed castle, yet stir not when the heel is lifted up against him!—And my father!—Oh, my father! evil is it with his daughter, when his grey hairs are not remembered because of the golden locks of youth!—What know I but that these evils are the messengers of Jehovah's wrath to the unnatural child, who thinks of a stranger's captivity before a parent's? who forgets the desolation of Judah, and looks upon the comeliness of a Gentile and a stranger?—But I will tear this folly from my heart, though every fibre bleed as I rend it away!"

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying or endeavouring to fortify her mind, not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within.

Ivanhoe.

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide!
Hope be thy guide, adventurous boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!
Whether for London bound—to trill
Thy mountain notes with simple skill;
Or on thy head to poise a show
Of plaster-craft in seemly row;
The graceful form of milk-white steed,
Or bird that soar'd with Ganymede;

Or through the hamlets thou wilt bear
 The sightless Milton, with his hair
 Around his placid temples curled ;
 And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,
 If clay could think and mind were weight,
 For him who bore the world !
 Hope be thy guide, adventurous boy ;
 The wages of thy travel, joy !

But thou perhaps (alert and free
 Though serving sage philosophy)
 Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
 A vender of the well-wrought scale
 Whose sentient tube instructs to time
 A purpose to a fickle clime :
 Whether thou choose this useful part,
 Or minister to finer art ;
 Though robb'd of many a cherish'd dream,
 And cross'd by many a shatter'd scheme,
 What stirring wonders wilt thou see,
 In the proud Isle of Liberty !
 Yet will the wanderer sometimes pine
 With thoughts which no delights can chase,
 Recall a sister's last embrace,
 His mother's neck entwine ;
 Nor shall forget the maiden coy
 That *would* have loved the bright-hair'd boy !

My song, encouraged by the grace
 That beams from his ingenuous face,
 For this adventurer scruples not
 To prophesy a golden lot ;
 Due recompence and safe return
 To Como's steeps—his happy bourne !
 Where he aloft in garden glade
 Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed maid,
 The towering maize, and prop the twig
 That ill supports the luscious fig ;
 Or feed his eyes in paths sun-proof
 With purple of the trellis-roof,
 That through the jealous leaves escapes
 From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes.

WORDSWORTH.

THE BELATED TRAVELLERS.

It was late one evening that a carriage, drawn by mules, slowly toiled its way up one of the passes of the Apennines. It was through one of the wildest defiles, where a hamlet occurred only at distant intervals, perched on the summit of some rocky height, or the white towers of a convent peeped out from among the thick mountain foliage. The carriage was of ancient and

ponderous construction. Its faded embellishments spoke of former splendour, but its crazy springs and axletrees creaked out the tale of present decline. Within was seated a tall, thin old gentleman, in a kind of military travelling dress, and a foraging cap trimmed with fur, though the gray locks which stole from under it hinted that his fighting days were over. Beside him was a pale, beautiful girl of eighteen, dressed in something of a northern or Polish costume. One servant was seated in front, a rusty, crusty-looking fellow, with a scar across his face ; an orange-tawny *schnur-bart*, or pair of mustachios, bristling from under his nose, and wore altogether the air of an old soldier.

It was, in fact, the equipage of a Polish nobleman ; a wreck of one of those princely families which had lived with almost oriental magnificence, but had been broken down and impoverished by the disasters of Poland. The Count, like many other generous spirits, had been found guilty of the crime of patriotism, and was in a manner, an exile from his country. He had resided for some time in the first cities of Italy for the education of his daughter ; in whom all his cares and pleasures were now centred. He had taken her into society, where her beauty and her accomplishments had gained her many admirers ; and had she not been the daughter of a poor broken-down Polish nobleman, it is no more than probable that many would have contended for her hand. Suddenly, however, her health had become delicate and drooping ; her gaiety fled with the roses of her cheek, and she sunk into silence and debility. The old count saw the change with the solicitude of a parent. "We must try a change of air and scene," said he ; and in a few days the old family carriage was rumbling among the Apennines.

Their only attendant was the veteran Caspar, who had been born in the family, and grown rusty in its service. He had followed his master in all his fortunes ; had fought by his side ; had stood over him when fallen in battle ; and had received, in his defence, the sabre-cut which added such grimness to his countenance. He was now his valet, his steward, his butler, his factotum. The only being that rivalled his master in his affections was his youthful mistress ; she had grown up under his eye. He had led her by the hand when she was a child, and he now looked upon

her with the fondness of a parent; nay, he even took the freedom of a parent in giving his blunt opinion on all matters which he thought were for her good; and felt a parent's vanity in seeing her gazed at and admired.

The evening was thickening: they had been for some time passing through narrow gorges of the mountains, along the edge of a tumbling stream. The scenery was lonely and savage. The rocks often beetled over the road, with flocks of white goats browsing on their brinks, and gazing down upon the travellers. They had between two and three leagues yet to go before they could reach any village; yet the muleteer, Pietro, a tipling old fellow, who had refreshed himself at the last halting-place with a more than ordinary quantity of wine, sat singing and talking alternately to his mules, and suffering them to lag on at a snail's pace, in spite of the frequent entreaties of the Count and maledictions of Caspar.

The clouds began to roll in heavy masses among the mountains, shrouding their summits from the view. The air of these heights, too, was damp and chilly. The Count's solicitude on his daughter's account overcame his usual patience. He leaned from the carriage, and called to old Pietro in an angry tone. "Forward!" said he. "It will be midnight before we arrive at our inn." "Yonder it is, Signor," said the muleteer. "Where?" demanded the Count. "Yonder," said Pietro, pointing to a desolate pile of building about a quarter of a league distant. "That the place?—why it looks more like a ruin than an inn. I thought we were to put up for the night at a comfortable village." Here Pietro uttered a string of piteous exclamations and ejaculations, such as are ever at the tip of the tongue of a delinquent muleteer. "Such roads! and such mountains! and then his poor animals were way-worn, and leg-weary; they would fall lame; they would never be able to reach the village. And then what could his Eccellenza wish for better than the inn; a perfect castello—a palazza—and such people and such a larder!—and such beds!—His Eccellenza might fare as sumptuously and sleep as soundly there as a prince!" The Count was easily persuaded, for he was anxious to get his daughter out of the night air; so in a little while the old carriage rattled

and jingled into the great gateway of the inn.

The building did certainly in some measure answer to the muleteer's description. It was large enough for either castle or palazza; built in a strong, but simple and almost rude style; with a great quantity of waste room. It had, in fact, been, in former times, a hunting-seat for one of the Italian princes. There was space enough within its walls and in its out-buildings to have accommodated a little army. A scanty household seemed now to people this dreary mansion. The faces that presented themselves on the arrival of the travellers were begrimed with dirt and scowling in their expression. They all knew old Pietro, however, and gave him a welcome as he entered, singing and talking, and almost whooping, into the gateway.

The hostess of the inn waited herself on the Count and his daughter, to show them the apartments. They were conducted through a long gloomy corridor, and then through a suite of chambers opening into each other, with lofty ceilings, and great beams extending across them. Every thing, however, had a wretched, squalid look. The walls were damp and bare, excepting that here and there hung some great painting, large enough for a chapel, and blackened out of all distinctness. They chose two bed-rooms, one within another; the inner one for the daughter. The bedsteads were massive and misshapen; but on examining the beds, so vaunted by old Pietro, they found them stuffed with fibres of hemp, knotted in great lumps. The Count shrugged his shoulders, but there was no choice left. The chillness of the apartments crept to their bones; and they were glad to return to a common chamber, or kind of hall, where there was a fire burning in a huge cavern, miscalled a chimney. A quantity of green wood had just been thrown on, which puffed out volumes of smoke. The room corresponded to the rest of the mansion. The floor was paved and dirty. A great oaken table stood in the centre, immovable from its size and weight.

The only thing that contradicted this prevalent air of indigence was the dress of the hostess. She was a slattern, of course; yet her garments, though dirty and negligent, were of costly materials. She wore several rings of great value on

her fingers, and jewels in her ears, and round her neck was a string of large pearls, to which was attached a sparkling crucifix. She had the remains of beauty; yet there was something in the expression of her countenance that inspired the young lady with singular aversion. She was officious and obsequious in her attentions, and both the Count and his daughter were relieved when she consigned them to the care of a dark sullen-looking servant-maid, and went off to superintend the supper.

Caspar was indignant at the mulcteur for having either through negligence or design, subjected his master and mistress to such quarters; and vowed by his mustachios to have revenge on the old varlet the moment they were safe out from among the mountains. He kept up a continual quarrel with the sulky servant-maid, which only served to increase the sinister expression with which she regarded the travellers, from under her strong dark eye-brows. As to the Count, he was a good-humoured, passive traveller. Perhaps real misfortunes had subdued his spirit, and rendered him tolerant of many of those petty evils which make prosperous men miserable. He drew a large, broken arm-chair to the fireside for his daughter, and another for himself, and seizing an enormous pair of tongs endeavoured to re-arrange the wood so as to produce a blaze. His efforts, however, were only repaid by thicker puffs of smoke, which almost overcame the good gentleman's patience. He would draw back, cast a look upon his delicate daughter, then upon the cheerless, squalid apartment, and shrugging his shoulders, would give a fresh stir to the fire.

Of all the miseries of a comfortless inn, however, there is none greater than sulky attendance: the good Count for some time bore the smoke in silence, rather than address himself to the scowling servant-maid. At length he was compelled to beg for drier firewood. The woman retired muttering. On re-entering the room hastily, with an armful of faggots, her foot slipped; she fell, and striking her head against the corner of a chair, cut her temple severely. The blow stunned her for a time, and the wound bled profusely. When she recovered, she found the Count's daughter administering to her wound, and binding it up with her own handkerchief. It was such an attention as any woman of

ordinary feeling would have yielded; but perhaps there was something in the appearance of the lovely being who bent over her, or in the tones of her voice, that touched the heart of the woman, unused to be ministered to by such hands. Certain it is, she was strongly affected. She caught the delicate hand of the Polonaise, and pressed it fervently to her lips: "May San Francesco watch over you, Signora!" exclaimed she.

A new arrival broke the stillness of the inn. It was a Spanish princess with a numerous retinue. The court-yard was in an uproar; the house in a bustle; the landlady hurried to attend such distinguished guests; and the poor Count and his daughter, and their supper, were for the moment forgotten. The veteran Caspar muttered Polish maledictions enough to agonize an Italian ear; but it was impossible to convince the hostess of the superiority of his old master and young mistress to the whole nobility of Spain.

The noise of the arrival had attracted the daughter to the window just as the new-comers had alighted. A young cavalier sprang out of the carriage, and handed out the princess. The latter was a little shrivelled old lady, with a face of parchment, and a sparkling black eye; she was richly and gaily dressed, and walked with the assistance of a gold-headed cane as high as herself. The young man was tall and elegantly formed. The Count's daughter shrunk back at sight of him, though the deep frame of the window screened her from observation. She gave a heavy sigh as she closed the casement. What that sigh meant I cannot say. Perhaps it was at the contrast between the splendid equipage of the princess, and the crazy, rheumatic-looking old vehicle of her father, which stood hard by. Whatever might be the reason, the young lady closed the casement with a sigh. She returned to her chair;—a slight shivering passed over her delicate frame; she leaned her elbow on the arm of the chair; rested her pale cheek in the palm of her hand, and looked mournfully into the fire. The Count thought she appeared paler than usual.—"Does any thing ail thee, my child?" said he. "Nothing, dear father!" replied she, laying her hand within his, and looking up smiling in his face; but as she said so, a treacherous tear rose suddenly to her eye, and she turned

away her head. "The air of the window has chilled thee," said the Count, fondly, "but a good night's rest will make all well again."

The supper-table was at length laid, and the supper about to be served, when the hostess appeared, with her usual obsequiousness, apologizing for showing in the new-comers; but the night air was cold, and there was no other chamber in the inn with a fire in it.—She had scarcely made the apology when the Princess entered leaning on the arm of the elegant young man. The Count immediately recognized her for a lady whom he had met frequently in society both at Rome and Naples; and at whose conversaciones, in fact, he had constantly been invited. The cavalier, too, was her nephew and heir, who had been greatly admired in the gay circles both for his merits and prospects, and who had once been on a visit at the same time with his daughter and himself at the villa of a nobleman near Naples. Report had recently affianced him to a rich Spanish heiress.

The meeting was agreeable to both the Count and the Princess. The former was a gentleman of the old school, courteous in the extreme; the Princess had been a belle in her youth, and a woman of fashion all her life, and liked to be attended to.

The young man approached the daughter, and began something of a complimentary observation; but his manner was embarrassed, and his compliment ended in an indistinct murmur, while the daughter bowed without looking up, moved her lips without articulating a word, and sunk again into her chair, where she sat gazing into the fire, with a thousand varying expressions passing over her countenance. This singular greeting of the young people was not perceived by the old ones, who were occupied at the time with their own courteous salutations. It was arranged that they should sup together; and as the Princess travelled with her own cook, a very tolerable supper soon smoked upon the board; this, too, was assisted by choice wines, and liqueurs, and delicate confitures brought from one of her carriages; for she was a veteran epicure, and curious in her relish for the good things of this world. She was, in fact, a vivacious little old lady, who mingled the woman of dissipation with the devotee. She was actually on her way to Loretto

to expiate a long life of gallantries and peccadilloes by a rich offering at the holy shrine. She was, to be sure, rather a luxurious penitent, and a contrast to the primitive pilgrims, with scrip, and staff, and cockleshell; but then it would be unreasonable to expect such self-denial from people of fashion; and there was not a doubt of the ample efficacy of the rich crucifixes, and golden vessels, and jewelled ornaments, which she was bearing to the treasury of the blessed Virgin.

The Princess and the Count chatted much during supper about the scenes and society in which they had mingled, and did not notice that they had all the conversation to themselves; the young people were silent and constrained. The daughter ate nothing, in spite of the politeness of the Princess, who continually pressed her to taste of one or other of the delicacies. The Count shook his head: "She is not well this evening," said he. "I thought she would have fainted just now as she was looking out of the window at your carriage on its arrival." A crimson glow flushed to the very temples of the daughter; but she leaned over her plate, and her tresses cast a shade over her countenance.

When supper was over, they drew their chairs about the great fire-place. The flame and smoke had subsided, and a heap of glowing embers diffused a grateful warmth. A guitar, which had been brought from the Count's carriage, leaned against the wall; the Princess perceived it: "Can we not have a little music before parting for the night?" demanded she. The Count was proud of his daughter's accomplishment, and joined in the request. The young man made an effort of politeness, and taking up the guitar presented it, though in an embarrassed manner, to the fair musician. She would have declined it, but was too much confused to do so; indeed, she was so nervous and agitated, that she dared not trust her voice to make an excuse. She touched the instrument with a faltering hand, and, after preluding a little, accompanied herself in several Polish airs. Her father's eyes glistened as he sat gazing on her. Even the crusty Caspar lingered in the room, partly through a fondness for the music of his native country, but chiefly through his pride in the musician. Indeed, the melody of the voice, and the delicacy of the

touch, were enough to have charmed more fastidious ears. The little Princess nodded her head and tapped her hand to the music, though exceedingly out of time; while the nephew sat buried in profound contemplation of a black picture on the opposite wall. "And now," said the Count, patting her cheek fondly, "one more favour. Let the princess hear that little Spanish air you were so fond of. You can't think," added he, "what a proficiency she made in your language; though she has been a sad girl and neglected it of late." The colour flushed the pale cheek of the daughter; she hesitated, murmured something; but with sudden effort collected herself, struck the guitar boldly, and began. It was a Spanish romance, with something of love and melancholy in it. She gave the first stanza with great expression, for the tremulous, melting tones of her voice went to the heart; but her articulation failed, her lip quivered, the song died away, and she burst into tears. The Count folded her tenderly in his arms. "Thou art not well, my child," said he, "and I am tasking thee cruelly. Retire to thy chamber, and God bless thee!" She bowed to the company without raising her eyes, and glided out of the room. The Count shook his head as the door closed. "Something is the matter with that child," said he, "which I cannot divine. She has lost all health and spirits lately. She was always a tender flower, and I had much pains to rear her. Excuse a father's foolishness," continued he, "but I have seen much trouble in my family; and this poor girl is all that is now left to me; and she used to be so lively—" "May be she's in love!" said the little Princess, with a shrewd nod of the head. "Impossible!" replied the good Count artlessly. "She has never mentioned a word of such a thing to me." How little did the worthy gentleman dream of the thousand cares, and griefs and mighty love concerns which agitate a virgin heart, and which a timid girl scarce breathes unto herself. The nephew of the Princess rose abruptly and walked about the room.

When she found herself alone in her chamber, the feelings of the young lady, so long restrained, broke forth with violence. She opened the casement, that the cool air might blow upon her throbbing temples. Perhaps there was some little pride or pique mingled with her emotions;

though her gentle nature did not seem calculated to harbour any such angry inmate. "He saw me weep!" said she, with a sudden mantling of the cheek, and a swelling of the throat,—“but no matter!—no matter!” And so saying, she threw her white arms across the window-frame, buried her face in them, and abandoned herself to an agony of tears. She remained lost in a reverie, until the sound of her father's and Caspar's voices in the adjoining room gave token that the party had retired for the night. The lights gleaming from window to window, showed that they were conducting the Princess to her apartments, which was in the opposite wing of the inn; and she distinctly saw the figure of the nephew as he passed one of the casements. She heaved a deep heart-drawn sigh, and was about to close the lattice, when her attention was caught by words spoken below her window by two persons who had just turned an angle of the building. "But what will become of the poor young lady?" said a voice, which she recognized for that of the servant-woman. "Pooh! she must take her chance," was the reply from old Pietro. "But cannot she be spared?" asked the other entreatingly; "she's so kind-hearted!" "Cospetto! what has got into thee?" replied the other petulantly: "would you mar the whole business for the sake of a silly girl?" By this time they had got so far from the window that the Polonaise could hear nothing further.

There was something in this fragment of conversation that was calculated to alarm. Did it relate to herself?—and if so, what was this impending danger from which it was entreated that she might be spared? she was several times on the point of tapping at her father's door, to tell him what she had heard; but she might have been mistaken; she might have heard indistinctly; the conversation might have alluded to some one else; at any rate it was too indefinite to lead to any conclusion. While in this state of irresolution, she was startled by a low knocking against the wainscot in a remote part of her gloomy chamber. On holding up the light, she beheld a small door there, which she had not before remarked. It was bolted on the inside. She advanced, and demanded who knocked, and was answered in the voice of the female domestic. On opening the door, the woman stood before

it pale and agitated. She entered softly, laying her finger on her lips in sign of caution and secrecy. "Fly!" said she: "leave this house instantly, or you are lost!" The young lady, trembling with alarm, demanded an explanation. "I have no time," replied the woman, "I dare not—I shall be missed if I linger here—but fly instantly, or you are lost." "And leave my father?" "Where is he?" "In the adjoining chamber." "Call him, then, but lose no time."

The young lady knocked at her father's door. He was not yet retired to bed. She hurried into his room, and told him of the fearful warning she had received. The Count returned with her into her chamber, followed by Caspar. His questions soon drew the truth out of the embarrassed answers of the woman. The inn was beset by robbers. They were to be introduced after midnight, when the attendants of the Princess and the rest of the travellers were sleeping, and would be an easy prey. "But we can barricade the inn, we can defend ourselves," said the Count. "What! when the people of the inn were in league with the banditti?" "How then are we to escape? Can we not order out the carriage and depart?" "San Francesco! for what? To give the alarm that the plot is discovered? That would make the robbers desperate, and bring them on you at once. They have had notice of the rich booty in the inn, and will not easily let it escape them." "But how else are we to get off?" "There is a horse behind the inn," said the woman, "from which the man has just dismounted who has been to summon the aid of a part of the band who were at a distance." "One horse! and there are three of us!" said the Count. "And the Spanish Princess!" cried the daughter anxiously—"How can she be extricated from the danger?" "Diavolo! what is she to me?" said the woman in sudden passion. "It is *you* I come to save, and you will betray me, and we shall all be lost! Hark!" continued she, "I am called—I shall be discovered—one word more. This door leads by a staircase to the court-yard. Under the shed, in the rear of the yard, is a small door leading out to the fields. You will find a horse there; mount it; make a circuit under the shadow of a ridge of rocks that you will see; proceed cautiously and quietly until you cross a brook, and find

yourself on the road just where there are three white crosses nailed against a tree; then put your horse to his speed, and make the best of your way to the village—but recollect, my life is in your hands—say nothing of what you have heard or seen, whatever may happen at this inn."

The woman hurried away. A short and agitated consultation took place between the Count, his daughter, and the veteran Caspar. The young lady seemed to have lost all apprehension for herself in her solicitude for the safety of the Princess. "To fly in selfish silence, and leave her to be massacred!"—A shuddering seized her at the very thought. The gallantry of the Count, too, revolted at the idea. He could not consent to turn his back upon a party of helpless travellers, and leave them in ignorance of the danger which hung over them. "But what is to become of the young lady," said Caspar, "if the alarm is given, and the inn thrown in a tumult? What may happen to her in a chance-medley affray?" Here the feelings of the father were roused: he looked upon his lovely, helpless child, and trembled at the chance of her falling into the hands of ruffians. The daughter, however, thought nothing of herself. "The Princess! the Princess!—only let the Princess know her danger."—She was willing to share it with her.

At length Caspar interfered with the zeal of a faithful old servant. No time was to be lost—the first thing was to get the young lady out of danger. "Mount the horse," said he to the Count, "take her behind you, and fly! Make for the village, rouse the inhabitants, and send assistance. Leave me here to give the alarm to the Princess and her people. I am an old soldier, and I think we shall be able to stand siege until you send us aid." The daughter would again have insisted on staying with the Princess—"For what?" said old Caspar, bluntly, "You could do no good—You would be in the way—We should have to take care of you instead of ourselves." There was no answering these objections: the Count seized his pistols, and taking his daughter under his arm, moved towards the staircase. The young lady paused, stepped back, and said, faltering with agitation—"There is a young cavalier, with the Princess—her nephew—perhaps he may—" "I understand you, Mademoiselle," replied old Caspar with a





Drawn by D. Scott

Engraven Steel by R. Scott Edin.

THE BELATED TRAVELLERS.

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significant nod; "not a hair of his head shall suffer harm if I can help it!" The young lady blushed deeper than ever: she had not anticipated being so thoroughly understood by the blunt old servant. "That is not what I mean," said she, hesitating. She would have added something, or made some explanation, but the moments were precious, and her father hurried her away.

They found their way through the courtyard to the small postern gate, where the horse stood, fastened to a ring in the wall. The Count mounted, took his daughter behind him, and they proceeded as quietly as possible in the direction which the woman had pointed out. Many a fearful and an anxious look did the daughter cast back upon the gloomy pile of building: the lights which had feebly twinkled through the dusty casements were one by one disappearing, a sign that the house was gradually sinking to repose; and she trembled with impatience, lest succour should not arrive until that repose had been fatally interrupted. They passed silently and safely along the skirts of the rocks, protected from observation by their overhanging shadows. They crossed the brook, and reached the place where three white crosses nailed against a tree told of some murder that had been committed there. Just as they had reached this ill-omened spot they beheld several men in the gloom coming down a craggy defile among the rocks. "Who goes there?" exclaimed a voice. The Count put spurs to his horse, but one of the men sprang forward and seized the bridle. The horse became restive, started back, and reared, and had not the young lady clung to her father, she would have been thrown off. The Count leaned forward, put a pistol to the very head of the ruffian, and fired. The latter fell dead. The horse sprang forward. Two or three shots were fired which whistled by the fugitives, but only served to augment their speed. They reached the village in safety.

The whole place was soon aroused: but such was the awe in which the banditti were held, that the inhabitants shrunk at the idea of encountering them. A desperate band had for some time infested that pass through the mountains, and the inn had long been suspected of being one of those horrible places where the unsuspicious wayfarer is entrapped and silently disposed of. The rich ornaments worn

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by the slattern hostess of the inn had excited heavy suspicions. Several instances had occurred of small parties of travellers disappearing mysteriously on that road, who it was supposed, at first, had been carried off by the robbers for the sake of ransom, but who had never been heard of more. Such were the tales buzzed in the ears of the Count by the villagers as he endeavoured to rouse them to the rescue of the Princess and her train from their perilous situation. The daughter seconded the exertions of her father with all the eloquence of prayers, and tears, and beauty. Every moment that elapsed increased her anxiety until it became agonizing. Fortunately, there was a body of gens-d'armes resting at the village. A number of the young villagers volunteered to accompany them, and the little army was put in motion. The Count having deposited his daughter in a place of safety, was too much of the old soldier not to hasten to the scene of danger. It would be difficult to paint the anxious agitation of the young lady while awaiting the result.

The party arrived at the inn just in time. The robbers, finding their plans discovered, and the travellers prepared for their reception, had become open and furious in their attack. The Princess's party had barricaded themselves in one suite of apartments, and repulsed the robbers from the doors and windows. Caspar had shown the generalship of a veteran, and the nephew of the Princess the dashing valour of a young soldier. Their ammunition, however, was nearly exhausted, and they would have found it difficult to hold out much longer, when a discharge from the musketry of the gens-d'armes gave them the joyful tidings of succour. A fierce fight ensued, for part of the robbers were surprised in the inn, and had to stand siege in their turn; while their comrades made desperate attempts to relieve them from under cover of the neighbouring rocks and thickets.

I cannot pretend to give a minute account of the fight, as I have heard it related in a variety of ways. Suffice it to say, the robbers were defeated; several of them killed, and several taken prisoners; which last, together with the people of the inn, were either executed or sent to the galleys.

I picked up these particulars in the course of a journey which I made some

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time after the event had taken place. I passed by the very inn. It was then dismantled, excepting one wing, in which a body of gens-d'armes was stationed. They pointed out to me the shot-holes in the window-frames, the walls, and the panels of the doors. There were a number of withered limbs dangling from the branches of a neighbouring tree, and blackening in the air, which I was told were the limbs of the robbers who had been slain, and the culprits who had been executed. The whole place had a dismal, wild, forlorn look. "Were any of the Princess's party killed?" inquired the Englishman. "As far as I can recollect, there were two or three." "Not the nephew, I trust?" said the fair Venetian. "Oh no: he hastened with the Count to relieve the anxiety of the daughter by the assurances of victory. The young lady had been sustained throughout the interval of suspense by the very intensity of her feelings. The moment she saw her father returning in safety, accompanied by the nephew of the Princess, she uttered a cry of rapture and fainted. Happily, however, she soon recovered, and what is more, was married shortly after to the young cavalier, and the whole party accompanied the old Princess in her pilgrimage to Loretto, where her votive offerings may still be seen in the treasury of the Santa Casa."

WASHINGTON IRVINE.

SONNET.

Upon what pleasant slope or sunny field,
Sweet, unforgotten girl, are you delaying?
Or are you with those sportive children playing,
Whose loveliness time has not quite revealed?
Or with that serious sister, who has sealed
Her nuptial bond in joy—are you arraying
Her, or your own dark hair hind'ring from straying
Down that white bosom vanity never steeled?
Or are you, in unostentatious duty
Tending the kindest mother in the world,
Whose looks are fixed on those blue eyes of beauty
That shine as softly as a summer star?
Yet wherefore wish I the dim veil unfurled?
May joy go with you wheresoe'er you are!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE DESTITUTE IN LONDON.

* * * * Soon after this, I contrived, by means which I must omit for want of room, to transfer myself to London. And now began the latter and fiercer stage of my long sufferings; without using a disproportionate expression I might say, of my agony. For I now suffered, for upwards of sixteen weeks, the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity; but as bitter, perhaps, as ever any human being can have suffered who has survived it. I would not needlessly harass my reader's feelings by a detail of all that I endured: for extremities such as these, under any circumstances of heaviest misconduct or guilt, cannot be contemplated, even in description, without a rueful pity that is painful to the natural goodness of the human heart. Let it suffice, at least on this occasion, to say, that a few fragments of bread from the breakfast-table of one individual (who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want), and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support. During the former part of my sufferings (that is, generally in Wales, and always for the first two months in London) I was houseless, and very seldom slept under a roof. To this constant exposure to the open air I ascribe it mainly that I did not sink under my torments. Latterly, however, when colder and more inclement weather came on, and when, from the length of my sufferings, I had begun to sink into a more languishing condition, it was, no doubt, fortunate for me, that the same person to whose breakfast-table I had access, allowed me to sleep in a large unoccupied house, of which he was tenant. Unoccupied, I call it, for there was no household or establishment in it; nor any furniture, indeed, except a table, and a few chairs. But I found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor, friendless child, apparently ten years old; but she seemed hunger-bitten; and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this forlorn child I learned, that she had slept and lived there alone for some time before I came: and great joy the poor creature expressed, when she found that I was, in future, to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large; and,

from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious staircase and hall; and, amidst the real fleshly ills of cold, and, I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more (it appeared) from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever! but, alas! I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow: but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak: afterwards, however, we discovered, in a garret, an old sofa-cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill, I took her into my arms, so that, in general, she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not: for, during the last two months of my sufferings, I slept much in the day-time, and was apt to fall into transient dozings at all hours. But my sleep distressed me more than my watching: for, besides the tumultuousness of my dreams (which were only not so awful as those which I shall have to describe hereafter as produced by opium), my sleep was never more than what is called *dog-sleep*; so that I could hear myself moaning, and was often, as it seemed to me, wakened suddenly by my own voice; and, about this time, a hideous sensation began to haunt me as soon as I fell into a slumber, which has since returned upon me, at different periods of my life, viz. a sort of twitching (I know not where, but apparently about the region of the stomach), which compelled me violently to throw out my feet for the sake of relieving it. This sensation coming on as soon as I began to sleep, and the effort to relieve it constantly awaking me, at length I slept only from exhaustion; and from increasing weakness (as I said before) I was constantly falling asleep, and constantly awaking. Meantime, the master of the house sometimes came in upon us suddenly, and very early, sometimes not till ten o'clock, sometimes not at all. He was in constant fear of bailiffs: improving on the plan of Cromwell, every night he slept in a different quarter of London; and I observed that he never failed to examine, through a private window, the appearance of those

who knocked at the door, before he would allow it to be opened. He breakfasted alone: indeed, his tea equipage would hardly have admitted of his hazarding an invitation to a second person—any more than the quantity of esculent *matériel*, which, for the most part, was little more than a roll, or a few biscuits, which he had bought on his road from the place where he had slept. Or, if he *had* asked a party, as I once learnedly and facetiously observed to him—the several members of it must have *stood* in the relation to each other (not *sat* in any relation whatever) of succession, as the metaphysicians have it, and not of co-existence; in the relation of the parts of time, and not of the parts of space. During his breakfast, I generally contrived a reason for lounging in; and, with an air of as much indifference as I could assume, took up such fragments as he had left—sometimes, indeed, there were none at all. In doing this, I committed no robbery except upon the man himself, who was thus obliged (I believe) now and then to send out at noon for an extra biscuit; for, as to the poor child; *she* was never admitted into his study (if I may give that name to his chief depository of parchments, law writings, &c.); that room was to her the Blue-beard room of the house, being regularly locked on his departure to dinner, about six o'clock, which usually was his final departure for the night. Whether this child were an illegitimate daughter of Mr. —, or only a servant, I could not ascertain; she did not herself know; but certainly she was treated altogether as a menial servant. No sooner did Mr. — make his appearance, than she went below stairs, brushed his shoes, coat, &c.; and, except when she was summoned to run an errand, she never emerged from the dismal Tartarus of the kitchens, &c. to the upper air, until my welcome knock at night called up her little trembling footsteps to the front door. Of her life during the day-time, however, I knew little but what I gathered from her own account at night; for, as soon as the hours of business commenced, I saw that my absence would be acceptable; and, in general, therefore, I went off, and sat in the parks, or elsewhere, until night-fall.

But who, and what, meantime, was the master of the house himself? Reader, he was one of those anomalous practitioners

in lower departments of the law, who—what shall I say?—who, on prudential reasons, or from necessity, deny themselves all indulgence in the luxury of too delicate a conscience: (a periphrasis which might be abridged considerably, but *that* I leave to the reader's taste:) in many walks of life, a conscience is a more expensive encumbrance than a wife or a carriage; and just as people talk of “laying down” their carriages, so I suppose my friend, Mr. — had “laid down” his conscience for a time; meaning, doubtless, to resume it as soon as he could afford it. The inner economy of such a man's daily life would present a most strange picture, if I could allow myself to amuse the reader at his expense. Even with my limited opportunities for observing what went on, I saw many scenes of London intrigues, and complex chicanery, “cycle and epicycle, orb in orb,” at which I sometimes smile to this day—and at which I smiled then, in spite of my misery. My situation, however, at that time, gave me little experience, in my own person, of any qualities in Mr. —'s character but such as did him honour; and of his whole strange composition, I must forget every thing but that towards me he was obliging, and, to the extent of his power, generous.

That power was not, indeed, very extensive; however, in common with the rats, I sat rent free; and, as Dr. Johnson has recorded, that he never but once in his life had as much wall-fruit as he could eat, so let me be grateful, that on that single occasion I had as large a choice of apartments in a London mansion as I could possibly desire. Except the Blue-beard room, which the poor child believed to be haunted, all others, from the attics to the cellars, were at our service; “the world was all before us;” and we pitched our tent for the night in any spot we chose. This house I have already described as a large one; it stands in a conspicuous situation, and in a well-known part of London. Many of my readers will have passed it, I doubt not, within a few hours of reading this. For myself, I never fail to visit it when business draws me to London; about ten o'clock, this very night, August 15, 1821, being my birth-day,—I turned aside from my evening walk, down Oxford-street, purposely to take a glance at it: it is now occupied by a respectable family;

and, by the lights in the front drawing room, I observed a domestic party, assembled perhaps at tea, and apparently cheerful and gay. Marvellous contrast in my eyes to the darkness—cold—silence—and desolation of that same house eight or ten years ago, when its nightly occupants were one famishing scholar, and a neglected child!—Her, by the by, in after years I vainly endeavoured to trace. Apart from her situation, she was not what would be called an interesting child: she was neither pretty, nor quick in understanding, nor remarkably pleasing in manners. But, thank God! even in those years I needed not the embellishments of novel-accessaries to conciliate my affections; plain human nature, in its humblest and most homely apparel, was enough for me: and I loved the child because she was my partner in wretchedness. If she is now living, she is probably a mother, with children of her own; but, as I have said, I could never trace her.

This I regret, but another person there was at that time, whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. The reader needs neither smile at this avowal, nor frown. For, not to remind my classical readers of the old Latin proverb—“*Sine Cerere*,” &c. it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse, my connexion with such women could not have been an impure one. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape: on the contrary, from my very earliest youth it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way: a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher. For a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor liminary creature, calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding

And is thy grandeur done?
 Mother of men like these!
 Has not thy outcry gone,
 Where Justice has an ear to hear?—
 Be holy! God shall guide thy spear;
 Till in thy crimson'd seas
 Are plunged the chain and scimitar,
 GREECE shall be a new-born Star!

CROLY.

LAKING.

If we were about to pay a visit to the Lakes, how should we travel? Why, in a gig, or a chaise, to be sure. A pedestrian is a great ass. Feet, it is to be hoped, were given to the human race for some better purpose than walking upon; and that exercise approximates a Christian sadly to a cur. It is all right and fitting that a quadruped, or polyped, like Jock-with-the-many-legs, should go on foot; but a man, being a mere biped, should know better than to walk, except on short journeys across the room, &c. when walking has always appeared to us, except in cases of extreme corpulency, at once one of the elegancies and necessities of life. But a pedestrian pursuing the picturesque up hill and down dale, ill-protected by clouds of dust from a burning sun, with a mouth and throat parched and baked with thirst, brows pouring with sweat, cheeks flaming like a north-west moon, breeches chafing far worse than the sea, and shoes peeling heel and pinching toe, till a walk is of a composite order including drawl, drag, shuffle, sneak, lumber, and limp—we venture humbly to suggest, that a gentleman so circumstanced must be a prejudiced spectator of the beauties of nature. When the unhappy monster has toiled his way into an inn, what, pray, does he expect? not surely to be treated like a Protestant, or even a Catholic. Can he have the conscience to expect that he shall be suffered to deposit, with impunity, the extremities of his sweaty and dusty body upon a parlour-chair, or absolutely to fling down his loathsome length among the shepherdesses impressed on the pastoral print of a sofa in the North of England? Forbid it, waiter! and show the pedestrian into the barn. The truth must be told. Pedestrians, male and female, young and

old, Dissenters or of the Established Church, have all a smell, to which the smell of goats is as the smell of cyprets. How can it be otherwise? But, without entering into the rationale of the matter, we just take the fact as we find it; and we declare solemnly, as if these were the last words we were ever to write in this Magazine, that, in the most remote room of the largest inn, we can, nay, must, nose the arrival of a pedestrian, the moment his fetid foot pollutes the clear cool slate-stone of the threshold. This is the truth—not the whole truth; but nothing but the truth. Now, is this fair? Must I—We we mean—sicken over our dinner, because a prig will waddle in worsted stockings, or socks, as they are with genuine beastliness called? Shall the brock be allowed to badger us, the Editor of this Magazine? But this is not all: He is also a foul feeder. Ale and oil to him are opening paradise—Corned beef and greasy greens are crowded down, full measure, and running over, as our dearly beloved friend Charles Lamb says of the wits of great Eliza's golden days, into the foul recesses of a congenial stomach. Then the Sinner smokes; and, after his dense dinner, comes staggering into the lobby, literally talking tobacco—which is not cigar, but shag. Shall he snore in sheets, and blubber in blankets? Yes—and who knows but into his very lair shall next night be laid some sweet spinster of seventeen, half-conscious, by an indescribable instinct, that there is something or another odious in her situation? Or perhaps a couple, ere yet the honey-moon has filled her horns? Why, the very knowledge that such a thing is possible, is enough to change a bridal-bed into a pigsty, in the enamoured imagination of all delicate people. Rats are bad enough, especially when they die behind the wainscot; but what are six dozen of dead rats to one living pedestrian? A founart is a sweetmart to him—in short, he is as odious as he is unhappy; and the only consolation left to a true Christian, is, that he is as unhappy as he is odious.

A man on horseback is bad enough, but nothing to the polecat now considered. It is probable he is a Bagman—it is possible he is *the* Bagman. Whichever he be, it is both a moral and physical impossibility that he can be sweet. For, look at him as you behold him on the road. He gen-

erally despises gloves, or wears them in his pocket. One hand, therefore, grasps the greasy reins, and the other a greasier whip. Look at his nails, and you will swear he has been digging pig-nuts. The palm is cracked horn, and the back is one hairy blister. Up and down he goes on his saddle—not without reason; for he is saddle-sick. Those boots never saw Turner's blacking—they are dim, and redolent of soot and suet. Corduroy breeches are good for hiding the dirt; and divine service has been frequently performed in kirk and cathedral since brush or broomstick disturbed the pepper and salt of that jemmy jockey-frock. This is your Bagman, travelling among the Lakes for orders. But, for the love of God! go to the fourth inn of the village, if you have one grain of mercy in your whole composition. Over the way yonder, the "Cat and Fiddle" is making a sign for you to enter in—"The Dog" is wagging his tail, and the "Mag-Pie" chattering to her beloved Bagman. There you will find a salve for every sore—there your corduroys will be washed for two-pence-halfpenny—there a fresh layer of manure will enrich the soil of your boots—and some beautiful brown soap add paleness and perfume to your mauleys. Why, if you are not a Day and Martin behind the fair, you may make your fortune by marrying the landlord's daughter.

So much for pedestrians and Bagmen. Which is the most loathsomely disgusting? We cannot tell. Often, often, when sickening under the one, have we sighed for the other—and, *vice versa*. However, to be candid and impartial, as we always are, except in politics, we certainly do know one pedestrian, who, on the whole, is worse than any bagman we have yet experienced. He is a clergyman, and wears spectacles. We wish to mention his name, but that would be personal. Let us therefore describe him as well as we can anonymously. His cheeks are bluff, puffed up, and red as cherries. His mouth is small, of course, but large enough to show that his teeth are rotten. The puppy wears sailor's clothes, and a black silk handkerchief. That it may be seen he is a gentleman, he sports fine linen, and a frill. The wretch seldom shaves. He has a burr in his throat, which sounds like a watchman's rattle made of wet Indian-rubber, if the benevolent read-

er can imagine such a thing. He talks, with that instrument of speech and torture, of poetry, and painting, and *music*—and, to crown all, he is a whig. We know of no Bagman half so bad as this—and, as he used to infest the Lakes, we wish to put our readers on their guard against this walking nuisance, who, with those traits peculiar to himself, combines all the odious characteristics of the ordinary pedestrian.

Yet, we believe, that we are mistaken in alluding to this person, as the most odious of all pedestrians. There is an absolute class of them, one and all as odious as he—and they are as follows:—Creatures of literary, metaphysical, and poetical habits, who write, we shall suppose, for the London Magazines. They must all see the Lakes, forsooth, and visit Mr. Wordsworth. It is their opinion, we presume, that the language of the peasantry of the North of England is the language of poetry, and they give reasons for the faith that is in them, purloined and parboiled from the Preface to the Lyrical Ballads. The bold, true perceptions of a great original genius, become pure idiocy in their adoption by Cockneys; and surely it will be allowed to be most universally disgusting to hear empty-pated praters from Lunnun expounding the principles of one of the profoundest thinkers of the age. These metropolitan ninnies have the unendurable impertinence to take lodgings at Ambleside and Keswick.—Now, though a cat may look at a king, a Cockney ought not to be suffered to look at a mountain. But these wretches are wicked enough to wonder, and audacious enough to admire. They commit to the prison of their memory, where a few dwindled ideas, put into confinement, lie in a state of loathsome idleness, scraps of Mr. Wordsworth's poems. We would give them up Alice Fell and her duffle cloak, on condition of their stopping with her at Durham; but who, with a heart or a soul, can bear to see them offering indecencies to poor Ruth, "setting her little water-mills by spouts and fountains wild?" Who does not shudder to think that they may have given ostentatious alms to the "Old Cumberland Beggar," as the Kendal Coach was passing by with twenty outsides? These are the reptiles, that, if not trod upon, will occasion a fall in the price of land in the northern counties.

What, it may be asked, is the best time of the year for visiting the Lakes?—Our answer is, any time between the 1st day of January and the last day of December. There is much mouthing, mumping, moping, melancholy, mournful and miserable mummary, in the talk about Autumn. Autumnal tints are all very well in their way, except upon the neck of an aunt or artichoke, where they are not so sweet as seasonable. But to ninety-nine people out of a hundred it is of no earthly consequence, whether tints on trees, and mountains, and so forth, are vernal, (what the deuce is the proper summer adjective?) autumnal, or brumal. The colour of the country is good enough at all times, except, perhaps, when the snow happens to be six feet deep, when, loath though we be to dissent from Mr. Coleridge, we think white is too much of the prevailing tone, and neither orange nor purple. The chief objection to travelling in a mountainous country in winter, at least after, or during a heavy fall of snow, seems to be that it is impossible. But, no doubt, a man looking out of his parlour window, with a good rousing fire at his back, and a pretty girl (his wife) in or out of the room,—up stairs whipping the children,—or down stairs scolding the servants, may pass a few minutes in very agreeable contemplation of nature, even in winter, and on the morning after half-a-dozen shepherds, and twenty score of sheep, have been lost in the snow. Let, therefore, any man that chooses visit the Lakes in Winter if he can, and we shall not think him mad, only a little crazy. We should suppose that Spring was a season by no means amiss for Laking. But the difficulty here, is to know when it is Spring. Many and oft is the time when it has slipped through our fingers without our having felt it; and then, it is to be remembered, that in our Island it comes round only once in seven years. When a tourist is lucky enough to find himself among the Lakes in a *bona fide* spring season, he will enjoy himself intensely; for the autumnal tints may all go to the devil and shake themselves in comparison with the beautiful glories of mother Earth, and of Father Jove, between the middle of April and the middle of June. Midsummer is often so horridly hot that there is no living comfortably any where but in the cellar, except for a few hours in the

early morning and the late evening. Then all is voluptuous languor—or bright awakening from a dream—or the divine hush of happy nature sinking again into dewy repose. With plenty of ginger-beer, spruce, cyder, soda, and imperial pop, even the dog-days may be made passable; and by kicking off sheets and blankets, and opening the windows of our room, a bed may be prevented from being a stew-pan, or an oven warmed by steam.

Blackwood's Mag.

ADONIS, SLEEPING.

In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty. Sideway his face repoe'd
On one white arm, and tenderly unclos'd,
By tenderest passion, a faint damask mouth
To slumb'ry pout; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green of every form and hue,
Together interwin'd and trammel'd fresh:
The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiope berries; and woodbine
Of velvet leaves and bugle-blossoms divine.

Hard by,

Stood serene Cupids, watching silently,
One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber; while another took
A willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair; another flew
In through the woven roof, and, fluttering-wise,
Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes.

KEATS.

THE PRUDENT SQUIRE.

A KNIGHT of renown, named Hugo, had,
till his fiftieth year, never been in love
but with a bumper. Instead of paying
court to the fair, he went in search of tilts
and tournaments, from which he always
returned victorious. In process of time,
however, the beardless boy threw him out
of the saddle, and all his disdain was gone.

He saw at last Angelica the fair,
And quite forgot his cough and silver hair;

Whatever ill his forehead might betide,
Before a month had past she was his bride.

By good luck, Angelica was a modest, well-brought-up girl, who, by her rigid virtue, scared away all the gay butterflies that fluttered round the flower of her beauty. Hugo knew the tried and invincible fidelity of his spouse, and loved her as the apple of his eye. One morning he rode out to pay a visit to a neighbouring brother of the lance. Behind him trotted Conrad his old and trusty squire. When they had made about half the journey, the knight suddenly stopped, and thus began:—"Listen to me, Conrad; a thing has just now come into my head that vexes me. This is the very day that the Reverend Nicolaus comes to the castle to read mass for my dear Angelica and me. Now I am not very fond of having that young spark of a priest within my walls while I am absent; these fellows don't always remember their vows. Do you ride back as quickly as you can, and tell Angelica, in my name, not to see him till I come home." Conrad thoughtfully shook his head, and replied,—“I beg your pardon, noble knight; but would my lady not decline seeing him, perhaps, of her own accord?”—"Away with your *perhaps*," proceeded Hugo; "I will be sure of it, by giving her my orders."—"Do you think so?" returned the squire. "In my simplicity I think the contrary. Follow but for once the counsel of a faithful servant, and give no orders in a case so ticklish."—"Ticklish here, ticklish there," cried the knight, fretfully—"What crotchets are these you have in your head to day? Do you think it troublesome, perhaps, to ride back a few miles?" "Oh! if you speak in that tone,"—said the other,—“I have nothing more to say.” On that he put spurs to his horse and cantered back to the castle. Angelica saw him riding full speed, and, not without some terror, called from the window; "No misfortune, I trust, has happened to my husband?"—"No, my lady," answered Conrad; "The valorous knight is only uneasy lest any misfortune come upon you, if you should take a fancy to ride on the large dog."—"I ride? I ride on that ugly bull-dog?" asked Angelica, full of amazement; "I believe you have been making too free with the bottle this morning! It is impossible the knight should have charg-

ed you with such a commission to me." "I assure you he did," answered Conrad, "and his honour did it in these very words; 'That he knew the bull-dog to be an animal that bit furiously if one attempted to use him as a riding poney, and that, therefore, you should not think of taking such amusement.'" After he had spoken in this manner, he turned about his horse and galloped off again.—“Am I awake? or am I dreaming?” said Angelica to herself. "That idea of the knight's is so very strange, that I cannot think there is any reality in the whole affair—it must be a phantom of my own brain. What could he mean by such a message? Is it not enough that I have endeavoured, all along, to learn from his look, every wish of his heart, in order to accomplish it? Have I deserved that he should extend the limits of his authority always farther and farther?—that he should lay upon me arbitrary and capricious commands?—Ah!—I now remark, that it is foolish to be too flexible and submissive! The worm which crawls in the dust is trod upon. No, Sir Knight, it shall not go so far as that neither!—In spite of your teeth, I will ride upon the bull-dog, a fancy which would never have entered my brain, but for your prohibition." Here her soliloquy was interrupted by a servant, who came to inform her that Nicolaus was in the antichamber. "I cannot receive his visit to day," said Hugo's lady, "for my husband is abroad. Make my apology to the reverend gentleman, and beg him to come back to-morrow. I have the highest respect for Mr. Nicolaus,"—said she to herself; "but he shall not, for all that, spoil the merry ride I mean to have. I wish the poney were but here! I know he must have a soft trot, and his teeth shall not deter me: he is as gentle as a lamb. Oh, I am delighted at the double pleasure I shall have in putting a trick upon my old snarler, and in trying this new sort of horsemanship."

Cato was a well-bred bull-dog; and therefore, on being formally admitted into the lady's parlour, did not neglect to express, by the wagging of his tail and other tokens, his entire satisfaction at the unusual distinction placed upon him; but when she, laying her hand on his collar, endeavoured to mount him, his countenance fell, and he began to indicate, in a growling manner, his disapprobation of

such silly conduct. She, however, undauntedly persisted in it, until, his good-manners forsaking him, he fairly overturned his mistress, and baring his fangs, left their impression on her lily-white arm.

The lady, thus unsaddled, first with tears bedewed the floor, and then got up indignant. The ill-natured animal, that could not understand a joke, she drove directly from the room. Towards evening, Hugo, her lord, returned, and inquired with such haste as showed jealousy, if Nicolaus had been there? "Yes, he came," replied his wife, "but he was not admitted." The knight now looked with a triumphant air at Conrad, whispering in his ear, "Well, Solomon the wise, do you not now perceive that prohibitions have their use?" Conrad, who had not said a word about the change he had made in the commission, smiled and shrugged his shoulders at his lord's mistake. It was not till the knight a second time turned to his spouse, that he observed her left arm in a sling. He asked the cause. "The bull-dog bit me," answered she; "and that proceeds from you."—"From me?" said Hugo. "Yes, from no one else," replied his spouse.—"Had you not sent me, by your squire, a message not to ride upon that snarling animal, I, in my days, had never thought of it." In silence and amazement our knight now hastened forth to question Conrad, who had, it seems, retired, how that had been. "What did you tell Angelica that she was not to do," said he. Squire Conrad readily confessed the truth. "Was that what I desired of you," said Hugo in a rage. "No, certainly, it was not," said the other; "yet I think I managed well. I beg you now to reflect how things had been, if I had told her what you said of Nicolaus. My lady is, I own, the jewel of her sex, one half an angel, or even more; yet still allow me, sir, to say, she is a daughter of old Eve, who seems to have bequeathed to all her female race a no small liking to forbidden fruit."

THE BELL AT SEA.

[The dangerous islet called the Bell Rock, on the coast of Elfe, used formerly to be marked only by a bell, which was so placed as to be swung by the

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motion of the waves, when the tide rose above the rock. A light house has since been erected there.]

When the tide's billowy swell
Had reach'd its height,
Then toll'd the Rock's lone bell
Sternly at night.

Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone
The sailor bless'd,
Steering through darkness on
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be!

MRS. HEMANS.

JOURNEY IN QUEST OF A WIFE.

DINNER was over, my mother had taken up her knitting apparatus, and I was picking my teeth and amusing myself with building castles in the air, when my attention was roused by the unusual number of the good lady's hems, which I knew to be a prelude to some extraordinary communication. At length, out it came: "my dear Tom," said she, "yesterday was your birth-day, you are now three and twenty, and it is high time you should be looking out for a good match: a man must marry some time or other, but he should take care he does so ere it is too late, for that is as bad as too soon." "Why, mother," answered I, "I am not much disinclined to change my situation, as the phrase goes; but I have never yet been fortunate enough to meet with the girl who would induce me to become a benedict." While I was speaking, my mamma had opened her china snuff box, and with a knowing look, held a pinch betwixt her finger and thumb; "what would you think now," said she, after a pause, and eyeing me through her spectacles; "what would you think of little Doris, the upper forester's daughter!" I shook my head, "she is well enough to

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pass away an hour or two occasionally, for she is a good-natured lively thing, but she is like the lilies of the valley, they toil not neither do they spin." "Son, she has ten thousand dollars in the bank, and they will set the looms a going. You know our estate is burdened with debt, and as you now think of keeping house for yourself, and won't make use of your friend's influence to procure you a place under government for you—" "My good mother," interrupted I; "once for all, that is out of the question; one who has any pretensions to the character of an honest man, cuts but a sorry figure now-a-days as a man in office; for my own part, I can only go straight forwards, and it would not be easy to avoid now and then treading on the kibe of some place-man or other, or giving him a jerk with my elbow, and I should gain nothing but vexation for my pains. No! no! I will travel, and endeavour to suit myself to my mind." "But do you know what the expression 'getting suited' means?" I took her hand, "Mother," cried I, "most fully do I appreciate the force of the expression, for I have seen it so completely exemplified in my own family; during my father's life, he and yourself had but one heart, one will." This was touching the right string, and decided the question at once. My mother wiped her spectacles, gave me a blessing, and desired me to travel. My portmanteau was soon packed, and almost before I could bestow a serious thought on the object of my journey, I found myself seated in the diligence for B—. I was ashamed, however, to turn back, and determined to give myself up to the guidance of my lucky star. I had several acquaintances at B—, and loitered away some weeks among them, and among what is called the good society of the place. Here there was no lack of pretty maidens, all ready and willing to get married, but their forward manners and total want of feminine delicacy, soon convinced me that this was not the place to get suited: for the most part, their ideas of life were gathered from the shelves of the circulating library; and of gentility, from the miserable flounderings of a set of strolling players, who sometimes visited the town; in short, their small accomplishments sat on them with as much grace and propriety, as the glass beads and tinsel of the Europeans do on the necks

of savages. One young creature, however, attracted my attention by her naïveté and engaging disposition. I determined to make her acquaintance, and found no difficulty in procuring an introduction to her father's house. She was the only child of a rich contractor, who had amassed a considerable fortune during the war, and now lived very comfortably on his fortune. Wilhelmina played on the harpsichord a little, sung a little, drew a little, and had a smattering of French and Italian; but it was easy to perceive she laid claims to excellence in all these acquirements. Throughout the house there was great splendour, without the slightest particle of taste. Miss was the idol of her parents, over whom she exercised unlimited sway, and the surest and shortest road to the old people's hearts, was by praising their darling. It would have been no very difficult matter for me to have won this damsel's hand, had I been so inclined, for besides, that she showed some sort of penchant for me, the Von before my name was a powerful recommendation to old square-toes; but I felt that she was not at all calculated to make a wife for a domestic man like myself; and a letter, which I soon afterwards received from my mother, wherein she expressed the same opinion, determined me to look elsewhere for a spouse.

I left B— in company with a fellow-collegian, who was going to S— on business, and as I wished to see that town, we agreed to travel together. In the inn at Lunan, where we stopped for the night, we fell in with some strangers: a gentleman from S— with his son, and a young lady, his ward. We met together at supper, and the conversation took an easy and lively turn; it is true, the elder of the two men spoke seldom, but he smiled often; and, as they say, at the right place; and looked as if he could say a great deal on every subject, if he would. He made up for his silence, however, by keeping the bottle continually on the move. The son was the reverse of his father, his tongue never lay still, although his ideas were not of the most brilliant order. The young lady remained silent, and apparently absorbed in her own thoughts; she had a tall, elegant figure, handsome features, with a mild and somewhat melancholy expression, and she appeared to have recently shed tears; I gathered from what passed

at supper, and afterwards from the landlord, that she was called Adeline; that her father, Major Lindenow, had fallen in battle, leaving her to the protection of his friend, Colonel Sternbach, who now lived on his estate near Lunan; that Colonel Sternbach had sent her to be educated at S—, where she resided with his brother-in-law, the senator, Seldorf, with whom I had supped; that the colonel now lay dangerously ill, and that Seldorf, who expected to inherit his estates, was on his return from visiting him. Although Adeline had never once deigned to look at me, yet there was a something about her, that interested me exceedingly in her favour. Old Seldorf, on learning my intention of remaining a few days at S—, gave me a pressing invitation to visit him and his family; his son drank to our better acquaintance, and swore that one's time might be spent at S— in the most delightful way in the world, and that even a university life did not surpass it. He offered, as my travelling friend quitted me here, to fill his vacant place in my carriage, to save me, as he said, from the blue devils. On any other occasion, I could willingly have dispensed with the youngster's good intentions; for there is nothing in which I take a greater delight, than when seated snugly in the corner of the vehicle, I can give myself up, undisturbed, to every fancy, and luxuriate in all the delights of castle building; now, however, I determined, for once, to forego my favourite gratification, and acceded to his proposal, as I thought it might afford me an opportunity of learning something more of Adeline, into whose opinion I felt a strong inclination to ingratiate myself. Early on the following morning we set out for Lunan, and for several miles my new companion troubled me very little with his remarks, as he almost immediately began to snore; but he soon awoke, and then talked all in a breath about his college adventures, his connections in S—, his two sisters, Adeline, and his prospects of getting a place. "I shall then," added he, rubbing his hands, "marry Adeline! for you know a wife is a necessary appendage to a man, when he becomes of consequence in the state." This piece of intelligence was not of the most pleasant description; "So," said I, doubtless with a sheepish look enough, "you have confessed that Adeline is per-

fectly indifferent to you, and yet you mean to marry her; how can you expect happiness from such a union?" "Pooh, pooh," said he, "my dear fellow, your ideas of marriage are quite out of date; the husband has only to take care that his wife keeps within proper bounds; that she attends to her family and kitchen concerns, receives the guests, and so forth; the Orientals have far better notions of matrimony, than we in the north; among them the wife is neither more nor less than the principal slave, and that according to my view of the matter, is what she ought to be, and not a whit more." "But Adeline!" said I, impatiently. "Adeline," answered he, "has ridiculous whims, like all other girls who have not yet reached a certain age. She has nothing to boast of but her pretty face, and has hitherto lived in complete dependence; my uncle, indeed, lets her want for nothing, but then he is daily expected to set out on his journey for the other world; in which case, she must be glad to get a comfortable settlement. During the last two years, she has taken the charge of our domestic concerns, for my sisters do not trouble their heads about such matters." I was now enabled to form a tolerable good guess of Adeline's situation, and her misfortunes imparted additional interest to her in my eyes.

On the second day after my arrival at S—, I received an invitation from the elder Seldorf, which I readily accepted. The sisters were a pair of dolls who displayed their accomplishments as if they wished to let them out on hire. The youngest of the two played a few musty waltzes on the piano, and the other sung a bravura in a style that made my very flesh creep; Adeline busied herself about the house, and it was easy to see that the management of every thing was in her hands. She seemed a little more cheerful than when I saw her at Lunan, still her countenance bore evident traces of dejection. Whilst the sisters were acting their parts, she sat down to her needle, from which she seldom looked up; her future lord and master showed her very little attention, and I could almost imagine she treated him with contempt; I felt quite out of humour, and had risen to go away, when it came into the old gentleman's head to ask his daughters to declaim; neither of the misses, however, was in the vein, and he then applied to me to favour

them with a specimen of my rhetorical powers; I was vain enough to accede to this request, for I flattered myself that I should now be enabled to make some impression on Adeline. They gave me the Cassandra of Schiller. I had often read aloud, and understood at least accentuation, and modulation of tone. When I had finished, all were lavish of their applause, but I was only attentive to Adeline, whose expressive eye now seemed to regard me somewhat more attentively. From henceforward, I continued to visit the senator almost daily, but never found an opportunity of seeing Adeline alone; she was ever engaged in her domestic concerns, and when she came sometimes for a few minutes into the room, the sisters had always some pretext or other to prevent my addressing a word to her. As the family were one evening assembled as usual, the conversation happened to turn upon women and marriage; the father gave it as his opinion, that the principal point to be attended to was whether or not the bride had a weighty purse. Young Seldorf was of an opposite way of thinking, "Money," said he, "gives the wife to lord it over her husband, which she is always sure to avail herself of, and it is therefore dangerous to marry for that alone." The two girls coincided with their father, and supported the contest with a deal of stuff in favour of rich daughters, or in other words, of themselves. This annoyed me, for Adeline's sake, although she did not appear to notice any thing that had passed. I now took up the cudgels, and said: "according to my notions, a woman's value is not to be estimated by what she has, but by what she is. Women have, for the most part, juster views of the value of things than men, and none, but such as are of a coarse and common nature, ever wish to make their dowry a pretext for exercising undue control." While I was talking in this ridiculous strain, with more than ordinary warmth, Adeline continued quietly at her work, and the sisters winked and made faces to each other. I got vexed, and took my leave. When I reached home I reproached myself for my folly. My observations had pointed too strongly to Adeline, of whom as she was totally without fortune, it was impossible for me to think seriously; and uncomfortable as her situation in that family was, this

conduct of mine had been calculated only to render it more so. I now therefore determined to be more sparing of my visits, and actually staid away two whole days. On the evening of the third, however, I met Adeline by chance at a friend's house, and as it was already late, civility obliged me to offer to see her home. "If you are going that way at any rate," said she, somewhat reservedly. Mr. Seldorf lived at some distance; but I don't know how it happened, we did not choose the nearest road to his house. I had persuaded her to take my arm, and we fell into conversation which soon became interesting. I declared in the most unreserved manner, my opinion of the Misses S., and touched by the way on Adeline's own situation. She seemed affected, and said, "though education and circumstances may produce in us faults for which we are not to blame, they often at the same time, put it in our power to do much good, for which probably, we do not deserve praise. If I have obtained juster views of life than I should otherwise have possessed, I am indebted for them to that excellent clergyman who brought me up; and if I am not easily disquieted or ruffled, it is doubtless owing to my natural frame of mind. One person is differently constituted from another; and besides, I have passed through a severe school." She said this with so much sweetness and unaffected modesty, that at this moment I could have pressed her to my heart, I could have offered her my hand; I thought of my mother, and what treasure I should present her with in this maiden, and the blow would perhaps have been struck on the instant, had not luckily, or unluckily, young Seldorf just at this juncture made his appearance, and most unmercifully put to flight all my fine emotions by his rapid raillery.

On reaching the house, I mechanically followed him up stairs, where I found the family in confusion, owing to some disagreeable piece of news which they had just received. The senator took his son aside, and whispered something to him; I heard the word *Sternbach* and *will* frequently repeated. As the matter did not concern me, I paid no further attention to it; but merely wished to remain till Adeline (who had gone to change her dress), should return. As I saw, however, that my presence was irksome to the party, I departed without being able to wish her

a good night. The following day, some friends of mine persuaded me to join them in an excursion to Lunan, where there was a fair, at which all the gay folks of the neighbourhood were expected to be present. In the inn where we alighted, there was a sort of ball, the dancing had already begun, and my companions soon joined in the throng, and continued till late in the evening, when as we were preparing to return, we were surprised at the sudden appearance of young Seldorf. He came from the seat of his uncle, who had expired a few hours before. The young man was in the highest spirits, and talked incessantly of his good luck, that Colonel Sternbach had not had time to make his will. He called for champagne and claret, and gave loose to his satisfaction in the most extravagant manner; I was extremely disgusted with his conduct, but as I did not wish to break up the party, I made no objection to remain.

The joviality of Seldorf, however, appeared to have something singular and unnatural about it. He drank beyond all moderation. My companions faithfully followed his example; and I found it impossible to avoid exceeding a little. Seldorf filled a bumper to the health of his bride, as he termed Adeline; I laid hold of my glass mechanically, but for my life, I could not swallow a single drop. "Then it is all settled," I asked. "Why not?" hiccupped he; "my uncle is dead without a will, we are his sole heirs. I shall invest my money in the funds—purchase a title; become a great man; live merrily. —Aha, my boy! you shall pass many a jolly day with me yet." I became melancholy, and lost in thought. It was midnight before the party broke up. My companions slept till the carriage stopt at the gates of S—, but I had not the smallest inclination to sleep: my feelings had been too much excited, and many an adventurous scheme came into my head. I continued to pace my chamber restlessly up and down; a strange undefined something pervaded my mind, and stirred up my blood in a perfect fever, though to say the truth, I suspect the punch and champagne had not the least share in these extraordinary sensations. By chance, I put my hand into the pocket of my great coat, which I had not pulled off; and was surprised to find papers in it. It was a packet tied round with tape, and on the envelope

were written the words, "Last will and testament of Colonel Von Sternbach." I now first perceived, that Seldorf and I had in the confusion at leaving Lunan, exchanged great coats. The will was open, and I hastily ran my eye over it. It was written in the Colonel's own hand, and with the exception of a legacy to his brother-in-law, Seldorf, Adeline was constituted the sole heiress of all his property.

The object of young Seldorf's journey, and his strange behaviour, were now fully explained. I congratulated myself on the lucky chance which had put it in my power to render an essential service to Adeline; but after some reflections I could not but be sensible that the matter might involve me in an awkward predicament, for when Seldorf should miss the will, his first suspicion would naturally fall on me. I thought of every expedient; till at length I convinced myself that in this, as in every thing else, a straight-forward course was the only one that a man of honour could follow. At an early hour on the following morning, therefore, I bent my course to the senator's house, for the purpose of returning the coat, and, if possible, of seeing Adeline alone. I found, as I expected, that the family were still a bed, and that Adeline and a servant only were stirring. While the latter was fetching my great coat, I said to Adeline, that it was absolutely necessary I should see her that morning, as I had something of the last importance to communicate. She ~~was~~ ^{came} with surprise. "Miss Lindenow," said I, "it is all ~~very~~ ^{very} which concerns you nearly; there is an infamous plot on foot to rob you in the most shameful manner; but providence has enabled me to counteract the wicked scheme; tell me where, and at what hour I can see you without danger of interruption." After a moment's pause—"Come with me," said she, "into the garden, all in the house are still asleep." We accordingly went thither, and I related to her the whole occurrence, giving her, at the same time, the will itself; she was greatly agitated, and could not utter a word, but raised her streaming eyes to heaven. I reminded her that quick decision was above all things indispensable. "What shall I," said the trembling girl, "what can I do?" Will you confide in me?" asked I. "Willingly, most willingly," she answered in a tone that penetrated my

heart. It was then concerted between us, that she should meet me the same evening at the friend's house where we had been the preceding day; and I hastened home, to consider of the measures which it would be most advisable to adopt. I had scarcely reached my own door, when young Seldorf overtook me; he was in the greatest trepidation, and said, "my friend, we exchanged great coats yesterday by mistake, and I am now come for mine. There are papers in it of the utmost consequence, which I trust have not dropped out, have you by chance seen them?" I quickly collected myself. "Mr. Seldorf," said I, taking his hand, "I think you are too much of an honest man to commit a knavish action; the papers you are so anxious about are in safety." "Where, where?" cried he, hurriedly, and looking at me with an air of suspicion. "Where they ought to be," returned I. "Adeline is heiress of Colonel Sternbach." He threw himself into a chair, and covered his face with both his hands. I exhorted him to take courage, and to thank heaven which had prevented his committing a heavy crime. "Ah!" said he, striking his forehead, "Adeline is lost to me, as soon as she knows that she is independent, and may choose for herself." "Why, what a pitiful fellow you must be, to wish to tread in the dust a noble heart in so base a manner." I spoke this loud and angrily, and was instantly sorry that I had suffered the words to escape me. The scene continued some time, until I poor devil somewhat at ease, by promising that the whole transaction should be confined to ourselves. "But is Adeline acquainted with it?" "She is, but you must know her well enough to be satisfied, that she will not abuse the confidence which I have placed in her." "Yes, yes," muttered he between his teeth, "she is much better than I—than my sisters—or than all the young women that I know—she deserves a better lot than I can offer her." I now really pitied him. His natural roughness might have been softened by better education. With all his faults, his heart was not bad; and what was wrong about him, arose more from perverted notions of things, than from vicious inclinations. I now attempted to rouse him on the score of pride. "You wished," said I, "not to be under any obligation to your wife, and would rather take

her fortune from her by fraud, than receive it at her own hand; but it would be impossible for you ever to overcome the sense of injustice, which you had thus been guilty of, and you would in fact have become more dependent on her, than if she had brought you a million as a portion, for you could never have again looked her in the face as an honest man, even if she were to reciprocate your affection." He stared at me earnestly, never having been accustomed to reflect on his actions, or to weigh the motives of his conduct, he knew nothing of life, except what he had learnt in taverns. An idea seemed instantly to have struck him, and with the words "you shall not at least assert that I am vicious," he hastily quitted the apartment. I was puzzling myself to find out what his meaning might be, when a boy came into the room with a message, to meet him instantly without the town gates. This sounded very like a challenge, still I could not think him mad enough to expose himself to a disclosure of circumstances which touched his character so nearly, and which would naturally be the consequence of a meeting between us. I did not delay attending his summons, however, but repaired instantly to the place appointed, which was a promenade that was little frequented. At the moment of my approach, I perceived him walking under the trees with Adeline in his arm. Adeline appeared much perplexed. "My dear friend," said Seldorf, smiling, "I have assured Adeline that you have something to say to her; and I will swear ten oaths, that my *ci devant* bride has also a word for you in private, that would not be so conveniently spoken before my sisters; I have therefore brought you together here, so make the most of your time, for I shall return for Adeline in a quarter of an hour." Saying this, he walked away, leaving us both not a little disconcerted. Adeline could not compose herself, and my presence of mind seemed to have forsaken me altogether. At last, however, I found my voice, and said, "A singular accident, dear Adeline, has brought us together, I seek a companion for life,—could I but hope—" A deep blush, which came direct from the heart, overspread her lovely face, and drawing from her work-bag a paper, she handed it to me, saying softly, "this letter has doubtless fallen by accident into the will,

my name is mentioned in it." It was a letter from my mother, which had got amongst the folds of the will. I had written to her much about Adeline, and the good lady had, in her answer, said, "that this would indeed be a daughter after her own heart:" "and will you too call her mother, my Adeline." "Take me to her," whispered she, and the warm kiss which I impressed on her cheek, was the seal of our union. In a few weeks I carried Adeline home as my wife, and my mother is quite convinced that I have succeeded to a wish in "getting myself suited."

Edin. Mag.

FORGET ME NOT.

The star that shines so pure and bright,
Like a far-off place of bliss,
And tells the broken-hearted
There are brighter worlds than this;
The moon that courses through the sky,
Like man's uncertain doom,
Now shining bright with borrow'd light,
Now wrapp'd in deepest gloom,—
Or when eclips'd, a dreary blank,
A fearful emblem given
Of the heart shut out by a sinful world
From the blessed light of heaven;—
The flower that freely casts its wealth
Of perfume on the gale;
The breeze that mourns the summer's close,
With melancholy wail;
The stream that cleaves the mountain's side,
Or gurgles from the grot,—
All speak in their Creator's name,
And say "Forget me not!"

When man's vain heart is swollen with pride,
And his haughty lip is curl'd,
And from the scorner's seat he smiles
Contempt upon the world;
Where glitter crowns and coronets,
Like stars that gem the skies,
And Flattery's incense rises thick
To blind a monarch's eyes;
Where the courtier's tongue with facile lie
A royal ear beguiles;
Where suitors live on promises,
And sycophants on smiles;
Where each as in a theatre
Is made to play his part
Where the diadem hides a troubled brow,
And the star an aching heart;

There, even there, 'mid pomp and power,
Is oft a voice that calls
"Forget me not," in thunder,
Throughout the palace walls.

Or in the house of banqueting
Where the madd'ning bowl is flush,
And the shameless ribald boast of deeds
For which the cheek should blush;
Where from the oft drain'd goblet's brim
The eye of mirth is lit;
Where the cold conceits of a trifler's brain
Pass for the coin of wit;
Where Flattery sues to woman's ear,
And tells his tale again,
And Beauty smiles upon things so mean,
We blush to call them men;
Where 'tis sad to hear the flippant tongue
Apply its hacknied arts;—
Oh! their heads would be the hollowest things
But for their hollow hearts!
But, hie! the reveller's shout is still'd,
The song, the jest forgot;
The hair is snapp'd, the sword descends,
With a dread "Forget me not!"

Go! hie thee to the rank churchyard
Where flits the shadowy ghost,
And see how little pride has left
Whereon to raise a boast.
See Beauty claiming sisterhood
With the noisome reptile worm—
Oh, where are all the graces fled
That once array'd her form!
Fond hope no more on her smile will feed,
Nor wither at her frown:
Her head will rest more quiet now
Than when it was a crown—
With cloven crest and bloody shroud
The once proud warrior lies;
And the patriot's heart hath not a throb
To give to a nation's cries.
A solemn voice will greet thine ear
As thou lingerest round the spot,
And cry from out the sepulchre,
"Frail man, forget me not!"

"Forget me not," the thunder roars,
As it bursts its sulphury cloud;
'Tis murmur'd by the distant hills
In echoes long and loud;
'Tis written by the Almighty's hand
In characters of flame,
When the lightnings gleam with vivid flash,
And his wrath and power proclaim.
'Tis murmur'd when the white wave falls
Upon the wreck-strewn shore,
As a hoary warrior bows his crest
When his day of work is o'er.

Go! speed thee forth when the beamy sun
O'erthrows the reign of night,
And strips the scene of its misty robe,
And arrays it in diamonds bright.
Oh! as thou drinkest health and joy
In the fresh and balmy air,
"Forget me not" in a still small voice
Will surely greet thee there.

Oh! who that sees the vermeil cheek
Grow day by day more pale,
And Beauty's form to shrink before
The summer's gentlest gale,
But thinks of Him, the mighty One,
By whom the blow is given,
As if the fairest flowers of earth
Were early pluck'd for heaven.
Oh yes! on every side we see
The impress of his hand;
The air we breathe is full of Him,
And the earth on which we stand.
Yet heedless man regards it not,
But life's uncertain day
In idle hopes and vain regrets
Thus madly wastes away.
But in his own appointed time
He will not be forgot:
Oh! in that hour of fearful strife,
Great God, forget me not!

W. H. HARRISON.

A COUNTRY LODGING.

My way back to town the other evening from a visit, I had the misfortune, at the turning of a road, not to see a projecting gateway, till I came too near it. I leaped the ditch that ran by, but my horse went too close to the side-post; and my leg was so hurt, that I was obliged to limp into a cottage, and have been laid up ever since. The doctor tells me I am to have three or four weeks of it, perhaps more.

As soon as I found myself fixed, I looked about me to see what consolations I could get in my new abode. The place was quiet. That was one thing. It was also clean, and had a decent-looking hostess. Those were two more. Thirdly, I heard the wind in the trees. This was much. "You have trees opposite the window?"—"Yes, Sir, some fine elms. You will hear the birds of a morning."

"And you have poultry, to take care of my fever with? and eggs and bacon, when I get better? and a garden and a paddock, when I walk again, eh? and capital milk, and a milk-maid whom it's a sight to see carrying it over the field."—"Why, Sir," said my hostess, good-humouredly but gravely, "as to the milk-maid, I can say nothing; but we have capital milk at Pouldon, and good eggs and bacon, and paddocks in plenty, and every thing else that horse or man can desire, in an honest way."—"Well, Madam," said I, "I shall desire nothing of you, you may depend on it, unbecoming the dignity of Pouldon or the pretty whiteness of these window-curtains."—"I dare say we shall agree very well, Sir," said my good woman with a gracious smile. The curtains were very neat and white, the rest of the furniture corresponding. There was a small couch, and a long-backed arm-chair, looking as if it was made for me. "That settee," thought I, "I shall move into that other part of the room:—it will be snugger, and more away from the door. The arm-chair and the table shall go near the window, when I can sit up; so that I may have the trees at the corner of my eye, as I am writing. The table, a small mahogany one, was very good, and reflected the two candles very prettily, but it looked bald. There were no books on it. "Pray, Mrs. Wilson have you any books?" "Oh, plenty of books. But won't you be afraid to study, Sir, with that leg?" "I'll study about it, if you can undo it for me." "Dear me! Sir, but won't it make you feverish?" "Yes, unless I can read all the while. I must study philosophy, Mrs. Wilson, in order to bear it: so if you have any novels or comedies—" "Why, for novels or comedies, Sir, I can't say. But I'll show you what there is. When our lady was alive, rest her soul! eight months ago, the house was nothing but books. I dare say she had a matter of a hundred. But I've a good set too below; some of my poor dear husband's, and some of my own." "I see," said I, as she left the room, "that I shall be obliged to send to the clergyman: and that's a forlorn hope. If there's a philosopher in the village,—some Jacobinical carpenter or shoemaker,—there will be another chance. At all events, I shall behave in the most independent manner, and send all round. '*Necessitas non habet LEGS*,' as Peter Pindar says. This is the worst of books. A ha-

bit of reading is like a habit of drinking. You cannot do without it, especially under misfortune. I wonder whether I could leave off reading, beginning with a paragraph less a day?"

Mrs. Wilson returned with an arm full. "This, Sir," said she, giving me the top one, "our lady left me for a keep-sake." It was Mrs. Chapone's Essays. "Pray," said I, "Mrs. Wilson, who was the lady whom you designate as the Roman Catholics do the Virgin? Who was *Our lady*?" Mrs. Wilson looked very grave, but I thought there was a smile lurking under her gravity in spite of her. "Miss V., Sir, was no Roman: and as to the Virgin, by which I suppose, Sir, you mean the—but however—oh, she was an excellent woman, Sir; her mother was a friend of the great Mr. Samuel Richardson." "Oh ho!" thought I, looking over the books, "then we shall have Pamela."—There was the *Farrier's Guide*, some Treatises on Timber and the Cultivation of Wood (my hostess was a carpenter's widow), *Jachin and Boaz* (which she called a strange fantastic book), Mrs. Glasse's *Cookery*, Wesley's *Receipts*, an old Court Calendar, the *Whole Duty of Man*, nine numbers of the *Calvinist's Magazine*, an odd volume of the *Newgate Calendar*, the *Life of Colonel Gardiner*, and, sure as fate, at the bottom of the heap, Pamela, or *Virtue Rewarded*. "*Virtue Rewarded*!" thought I: "I hate these mercenary virtues; these bills brought to Heaven for payment; these clinkings of cash in the white pockets of conscience." "You have one novel, at any rate, Mrs. Wilson." "Sure, Sir, it is better than a novel. Oh, it is a book full of good fortune." "Of good fortune! What, to the maid-servant?" "To every body that has to do with it. Miss V. was—dubious like—which of the cottages to live in; and she fancied our's, because she found Pamela and Colonel Gardiner in the corner-cup-board." "I dare say.—Now here," said I, when left to myself, "here is vanity at second hand. The old lady must take a cottage because she found a book in it, written by an old gentleman, who knew the old lady her mother. And what a book!" With all my admiration of Richardson, Pamela had ever been an object of my dislike. I hated her little canting ways, her egotism eternally protesting humility, and her readiness to make a

prize of the man, who, finding his endeavours vain to ruin her, reconciled her virtue and vanity together by proposing to make her his wife. Pamela's is the only female face to which I think I could ever have wished to give a good box on the ear. "And this," said I, "was the old maid's taste. It is a pity she was not a servant-maid. The rest of the appellation, somehow or other, might have been got rid-of." While I was thus venting my spleen against a harmless old woman, in a condition of life which I had always treated with respect, and was beginning to regret that I had got into "methodistical" lodgings, my hostess comes back again, with three more books, to wit, *Paradise Lost*, Thomson's *Seasons*, and a volume containing the whole of the *Spectator* in double columns. "Head of my ancestors!" cried I, uttering (but internally) a Chinese oath: "here thou art at home again, Harry! *This* is sense. *This* is something like. The cottage is an excellent cottage; and, for aught I know, had the honour of being one of the many cottages in which my great grandfather's friend Sir Richard used to eschew the visits of the importunate."

There was a bed-room as neat as the sitting-room, and with more trees at the window. My leg was very painful, and I had feverish dreams. However, my horseback had made me nothing the worse for my dinner, and having taken no supper, my dreams, though disturbed, were not frightful. I dreamt of Pamela, and Dick Honeycomb, and my ancestor Nathaniel. I thought that my landlady was Mrs. Harlowe, and that Dick being pressed to marry, said he would not have his cousin Pamela, but Nell Gwynn; which the serious Commonwealth officer approved, "because," said he, "of the other's immoral character." In one of my reveries, between sleep and awake, I hardly knew whether the rustling sounds I heard were those of the trees out-of-doors, or of old Mrs. Harlowe's petticoat.

In the morning, it was delightful to hear the sound of the birds. There is something exhilarating in the singing of birds, analogous to the brilliancy of sunshine. My leg was now worse, but not bad enough to hinder me from noticing the *chaney* shepherds and shepherdesses on the mantelpiece, or those others on the coloured bed-curtain; loving pairs with lambs, re-

peated in the same group at intervals all over the chintz, as if the beholder had a cut-glass eye. The window of the sitting-room has a little white curtain on a rod. This, of the bed-room, is a proper casement with diamond panes; and you can see nothing outside but green leaves. However ill I may be, I am always the worse for lying in bed. I contrived to get up and remove to the settee in the other room; at which the doctor, when he came, shook his head. But I did very well with the settee. It was brought near the window, with the table; and I had a very pretty look-out. Opposite the window you can see nothing but trees, but sitting on the left side, you have a view over a fine meadow to the village church, which is embowered in elms. There is a path and a stile to the meadow, and luxuriant hedge-row trees. I was as well pleased with my situation as a man well could be, who had a leg perpetually reminding him of its existence; but Poulton is at a good distance from town, and I was thinking how long it would take a messenger to fetch me some books, when I heard a shot from a fowling-piece. I recollected the month, and thought how well its name was adapted to these Septembrizers of the birds. Looking under the trees, I saw a stout fellow, in a jacket and gaiters and the rest of the costume of *avicide*, picking his way along the palings, with his gun re-prepared. "Aye," said I, "he has 'shot as he is used to do,' and laid up some poor devil with a broken thigh. There he goes, sneaking along, to qualify some others for the hospital, and they have none."

I threw up the window, to baffle his next shot with the noise. He turned round. It was Jack Tomkins. "Hallo! my boy," said he, "why where the devil have you got? D——n me, if I don't blow. You deserve it, Harry, for keeping so close. I'll tell Tom Neville and the rest; Snug's the word, eh? Is she pretty? Some delicate little devil, I warrant, fit for your verses and all that, eh?" "She's too delicate for you, Jack; you'd frighten her." "Oh, don't tell me. They're not frightened so easily. What the devil are you putting out of the way there? You may try to laugh as you please; but hang me, Harry—I mustn't come up, I suppose?" "Pray do; and (lowering my voice) I'll introduce you to a little

friend of mine, of the name of Leg. Jack! Jack! say nothing at the door—Most respectable woman—You understand me."

Jack (who is a man of fortune, and was at Trinity, though the uninitiated would not suppose it), clapped a finger significantly on one side of his nose, and knocked very much like a gentleman. Presently he came into the room grinning and breathing like an ogre. "My dear Hon-eycomb, how are you?—an unexpected pleasure, eh? The good lady tells me you have hurt yourself: something about a horse—what Bayardo the spotless, eh? (Here Mrs. Wilson left the room, and Jack burst out.) Oh, you devil! Well, where's Lalage? Where's Miss Leg—Fanny or Betty, or what the devil's her name?" "The poor thing has a very odd name, Jack. What think you of Bad Leg?" "Nonsense. Miss Bad Leg! impossible. I know of nobody of the name of Bad. Come, you're joking; and I can't stop long. I'll come back to dinner, if you like; but must be off now;—so introduce me. Is that the way there?" "No, this is the way, Jack. Little Bad Leg, my dear creature, allow me to introduce my friend John Tomkins, Esquire, of Galloping Hall. John Tomkins—Bad Leg." "Eh? pooh, pooh, Harry. This is one of your fetches. Come, come, I know your goes." "Egad, Jack, it's neither my fetch nor my go, at present, I assure you. There is an old epigram—

'I am unable,' yonder beggar cries,

'To stand or go.' If he says true, he lies:—

which is not true; for he may sit, as I am obliged to do at this present."

I had some difficulty in persuading my friend Tomkins that there was no other leg in the case than my own. "Well, Harry," says he, "I'm heartily sorry for it, upon my soul; for now as you have caught me with my Joe Manton, I suppose I'm to be had up for fetching down a few birds; whereas if I could have fairly found you out in your tricks with the cottagers, I could have read you a bit of a lecture myself, by way of a muffler." "Why, Jack, as you say, I have caught you in the fact, and I wonder at a fellow of your sense and spirit, that you're not above cutting up a parcel of tom-tits." "Grouse, Harry, grouse, and partridges and pheasants, and all that. Tom-tits! let

the Cockneys try to cut up tom-tits." "Well, to be sure there's a good deal of difference between breaking the legs of partridges and tom-tits. The partridge, too, is a fierce bird, and can defend itself. It's a gallant thing, a fight with a partridge!" "Eh? Nonsense. Now you are at some of your banter. But it's no joke, I assure you, to me, having a fine morning's sport. You can read and all that; but every man to his taste. However, I can't stop at present. Here's Needle, poor fellow, wants to be off. Glorious morning—never saw such a morning—but I'll come back to dinner, if you like, instead of going to the Greyhound. I gave a brace of partridges just now to the good woman: and I say, Harry, if you get me some claret, I'll have it out with you—I will, upon my soul—I'll rub up my logic, and have a regular spar."

My friend Jack returned in good time, and had his birds well dressed. I was in despair about the claret, till the host of the Greyhound drew it out from a store which he kept against the month of September; and Jack being a good-humoured fellow, and having had a victorious morning, he did very well. Mrs. Wilson and the Doctor had equally protested against my having company to dinner, being afraid of the noise and the temptation to eat; but I promised them to abstain, and that I would talk as much as possible to hinder Jack from being obstreperous; which they thought a dangerous remedy. I got off very well, by dint of talking while Jack ate; and such is vanity, that I was not displeased to see that I rose greatly in my hostess's opinion by my defence of the bird-creation. It was curious to observe how Jack shattered her, as she came in and out, with his oaths and great voice, and how gratefully she seemed to take breath and substance again under the Paradisaical shelter of my arguments. But I believe I startled her too, with the pictures I was obliged to draw. This is the worst of such points of discussion. You are obliged to put new ideas of pain and trouble into innocent heads, in the hope of saving pain and trouble itself. But we must not hesitate for this. The one is a mere notion compared with the other. It is soon got rid of or set aside by minds in health; and the unhealthy ones are liable to worse deductions, if the matter is not fairly laid open.

However, wishing to let Jack have his ease in perfection, as far as he could, I was for postponing the argument to another day, and seeing him relish his birds and claret in peace. But the more he drank, the less he would hear of it. "Besides," says he, "I've been talking about it to Bilson—you know Bilson, the Christ Church man,—and he's been putting me up to some prime good arguments, 'faith. I hope I sha'n't forget 'em. By the by, I'll tell you a good joke about Bilson—But you don't eat any thing. What, is your leg so bad as that comes to? You don't pretend, I hope, not to eat partridge, because of your love of the birds?" "No, Jack; but I'd rather know that you had killed 'em than Bilson, because you are a jollier hand; you don't go to the sport with such reverend sophistry." "That's famous. Bilson, to be sure,—But stop, don't let me forget another thing, now I think of it. Bilson says you eat poultry. What do you say to that? You eat chicken." "I am not sure that I can apologize for eating grouse, except, as I said before, when you kill 'em. Evil communications corrupt good platters. I can only say that no grouse should be killed for me, unless a perfect Tomkins—an unerring shot—had the bringing of them down. I could give up poultry too; but death is common to all; a fowl is soon despatched; and many a fowl would not exist, if death for the dinner-table were not part of his charter. I confess I should not like to keep poultry. There is a violation of fellowship and domesticity in killing the sharers of our homestead, and especially in keeping them to kill. It would make me seem like an ogre. But this is one sentiment: that violated by making a sport of cruelty is another. But I will not argue this matter with you now, Jack. It would be a cruelty itself. It would be inhospitable, and a foppery. I wish to put wine down your throat, and not to thrust my arguments. Besides, as you say, I never shall convince you; so drink your claret, and tell me where you were yesterday." "Why at Bilson's, I tell you, and so I must talk while I think of it. We had a famous joke with Bilson. Since he went into orders, he is very anxious not to swear; and so he laid a wager he'd never swear again; and yesterday, in the middle of dinner, while he was champng his bird, and cutting up your argument

about cruelty, all of a sudden what does our Vicar but clap his hand to his jaw as if he was going to give a view holla, and rap out the d—dest oath you ever heard. He had champed a shot, with an old tooth. Now that's meat and drink to you, Harry, for all your tenderness." "Why, it was only a shot in a black coat, Jack, instead of a black cock." "That's famous. I'll tell him of that. Oh, Hal, your laugh is savage. See—you enjoy the sport now yourself." "It ought to be a lesson to him." "Oh yes! mighty considerate persons you Tatler and Spectator men are, and would make fine havock with our amusements." "Excuse me. It is you that make fine havock. I would have you amuse yourself to your heart's content, if you would do it without breaking the bones and hearts of your fellow-creatures." "Fellow-creatures!" and their 'hearts!' The hearts of woodcocks and partridges! Pooh, Pooh! Bilson might have borne his pain better, I own, but what he says, is very true;—he says, if you come to think of it, there must be pain in the world, and it would be unmanly to think of it in this light." "Very well. Then do you, Jack, who are so manly, and so willing to encourage one's sports, stand a little farther, and let me crack your shin with this poker." "Nonsense. That's a very different thing." "Perhaps you'd prefer a good crack on the scull?" "Nonsense." "Or a thrust-out of your eye?" "No, no: all that's very different." "Well: you know what you have been about this morning. Go and pick your way again along the palings there; and leave me your fowling-piece, and I'll endeavour to shoot you handsomely through the body." "Nonsense, nonsense. I'm a man, you know; and a bird's a bird. Besides, birds don't feel as we do. They're not Christians. They are not reasoning beings. They're not made of the same sort of stuff. In short, it's no use talking. There's no end of these things." "Just so. This is precisely the way I should argue if I had the winging of you. Here, I should say, is Mr. John Tomkins. Mind, I am standing with my manning-piece by a hedge." "With your what?" "With my manning-piece. You cannot say fowling-piece, when it is *men* that are to be brought down." "Oh, now you're joking." "I beg your pardon; you will find it no joke presently. Here, says I,

is Mr. John Tomkins coming; or, Here is a Tomkins. Look at him. He's in fine coat and waistcoat (we can't say feather, you know :) keep close: now for my Joe Manton: you shall see how I'll pepper him. 'Pray don't,' says my companion. 'A Tomkins is a Tomkins after all, and has his feelings as we have.' 'Stuff!' says I: 'Tomkinses don't feel as we do. They're not Christians, for they do not do as they would be done by. They're not reasoning beings, for they do not see that a leg's a leg. They're not made of the same sort of stuff; and so if they bleed, it does not signify:—if they die of a torturing fracture, who cares? In short, it's no use talking. There's no end of these things. So here goes. Now if I hit him, he is killed outright, which is no harm to any body; and if I wound him, why he only goes groaning and writhing for three or four days, and who cares for that?' "Upon my soul, if I listen, you'll make a milk-sop of me. Consider—think of the advantages of fresh air and exercise; of getting up in the morning, and scouring the country, and all that." "Excellent: but, my dear Tomkins, the birds are not bound to suffer, because you want fresh air." "But it's the only time of the year, perhaps, that I can get out: and I must have something to do—something to occupy me and lead me about." "The birds, Tomkins, are not bound to have their legs and thighs broken, because you are in want of something to lead you about." "Well, you know what I mean. I mean that we must not look too nicely into these things, as somebody said about fish; or we should fret ourselves for nothing. The birds kill one another." "Yes, from necessity; for the want of a meal. But they do not torture—or if they did, that would be because they did not reason as well as you and I, Tomkins." "What I mean to say is, that there's pain in the world already: we cannot help it; and if we can turn it to pleasure, so much the better. This is manly, I think." "Well said indeed. But to turn pain into pleasure, and to add to it by more pain, are two different things, are they not? To bear pain like a man, and to inflict it like a sportsman, are two different things." "A sportsman can bear pain as well as any body." "Then why does he not begin by turning his own pain into a pleasure? As it is, he turns his own pleasure to another's pain. Why

does he not begin with himself?" "How with himself?" "Why you talk of the want of amusement and excitement. Now to say nothing of cricket, and golf, and boating, and other sports, are there no such things to be had as quarter-staves, single-stick, and broken heads? A good handsome pain there is a gallant thing, and strengthens the soul as well as the body. If there must be a certain portion of pain in the world, these were the ways to share it. But to sneak about, safe one's-self, with a gun and a dog, and inflict all sorts of wounds and torments upon a parcel of little helpless birds,—Toinkind! you know not what you are at, when you do it; or you are too much of a man to go on." "I cannot think that we inflict those tortures you speak of." "How many birds do you wound instead of kill? Say, upon an average, twenty to one, which is a generous computation. How many hundred birds would this make in the course of the day? How many thousands in the course of a season? To bring them down, and then be obliged to kill them, is butcherly enough: but to lame, and dislocate, and shatter the joints and bodies of so many that fly off, and leave them to die a lingering death in their agony,—I think it would not be unworthy of some philosophers and teachers, if they were to think a little of all this as they go, and not talk of the 'sport' and the 'amusement' like others; as if men were to be trained up at once into thought and want of thought, into humanity and cruelty. Really, men are not the only creatures in existence; and the laugh of mutual complacency and approbation is apt to contain very sorry and shallow things, even among the 'celebrated' and 'highly respectable.' I don't speak of you, Jack; but of those who make a profession of thinking, which you know you are not under the necessity of doing. But what's the matter?" "I've got the d—dest toothache come upon me. It's this cursed draught. Of all pains the toothache is the most horrible. I've no patience with it." "I'll shut the door. There—now never mind the toothache, for I'll bear it capitally." "You bear it! That's a good one. Very easy for you to bear it; but how the devil can I?—Hm! hm! (writhing about) it's the cursedest pain." "Stay—here's some oil of cloves Mrs. Wilson has brought you. How does it feel now?" "Wonderfully. The pain

is quite gone. It was very bad, I assure you. You must not think I am wanting in proper courage as a man, because it hurt me so. You know, Harry, I can be as bold as most men, though I say it who shouldn't." "My dear Jack, you have as much right to speak the truth, as I have. The bold-est of men is not expected to be without feeling. An officer may go bravely into battle, and bear it bravely too, but he must feel it: he cannot be insensible to a shattered knee." "Certainly not."—"Or to a jaw blown away—" "By no means." "Or four of his ribs jammed in—" "Horrible!" "Or a face mashed, and his nose forced in—" "Don't speak of it!" "Or his two legs taken off by a cannon ball, he being left to fester to death on a winter's night on a large plain." "Upon my soul, you make my flesh creep on my bones." "A gallant spirit is not bound to feel all this, or even to hear of it, without shuddering, even though the battle may be necessary, and a great good produced by it to society." "Certainly, certainly, God knows." "It is only a woodcock or a snipe that ought to bear it without complaining: your partridge is the only piece of flesh and blood that we may put into such a state for no necessity, but purely for our sport and pleasure." "How? What's that you say?" "I say it is none but birds that we may, with a perfect conscience, lame, lacerate, mash, and blow their legs and beaks away, and leave, God knows where, to perish of neglect and torture, they being the only masculine creatures living, and not to be lowered into comparison with soldiers and gallant men." "Hey?—Why as to that—Hey? What? 'Fore George, you bewilder me with your list of tortures. But how am I to be sure that a bird feels as you say?" "It is enough that you know nothing certain. As you are not sure, you have no right to hazard the injustice, especially as you cannot help being sure of one thing; which is, that birds have flesh and blood like ourselves, and that they afford similar evidences of feeling and suffering. Allow me to read you a passage that I cut the other day out of an old review. It is taken from Fothergill's Essay on the Philosophy, Study, and Use of Natural History; a book which I shall make acquaintance with as soon as I can. Here it is.

iniquity and evil consequences of murder would come with a bad grace from one who was himself a murderer: and so it would: but not if it came from the lips of a repentant murderer. Who can describe that which he has not seen, or give utterance to that which he has not felt? Never shall I forget the remembrance of a little incident which occurred to me during my boyish days—an incident which many will deem trifling and unimportant, but which has been particularly interesting to my heart, as giving origin to sentiments, and rules of action, which have since been very dear to me.—Besides a singular elegance of form and beauty of plumage, the eye of the common *lapwing* is peculiarly soft and expressive: it is large, black, and full of lustre, rolling; as it seems to do, in liquid gems of dew. I had shot a bird of this beautiful species; but, on taking it up, I found that it was not dead. I had wounded its breast; and some big drops of blood stained the pure whiteness of its feathers. As I held the hapless bird in my hand, hundreds of its companions hovered around my head, uttering continued shrieks of distress, and, by their plaintive cries, appeared to bemoan the fate of one to whom they were connected by ties of the most tender and interesting nature; whilst the poor wounded bird continually moaned, with a kind of inward, wailing note, expressive of the keenest anguish; and, ever and anon, it raised its drooping head, and turning towards the wound in its breast, touched it with its bill, and then looked up in my face, with an expression that I have no wish to forget, for it had power to touch my heart, whilst yet a boy, when a thousand dry precepts in the academical closet would have been of no avail.”

“Well now, Harry, that’s touching. He’s right about the precepts. You have saved ’em from being dry, eh, with your claret; but all that you have said hasn’t touched me like that story. A lapwing! Hang me if I shall have the heart to touch another lapwing.” “But other birds, Jack, have feelings, as well as lapwings.” “What do you say, though, about Providence? Bilson said some famous things about Providence. What do you say to that?” “Oh, ho! what he

But *we* are Providence, Jack. Nay, don’t start: I mean that our own feelings, our own regulated feelings and instructed benevolence, are a part of the general action of Providence, a consequence and furtherance of the Divine Spirit. You see I can preach as well as Bilson. Humanity is the most visible putting forth of the Deity’s hand; the noblest tool it works with. Or if this theology doesn’t serve, recollect the fable of Jupiter and the Waggoner. Are we content with abstract references to Providence, when we can work out any good for ourselves, or save ourselves from any evil? Did Bilson wait for Providence to induct him to his living? Did he not make a good stir about it himself? Push him into a ditch the next time you meet him, and see if he will not bustle to get out of it. Leave him to get out by himself, and see if he does not think you a hard-hearted fellow. Wing him, Jack, wing him; and see if he’ll apply to Providence or a surgeon.” “Eh? That would be famous. I say—I must be going though; it’s getting dark, and I must be in town by nine. Well, Harry, my boy, good by. I can’t say you’ve convinced me; you know I told you I wasn’t to be convinced; but I plainly confess I don’t like the story of the lapwing; it makes the bird look like a sort of human creature; and that’s not to be resisted. So I’m taken in about lapwings. Adieu.” “Well, Jack, you shall say that in print, and perhaps do more good than you are aware. Have you any objection?” “Not I, faith; I’d say it any where, if it came into my head.—But how? In the *Sporting Magazine*?” “Why I’m afraid we can hardly attain to such eminence as that, especially on such a subject.” “I was thinking so. Oh, I see:—you’ll pull your hive about my ears. Well, so be it. Adieu, Harry; I’ll send you the books.”

“Adieu, honest Jack, jolliest of the myrmidons of ‘young-eyed Massacre.’”

New Monthly Mag.

‘Admits and leaves them Providence’s care’—

Does he?—You remember the passage, Jack, in Pope:

‘God cannot love (cries Blunt with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves; and piously denies.
The humbler bishop, with a meeker air
Admits, and leaves them, Providence’s care.’

TO A CHILD.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate and merry eye,
And arms and shoulders round and sleek,
And soft and fair?—thou urchin, sly!

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
First called thee his, or squire or hind?—
For thou in every wight that passes,
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall,
Thy shyness swiftly from me running,—
'Tis infantine coquetry all!

But far a-field thou hast not flown, [spoken,
With mocks and threats, half-lisp'd half.
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right good will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging,
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after-kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure;
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet for all thy merry look,
Thy frisk and wiles, the time is coming
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
Thy weary spell or hornbook thumbing.

Well; let it be! through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE NOCTURNAL SEPARATION.

ONE summer, while at Baltimore on a pleasure excursion, peculiar circumstances suddenly rendered it necessary that I should set sail for St. Thomas's.* I immediately proceeded to make inquiry about a vessel to convey me there, and found that there were none bound for that quarter, except a small schooner, which had very inferior accommodations, and was commanded by a person of rude manners and a disobliging temper. However, as my business admitted of no delay, I engaged a passage in her, and put my luggage on board, and desired the captain to send me notice whenever he was ready to sail, that I might immediately join him.

I passed two days in that anxious and

unsettled state of mind which the prospect of going to sea generally induces, and went despondingly to bed the second night, after having ascertained that the wind was unfavourable to the prosecution of my intended voyage. A loud knocking at my chamber door awakened me from a profound sleep, about an hour before dawn. I was on the point of demanding who occasioned the disturbance, when a voice called out, "The schooner is ready to sail—they are heaving up the anchor—Captain Burder sent me to warn you to come on board without a moment's delay." I started from bed, and having dressed myself as quickly as possible, accompanied the messenger to the wharf, and embarked in a boat which waited there for us, and soon reached the schooner. Her captain was so busily engaged in giving orders to the seamen that he seemed scarcely to notice my arrival. However, I addressed him, and made some remark about the suddenness of his departure. "That doesn't concern you," replied he abruptly; "I suppose your birth is ready below." But instead of taking his hint, and going down to the cabin, I remained upon deck until we cleared the mouth of the harbour, which we at last accomplished with much difficulty, for the wind was as directly ahead as it could blow. I felt at a loss to conceive the cause of our putting to sea in such unfavourable weather; but judged, from the specimen of the captain's manner which I had already had, that it would be useless to address to him any inquiries upon the subject. I therefore went to bed, and did not get up next morning till called to breakfast. On entering the cabin, I was astonished to find a lady and a gentleman there, whom I had not previously known to be on board. They were introduced to me as fellow-passengers; and after expressing my gratification at the prospect of enjoying their society during the voyage, I began to converse with them, and soon found that their presence would in a great measure counterbalance the disagreeables arising from Captain Burder's surly and untractable temper. They were named Mr. and Mrs. Monti, and were both young, and had recently been married. She was a pretty, lively, interesting creature; and having fortunately been at sea before, she did not suffer from sickness, or feel at all incommoded or depressed by the compar-

ative uncomferts of her situation; and therefore the sociality of our little circle was never interrupted by her absence, or her incapacity to join it. But the charm of her manners seemed to exert no influence upon the stubborn nature of Captain Burder, who always maintained a cold reserve, and rarely took any part in our conversation. His appearance and deportment were singularly unprepossessing. A short muscular figure, a stern countenance, burnt almost to a copper colour by an exposure to tropical climates, black bushy hair, and small scintillating eyes, formed the exterior of our commander; and his actions and external behaviour proved that the traits of his mind were as revolting as those of his person. He treated his crew in a capricious and tyrannical manner; but, at the same time, behaved towards them with an air of familiarity very unusual for ship-masters to assume when among common seamen. But a negro man, who attended the cabin, daily experienced the most inhuman usage from his hands, and afforded such a spectacle of degradation and misery as was painful to look upon. Almost every night after dark Captain Burder had a long conversation with his mate, during which both seemed particularly anxious to avoid being overheard; and I once or twice observed them studying charts of parts of the ocean that lay quite out of our due and proper course. Their whole conduct was equally suspicious and inexplicable, and I often felt uneasy and apprehensive, though there was no defined evil to fear, nor any danger to anticipate. Our personal comfort was but little attended to on board the schooner; and our table, which had never been a well furnished one, soon became so mean and uninviting, that Mr. Monti complained to Captain Burder about it; however, without avail, for the latter told him that he must just take things as he found them. On comparing the quantity of stores we had respectively brought on board, we thought we could manage to live independent of our commander; and Mrs. Monti's woman servant was, therefore, desired to prepare our meals, and spread a table for us every day. Captain Burder grew furious with passion when he learned this arrangement, and muttered some threats which we did not understand. However, next day, his rage against us was farther in-

creased, in consequence of Mr. Monti having taxed him with cruelty and injustice while in the act of beating the negro man already mentioned. This offence was not to be forgiven, and he accordingly broke off all intercourse with the individuals of our party.

Delightful weather attended us during the first week of the voyage, and we usually spent the evenings upon deck, under an awning. While thus seated, one calm and beautiful moonlight night, Mrs. Monti said, "If the weather and ocean were ever in this placid state, I believe I would prefer a sea-life to any other. The most susceptible mind could not discover any cause for terror or anxiety in the scene around us—I would rather meet a speedy death among these little billows than linger life away upon a sick-bed, racked with pain, and surrounded with weeping friends."—"I have less objections, Harriet," said her husband, "to your mode of dying than to your mode of living. I should not care to spend much time at sea, for I am sure it would pass very heavily. I love variety, and nothing of that is to be met with on board a ship."—"I agree with you," said Mrs. Monti; "but variety is not necessary to happiness—a regular, well-planned, uninterrupted routine, would suit my dispositions exactly, and would be more easily attainable at sea than any where else. A life of change entails many miseries. It makes us the slaves of accidents of every kind, and when we are happy we never can feel secure that our happiness will continue. Now, were I mistress of a large ship, and had the power of sailing continually upon a calm and safe ocean I would collect my dearest friends on board of her, and get out of sight of land as fast as possible, carrying with me of course various means of amusement and recreation. We would regulate our time and our pleasures as we chose—no disagreeable person could intrude upon us—no spectacles of misery would meet our eyes, and no lamentations assail our ears; and we would enjoy each other's society without the fear of ever being separated or disunited, except by death; and when any one was removed, the remaining persons would console themselves with the reflection, that a link had been withdrawn from the chain which bound their hearts to this delusive and transitory world; and that, in proportion

as their friends dropped away, they would feel more ready and willing to die than they had done while the former were in existence."—"This seems a very plausible scheme of yours, my love," replied Mr. Monti; "however, I am glad you cannot put it in execution. I don't know any part of the ocean that is exempted from tempests, which I see you are resolved entirely to avoid, and with reason, for I suspect that a good gale of wind would discompose you and your select party, even more than Captain Burder himself, were he to find means of admittance into your projected floating Elysium." While we were engaged in conversation of this kind, I several times observed Samno, the negro man, beckoning to me, and then putting his finger upon his lips. At length I went to the bows of the vessel where he stood, and asked if he had any thing to communicate. "Yes, yes, master," said he, in a whisper, "something very strange, and of great consequence—but will no one overhear us?"—"Do not fear that," answered I; "Captain Burder is asleep in his berth, and the watch are all near the stern."—"Then I will speak," answered Samno. "You and that other gentleman have been kind to me, and have often tried to save me from the rage of my wicked master—I mean now to serve you in my turn. Your lives are in danger. The captain intends to cast away the vessel."—"What do you mean?" cried I; "I am at a loss to understand you."—"Oh, I'll soon explain it all," replied he. "Last night, I listened to my master and the mate while they were talking together, and found out that they had formed a plan to wreck this schooner, that they might get the insurance, which would buy her and all she contains twenty times over. These bales, casks, and boxes, that lie in the hold, have no goods in them. They are full of sand and stones. Captain Burder has cheated the insurers in this way, and now he wants to run the vessel aground somewhere on the Bahama Banks, and leave her to be beat to pieces by the waves. He and his crew, who are all leagued with him, will go off in the boat, and land upon the nearest coast, and give out that they have been shipwrecked. This story, if it is not found out to be false, will entitle him to claim the insurance, which is all he wants. Here is a scheme for you!" I was too much startled and agi-

tated by this intelligence to think of holding any farther conversation with Samno; and, after warning him to conceal his knowledge of the affair from his master and the seamen, I returned to my friends. As the tale I had just heard completely explained Captain Burder's mysterious behaviour, and unveiled the cause of his sudden departure from Baltimore, I did not at all doubt the negro's veracity, and began to consider how the infernal machinations of our commander might best be counteracted. When Mrs. Monti retired to her state-room, I informed her husband of the plot that was in agitation. We conferred together a long time upon the subject, and, at last, resolved to do nothing openly, until matters came nearer a crisis.

Captain Burder's villanous scheme occupied my mind incessantly, and Mr. Monti daily made it a subject of conversation; but still we could not determine what course to pursue, and passed our hours in that state of irresolute anxiety, during which, the mind seeks an excuse for its own inactivity and want of decision, by endeavouring to convince itself that the proper time for exertion has not yet arrived. We cautiously concealed the affair from Mrs. Monti and her attendant, and took care that every thing connected with our little establishment should go on in its usual routine, lest any alteration might have excited suspicion among those who were leagued against us.

Four or five evenings after Samno had made the above-mentioned communication to me, we were seated upon deck according to custom. It blew pretty fresh, and we went through the water at such a rapid rate that Mrs. Monti remarked it, and asked me, in a whisper, if vessels usually carried so much sail at night as we then did. At this moment, Captain Burder, who had been pacing the deck in an agitated manner for some time before, seized the lead, and hove it hurriedly, and continued to do so without mentioning the soundings to any one, or making any reply to the mate, who came forward, and offered to relieve him of his charge. There was a dead silence among the crew, all of whom stood near the bows of the vessel, observing their commander with expressive looks. An indistinct sensation of dread, in which I participated, appeared to steal over the individuals of our party.

Mrs. Monti trembled and seized her husband's arm, and looked anxiously in his face; but he turned from her gaze without saying any thing. Samno leant against the bulwarks, and twice stepped forward, apparently with the intention of addressing some one, but each time, after a few moments' hesitation, he quietly resumed his former position. The moon was nearly full, and we enjoyed all her light, except when a thin fleecy cloud occasionally happened to intervene, and to throw a fleeting and shadowy dimness upon the surface of the ocean. The wind, though strong, appeared unsteady, and at intervals its sighing was changed into wild and melancholy moans, which seemed to hover around the vessel for an instant, and then to be borne far over the deep. At one time we glided silently and smoothly through the billows; and at another, they burst and grumbled fiercely around the bows of the schooner, and then collapsed into comparative quietness and repose;—every thing wore an ominous and dreary character, and the scene appeared to exert a depressing influence upon the minds of all on board. The silence was suddenly interrupted by Samno, who cried, "We are now on the Seal-bank! I see the *black heads*! The schooner will be a-ground immediately!"—"Rascal! What do you say?" returned Captain Burder, running furiously up to him; "you are a lying vagabond! Utter another word, and I will let you feel the weight of the lead upon your body!"—"What can all this mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Monti, in a tone of alarm; "are we really in danger?"—"Captain Burder," cried her husband, "I command you to put about ship instantly! We know all your plans! You are a deceitful villain!—Seamen," continued he, addressing himself to the crew, "obey this man at your peril! he intends to cast away the vessel for the insurance; if we do not resist we shall lose our lives."—"Mutinous wretch!" returned the Captain, "you speak falsely! I deny the charge! You shall repent of this yet. Yes, yes, I'll find a time.—Fellows, stand by me; recollect I am your commander. May I depend upon you all?"—"Ay, ay, sir, to the last," answered the sailors, though some of them spoke rather faintly and irresolutely.

Silence now ensued; and Captain Burder having thrown aside the lead, began to pace the deck hurriedly and often cast

looks of fury and defiance at Mr. Monti and me. We easily perceived that any sort of resistance on our part would be vain, and perhaps dangerous, and therefore patiently awaited the catastrophe. While he employed himself in soothing and encouraging his lady, I went down to the cabin, and collected all my valuables of small bulk, and concealed them about my person; and likewise privately desired Mr. Monti's servant to occupy herself in the same way. In a few minutes I distinctly felt the keel of the schooner rub upon the bottom. Every one started when this took place, and then appeared to await the next shock in breathless alarm. The vessel, as was expected, soon began a second time to grind against the sand and rocks underneath, and quickly got hard and fast a-ground. Captain Burder immediately ordered the sails to be backed, but this did not move her in the least degree. The shifting of the ballast, which was next resorted to, proved ineffectual, as he probably intended it should.

Our situation now became truly alarming. There was no land in sight; but from the foretop we could discern shoals stretching on every side to the horizon—those of sand being indicated by the bright green colours of the sea—and those of rock by irregular patches of blackness upon its surface. However, these beacons of danger did not long continue distinguishable, for the moon sunk below the horizon, and clouds gradually overcast the sky. The wind and sea increased at the same time, and we soon began to drift along, being one moment elevated on the top of a billow, and the next dashed furiously against the bottom of the ocean. It was evident that the schooner would quickly go to pieces, and Captain Burder ordered his men to let down the boat. While they were engaged in this, a temporary dispersion of some of the clouds afforded us light enough to discern a rocky island at a little distance; and the boat had hardly been dropped when our vessel struck violently—the waves breaking over her at the same time in rapid succession. We all rushed to the side of the schooner on which the boat lay, and leaped into her, one after another, with the exception of Mr. Monti, who, when he had assisted his wife and servant in getting on board, returned to the cabin for some papers which he had forgot. Just as he came upon deck

again, a tremendous sea took the vessel astern, and swept him overboard. Mrs. Monti fainted away. Captain Burder immediately cut the barge rope, and ordered the crew to make for the island, saying, it was absurd even to think of saving my companion's life, and that we would be more than fortunate if we escaped a similar fate ourselves. The men rowed furiously, and we soon gained the rock, and landed in safety, though not until the bows of the boat had been stove in by the violent percussions she underwent while we were getting ashore. It was so dark that none of us attempted to explore the apparently isolated spot upon which we had been obliged to take refuge; and my thoughts were chiefly directed to the recovery of Mrs. Monti, who continued in a state of insensibility for a considerable time, and revived only to feel the agonizing conviction that her husband was no more. Captain Burder and his crew stood watching the schooner as she rapidly went to pieces, and had a great deal of conversation among themselves, which the noise of the sea prevented me from overhearing.

About an hour after we had landed, Samno came running to me, and whispered, that he believed Mr. Monti was still alive, for he had recently heard some one shouting at a distance. I immediately accompanied him to a projecting point of rock, about one hundred yards off, and we both called as loud as we could. A voice, which I instantly recognized to be that of my friend, answered us; but it was some time before we were able to distinguish what he said. At last I ascertained that he had reached the shore by clinging to part of the wreck, and that he could not then gain the spot on which we stood, on account of an arm of the sea which extended into the interior of the island; but that he would immediately endeavour to find his way round the head of it. On hearing this, I entreated him to desist from any such attempt till day-light should render it a secure and successful one. He at last consented, and I hastened to Mrs. Monti, and communicated the joyful tidings of her husband's preservation, which affected her nearly as much as her previous belief in his death had done.

Long before dawn we had all assembled on the point of the rock already mentioned; and the first beams of morning showed Mr. Monti opposite to the place where

we stood, and divided from us by what appeared to be an arm of the sea, about one hundred and fifty yards wide. After exchanging a few words with his wife, he set out to compass its head, and thus get round to us, while Samno went to meet him. We waited their arrival impatiently for nearly half an hour, and then saw the negro coming towards us with looks of despair. "We are all deceived," cried he; "this is not an arm of the sea, but a channel between two distinct islands; we are on one, and Mr. Monti is on the other; he cannot possibly reach us, unless he swims across, or is brought over in a boat. What is to be done?" This intelligence filled Mrs. Monti and me with dismay, for both knew that the boat was totally unfit for service, and that her husband could not swim. Every one appeared in some measure to participate in our distress and disappointment, except Captain Burder, who, when asked if there were any means of rescuing Mr. Monti, said, that it behoved him to get across the channel as he best could. Mr. Monti soon appeared on the opposite rock, and explained the hopelessness of his situation more fully than Samno had done. The channel had a rapid current; the set of which, we perceived, would vary with the ebb and flow of the tide; but it was so strong that even an expert swimmer could scarcely hope to baffle its force and reach the adverse shore. No effectual plan of relief suggested itself to any of our minds; but it was evidently necessary that something should speedily be done; for though we had picked up a considerable quantity of wrecked provisions, Mr. Monti had none of any kind. We therefore saw at once that he must either risk his life upon the sea, or perish with hunger.

In the afternoon, under the influence of these convictions, he began to collect together all the pieces of plank he could find; and having torn up his shirt and handkerchief into stripes, he bound the timber together, so as to form a sort of raft. This he conveyed to the utter extremity of his own island, hoping that the sweep of the current might carry him, when embarked, to the lower end of the opposite shore. These preparations were viewed with torturing suspense and anxiety by Mrs. Monti and me; and when her husband had placed himself upon the raft, she grew half frantic with alarm, and

entreated him to desist. However, after a few moments of irresolution, he pushed off, and was whirled rapidly along by the stream. None of us dared to speak, scarcely even to breathe, during this soul-absorbing crisis. Several of the crew stood upon the edge of the cliffs with ropes in their hands, waiting to afford the adventurous navigator assistance as he passed; and their hopes of being able to do so were strengthened, when they observed the influence which an eddy had in drawing the raft towards the shore. Mr. Monti was soon within seven or eight yards of us. One of the seamen then seized the end of the rope, and made a strong effort to throw it towards the raft, but he lost his balance, and fell into the water, dragging the line along with him. The golden moment elapsed, and the object of our solicitude was quickly swept away far beyond our reach. His wife relapsed into insensibility, but not before she had seen the form of her husband receding from her eyes, and at the mercy of a boundless ocean. The man who had the misfortune to cause this disastrous result, was allowed to clamber up the rocks quite disregarded—the attention of all being fixed upon Mr. Monti, who floated so fast into the open sea, that we perceived we had no chance of beholding him much longer. He waved his hands to us several times, with an air of resignation, but we thought we once or twice observed him endeavouring to impel the raft towards our island, by using his arms as oars, and then suddenly desist, as if conscious of the hopelessness of the attempt. Fortunately, the weather had become very calm, and we knew that there was no chance of his sinking while it continued so, and while the planks that supported him kept together. We watched him till it grew dark, and then set about providing ourselves with a place of shelter for the night; during the whole of which, Mrs. Monti, in her indescribable anguish, forgot all that had passed, and even where she was, and talked, laughed, and wept, alternately.

I spent the greater part of the night in strolling along the shores of the island, which I could do with pleasure and safety, for the moon and stars successively yielded light enough to direct my steps. Neither did Captain Burder nor his crew seem inclined to take any repose. When I hap-

pened to pass the spot where they were, I always heard them disputing about the way in which they should manage to leave the rock; and it appeared from their conversation, that the wreck of the schooner had been much more complete and sudden than they had anticipated or intended. I also gathered from some accidental hints, that they did not regret that Mr. Monti was now out of the way—his avowed knowledge of their plans having excited a good deal of alarm and anxiety among them. At day-break no vestige of the raft or its unfortunate navigator was discoverable, and I forgot my own desolate prospects in thinking of the fate of Mr. Monti, and trying to believe that he might still be in life, although conclusions to the contrary were forced upon my mind by a consideration of the dangers that surrounded him, and of the limited means he had of successfully contending against them. Immediately after sunrise, the crew hauled up the damaged boat, and began to repair her with some fragments of the schooner, which had that morning floated ashore. They soon rendered her in a manner sea-worthy, and I found that the mate and crew intended setting out in search of relief, while Captain Burder, and Mrs. Monti, and her maid, and I, were to remain till they returned. Accordingly, in the afternoon they put off, taking Samno with them, on the ground that they would require him to assist at the oars. It appeared to me rather strange that Captain Burder should not accompany his crew, and direct the expedition, though he said he remained behind to show the two females that neither he nor his men had any intention of abandoning them. I pretended to be satisfied with this explanation, but nevertheless determined to watch his motions. Mrs. Monti and her maid had taken up their abode in a small rocky recess, which sheltered them in some measure from the weather, and I had conveyed thither the best provisions I could select from the quantity washed ashore, but did not intrude myself upon them, for I perceived that my presence was painful to the former, by recalling the image of her husband.

Having chosen a place of repose in the vicinity of the recess, I retired to it soon after sunset, and endeavoured to sleep; but notwithstanding the fatigues of the preceding night, I continued awake so long

that I resolved to walk abroad and solicit the tranquillizing effects of the fresh air. As I emerged beyond the projecting rock behind which I had formed my couch, I saw Captain Burder stealing along on tip-toe. Fortunately he did not observe me, and I immediately shrunk back into the shade, that I might watch his steps unseen by him. He proceeded cautiously towards the recess, and having looked round a moment, entered it. I grew alarmed, and hastened to the spot, but remained outside, and listened attentively. I heard Mrs. Monti suddenly utter an exclamation of surprise, and say, "Pray, Sir, why do you intrude yourself here?"—"I come to inquire how you are," replied Captain Burder, "and to ask if I can be of any service to you."—"None, none," answered she; "this is an extraordinary time for such a visit. I beg you will leave me."—"Are you not afraid to remain here alone?" said Captain Burder. "I have my attendant, Sir," returned Mrs. Monti, haughtily. "No, no," cried the former, "you know well enough you have sent her across the island for water, and I have taken advantage of her absence to have a little conversation with you. You are a beautiful creature, and——" "Captain Burder," exclaimed she, in a tone of alarm, "do you really dare? Begone!—Touch me not!" I heard a shriek, I rushed into the recess, and, seizing the insolent villain behind by the collar of his coat, dragged him backwards a considerable way, and then dashed him twice upon the rocks, with all the force I was master of. He could not rise, but lay groaning with pain, and vainly attempting to speak. I now hastened to Mrs. Monti, whose agitation I endeavoured to relieve and compose, by assurances of unremitting protection, and by the hope of our soon being able to leave the island. When her attendant returned I left them together, after promising to keep watch in front of the recess, and prevent the future intrusions of Captain Burder, who continued for some time on the spot where I had left him, and then got upon his feet, and retired out of sight. I armed myself with a piece of a broken oar, which I found among the cliffs, and began to walk backwards and forwards in front of the recess. My situation was now such a perplexing one, that I felt more anxious and uneasy than ever. I feared lest Captain Burder should attack

me unawares, or gain access to Mrs. Monti if I relaxed my vigilance one moment; and sleep was therefore out of the question. I paced along the rocks like a sentinel, starting at every sound, and ardently wishing for dawn, although I knew that there was no chance of its bringing me any relief. I did not dare to sit down, lest I should slumber. I counted the waves as they burst along the shore, and watched the stars successively rising and setting on opposite sides of the horizon; at one time fancying I saw my enemy lurking in some neighbouring cavity, and at another trying to discover the white sails of an approaching vessel. I observed Mrs. Monti's servant occasionally appear at the entrance of their wild abode, and look around, as if to ascertain that I still kept watch, and then quietly return within.

Shortly after midnight, while taking my round along the cliffs, I met Captain Burder. We both started back, and surveyed each other for a little time without speaking. "Do not suppose," said he at length, "that the attack you made upon me this evening shall remain unresented or unpunished. You have behaved most villainously—You took advantage of me, like an assassin, when I was off my guard."—"And shall not hesitate to do so again," returned I, "if I chance to find you insulting Mrs. Monti."—"You talk boldly," cried he; "are you aware that you cannot leave this island unless I choose?"—"No, I am not."—"Then learn that it is so," exclaimed he, stamping his foot. "My crew have gone to secure a small vessel, and when they return, we shall depart in it, taking the females with us, and leaving you here. In the meantime, be thankful that your life has not been the forfeit of this evening's temerity."—"Your crew," said I, "will not be so merciless as to abandon me, even although you order them to do so. I ask nothing from you—only keep at a distance from the recess.—I advise this for your own sake."—"This language won't last long," cried he, quivering with rage; "why don't I pitch you over the cliffs this moment?—But no, you shall die a slower death."—He now hurried furiously away, but once or twice stopped short, as if half determined to return and attack me. However, he restrained his passion, and soon disappeared among the rocks.

A miserable fate, which we had no visible means of avoiding, seemed now to impend over Mrs. Monti and me. I leaned against a precipice near her place of refuge, and gave way to the most melancholy anticipations, which absorbed me so completely, that I did not discover that it was day, till the sun had got completely above the horizon. Then, on changing my position, and looking towards the sea, I observed a sloop at anchor, about half a mile from the shore, and a boat full of men approaching. I did not for a moment doubt that they were Captain Burder's crew, and that the vessel belonged to them; and I hastened towards the landing-place, that I might solicit their interference in behalf of Mrs. Monti and myself, before their commander could have an opportunity of steeling their hearts against us. The boat, which had now touched the shore, was concealed from my view by a projecting rock. A man who stood on the top of it called me by name. I looked up, and started back, and then rushed into his arms—it was Mr. Monti himself. "My dear friend," cried I, "Heaven, I see, has afforded you that protection which I lately feared was on the point of being withdrawn from us. Eternally blessed be the hour of your return!"—"I have indeed had a wonderful preservation," returned he, "and you shall soon hear all—but how is my Harriet?"—"Safe and well, as yet," replied I; "you have just arrived in time." As we hastened towards the recess, I related briefly all that had happened since the preceding morning, to which he listened with intense and shuddering anxiety, and seemed indescribably relieved when I had finished the recital. On reaching Mrs. Monti's abode I retired, lest my presence should impose any restraint upon the feelings of the happy couple. In a little time my friend came forward, with his wife leaning on his arm. Their countenances were as radiant as the smooth expanse of ocean before us, which received the full influences of a dazzling sun upon its glassy bosom. "Yonder sloop," said the delighted husband, "that rides so beautifully at anchor, will convey us hence this evening. How graceful she looks! Her sails absolutely appear to be fringed with gold!"—"Yes," returned Mrs. Monti, "I believe the enchanted galley which, as fairy legends tell us, con-

veyed Cherry and Fair Star from the Island of Cyprus, did not appear a more divine object to their eyes than this does to mine."—"But," said Mr. Monti, "I must now give you the particulars of my preservation. I drifted about the ocean nearly three hours, and then came within sight of the sloop, which lay to whenever she observed me. The captain sent out his boat to pick me up. I immediately told my story, and entreated him to steer for this island, which he readily consented to do, for he is one of the Bahama wreckers, who make it their business to cruise about in search of distressed vessels. We would have arrived here much sooner, but the wind was a-head, and we lay at anchor all night, the intricacy of the navigation around this rendering it dangerous to continue sailing after sunset. My preserver shall not go unrewarded, and I shall be the more able to do him justice in this respect, as Harriet informs me that her maid, by your directions, secured most of our money and valuables about her person before she left the schooner." Mr. Monti had informed the master of the sloop, that he believed Captain Burder had cast away the schooner for her insurance, and the former proceeded to the place where she was wrecked, and succeeded in fishing up some bales and packages, which, on being opened, were found to contain nothing but sand and rubbish. This discovery afforded satisfactory proof of Captain Burder's guilt, but still we were at a loss how to act, knowing that we could not legally take him into custody. However, in the course of the day the whole crew returned in the boat, having exhausted their stock of provisions, and failed to meet with any vessel, or reach an inhabited island. Manks, the master of the sloop, now proposed to take them on board his vessel, and carry them into port; and they all consented to accompany him, except Captain Burder and his mate, both of whom probably suspected that Mr. Monti intended giving information against them. But seeing no other means of leaving the island, they at length accepted Manks's offer, and we all embarked on board the sloop about noon, and shortly set sail.

We arrived safely at Nassau, New Providence, in a few days. Captain Burder and his mate were immediately apprehended on our evidence, and committed for

trial. However, they both managed to escape from prison, and, having stolen a boat, put to sea; and it was supposed either reached the coast of Cuba, or were picked up by some Spanish pirate, as no one saw or heard any thing of them while we remained upon the island. All cause of detention being thus removed, Mr. and Mrs. Monti and I embarked for St. Thomas, our place of destination, and reached it after a most agreeable and prosperous voyage.

THE LUTIST AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting Paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather
Indeed entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute
With strains of strange variety and harmony
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wondered too.
A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge; and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sang him
He could not run divisions with more art [down.
Upon his quaking-instrument than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,

Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight,
The bird (ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate [throat
These several sounds; which when her warbling
Failed in, for grief down dropt she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.
He look'd upon the trophies of his art, [cry'd,
Then sigh'd, then wip'd his eyes; then sigh'd and
"Alas! poor creature, I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end!" and in that sorrow,
As he was dashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.

FORD'S *Lover's Melancholy*.

READING—

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

* * * "LET me give you a simple rule: observe it, and it will make you what otherwise you never will be—good readers. Always read as you would speak—or *talk*, rather—to the same people, upon the same subject, in the same place. A few, to avoid what we call a *tone*, read poetry, as if it were prose: others read prose, with a regular sing-song intonation. Avoid both. Some people, seeing others laugh, when they tell a story; by way of avoiding that, run off into a worse habit; one, more unnatural, and *therefore*—worse. They tell you a story, no matter how droll it is, without moving a muscle. They are like the readers. It is a foolish piece of affectation, Sir, in both. As for Mr. Archer, I have no patience with him. He uses big words; and reads the superb language of Job, with his little voice, very much as if he were sounding a charge, with a tin whistle; or a two-penny trumpet." "I am sorry to hear you speak of a natural infirmity, in this manner," said Mr. Harwood. "Pho, pho; you don't care a fig about it. You only think it proper to say so. I have nothing to do with his infirmity; the blockhead. You call him a good reader. I have only spoken of his voice; because that, alone, would prevent his being a *good* reader, if there were nothing else. Besides; he never changes it." "I reckon," whisper-

ed Edith ; " how can he change his voice . " " As you change yours , Edith , at every breath ; as everybody will , in conversation . Observe *me* now . You 'll not hear me pronounce a dozen words , without as many changes of the voice . Watch your uncle . He preaches in one voice ; talks in another ; reads in another ; prays in another . This would be right , if , while he was *reading* , for example , he changed his voice ; not because he was *reading* ; but *because* of the language ; or the subject ; or the sentiment ; or the character of his audience . " " Very well . " " Do you understand me , Edith ? " " No . " " Let me make it plain . This very chapter , which your uncle has been reading , is partly dialogue ; partly narrative ; partly declamation . Yet he has read it , *you* have read it all , Sir ; every word of it , in the same way . You have read it , without any consideration for us ; or the language ; or the sentiment ; in your *reading* voice ; not , perhaps , with such an abominable whine ; or with so much ridiculous pomp " — " Plain dealing , Mr . Peters . " — " Very , Mr . Harwood ; not , perhaps , with so much ridiculous pomp , as you would have read it with , in the pulpit , before a large congregation ; but , in a voice , which is never heard while you are talking . I wouldn't have you , like some fools that I know , *act* a dialogue , in the pulpit ; much less , would I have you *act* a narrative — the common fault of ambitious readers . It is not a dramatic performance that I go to see , on the ' Sabbath , ' as you call it . I do not go to see the characters of the Bible *played* . I would not have you mimic them , or counterfeit anything else . I would have you read firmly ; with simplicity and power ; changing your voice a little , and *but* a little , in dialogue or narrative . I only require of you to *describe* them — to tell a plain story , like a serious man ; as if you believe it , in your own soul . It is one thing to *say* what you have seen ; another , to *be* what you have seen . I remember a man ; a great man , too — a great reader , he was thought by his congregation — who put himself into the place of every speaker , while he was reading the Bible ; not only changing his voice a little , as every body should , when repeating the language of another ; as we all do , in a parenthesis ; but changing it altogether ; ay , and what was harder to bear , actually *performing* the piece . If

he read of the poor publican , for example , he would go ' afar off ; ' as far as the pulpit would allow ; and smite his breast ; and call out , in a piteous voice , ' Lord have mercy upon me a miserable sinner ! ' — thus playing the character . And if he spoke of the more righteous pharisee , he would come swaggering bravely up , to the front of his pulpit ; and give out the words , in a blustering loud voice . Remember what I say , Edith ; I address myself to you : among the wonderful operations of our mind , I know of none so wonderful as two , which are continually overlooked . They are indeed miraculous ; the chief among our miraculous properties . Talking is one ; reading is another . My opinion is very decided on the subject . I would rather talk well , than do any thing else well — any thing else , under heaven . It is more difficult , I believe . Talk , therefore ; talk , whatever you say ; for , other things being equal , he who talks most , will talk best . "

" But , Sir — about reading ; you have entirely forgotten that , " said she ; seeing him relapse into a brown study . " True ; learn to read well , and you have the power of entertaining every body , in every situation ; more persons for a longer time , in a more delightful manner — if you read well — than if you were to play ever so well , on a musical instrument ; or sing , ever so well . Out of a large company , there will be found hardly one who loves music ; and , out of a multitude , who love music , there will be hardly one real judge of it . Not so , with fine reading , or conversation . They are understood and relished , by every body . Besides , music soon grows tiresome . We cannot feed long on dainties . Nobody can bear to hear a favourite song , or a favourite piece , over and over again , the same night ; so that a musician is easily exhausted . Not so with reading or conversation . Judge for yourself . Sometimes , too , one is not in a humour , to sing or play . She is out of health , voice , or temper ; the music is mislaid ; or one is travelling ; a-foot , or on horseback ; in a carriage , or ship . At any rate , we cannot play , or sing always — for ever — all day long ; but only for a little time , just now and then . How different with conversation ! Try it when you please . Go into company ; and you will be sure , if your conversation be trifling , or common-place , to meet with re

peated invitations to sing or play." "That shows that people do love music; doesn't it, Sir?" "No; it only shows, that, little as they care for music, they like it better than poor conversation. Besides; if there be one of a large company able to sing or play, they must invite her to show off; or they pass an affront upon her, and her parents, never to be forgiven. You don't hear a sensible woman, or a clever man, thus invited—while in conversation—to leave off talking, and go to singing." "But music is an accomplishment, of which we know little or nothing in the country," said Mr. Harwood; "and, as for Edith, if she had staid in town, till this time, I doubt if she would have made much proficiency."—Edith coloured. "I am glad of it. Little as we know; it would be well, if we knew less of such tawdry, miserable, accomplishments. Our daughters may be better employed. I have no objection to music. I would have them learn it, *after* they have learnt what is better; not before. I would have women able to manage their household; men, children, horses. I would have them know how to cypher, spell, read—and put a stop, or a capital, in the right place. I would have them learn to talk well; read well; walk well; ride well; before they learn music, dancing, painting, or embroidery. They should be able to breed men—grown men—for the harness, or the plough; the field of battle, or the field of grass." Edith leaned forward; her eyes flashed fire. "I would'n't have them suckle nasty animals for the ball room, counter, and shop-board; creatures—things—made of bad material, put badly together; built by the job. You are laughing, Edith." "I can't help it, Sir." "Why do you hide your face?—are you ashamed of it?" "Yes." "These accomplishments too, as you call them; learnt as they are, at a most unreasonable cost of time and money, with us; to say nothing of their interference with substantial knowledge; what are they, after all? wicked lures, nothing more; lures, like those of the eastern girl. They are thrown aside after marriage. One half the time, which is wasted by women; by all of them; in frivolous accomplishment, if spent wisely, would enable them to pass the season of peril in safety; the season of trial—of danger—that which follows their delirium, after marriage. Whatever was necessary to

the young, beautiful, unvisited girl, must be yet *more* necessary to the woman. That accomplishment, whatever it was—however frivolous or vain—which was of any value to the maiden, while winning a husband, will be of much more value to the wife, in keeping him."

Edith had grown very serious. Her eyes were full, and her mouth trembled, as if her thought, for a while, was that of a woman.

"One word more," continued Peters. "Just when these accomplishments are most wanted; just when every earthly aid is required; just when the woman, or the wife, cannot spare one jot or tittle of the sweet allurements, that made a wonder of her; just when she cannot wisely—nay, just when she cannot safely, forego a single one—the least of all the mysteries that *were*;—even at such a time, are they all thrown aside, for ever. What miserable infatuation! These accomplishments, which, if mothers are to be believed, were the charm of her high maidenhood; all these are to be thrown aside, for ever, in the same hour, with all her untasted beauty and freshness; her sanctity—her innocence—the great mystery of her being. Just when the newly married are weary and faint with happiness; while the deep, holy, and affectionate quiet, which is to follow their delirium—the sacred love, which is to be born of their convulsions—are yet a little way off; while both are afraid and ashamed of the alteration, which they feel within their own hearts; just as if that languor and weariness were not a wise and benevolent provision of our nature, to keep ourselves and our love, whatever we may be, alive; just when both have begun to perceive the uncomfortable truth—made forty times more uncomfortable, by their mutual want of candour, courage, and common sense—that something more than the perpetual society of one another—after all—is necessary to their happiness; that fondling, fuss and foolery, though lawful, may be tiresome; at such a time—while they are most wanted—away go all these accomplishments together; all in a heap. That is the time of trial; wo to the husband; wo to the wife, then, whose colloquial powers have not been cultivated. A fine reader would be worth her weight in gold, at such a crisis; a fine talker, more. Confessionary won't do; music won't do.

The jaded appetite is dropping asleep with sweetness; like an over-fed infant, upon the bosom of its own mother. All the senses are weary and faint, with luxury. No—no—music won't do. Something more homely, more substantial; food, of a more household nature, is wanted. Wo to the wife that cannot furnish it; wo to the husband, who, when he requires it—as all men do, soon after marriage—requires it in vain; wo to the lover, when he comes to watch the woman of his worship narrowly—continually—in spite of himself; to tremble, whenever she opens her mouth; to feel that his own heart—not only his head, but his heart—indulgent as it is, blind as it should be, has begun to number the transgressions of her, whom he has chosen out of all the world, for the mother of his little ones; wo to him, if she is unprepared for it; if she cannot abide her trial time, after the tempestuous brightness of their joy is over!"

NEAL'S *Brother Jonathan.*

THE LAST SONG.

Must it be?—Then farewell,
Thou whom my woman's heart cherish'd so long:
Farewell! and be this song
The last, wherein I say "I lov'd thee well."

Many a weary strain
(Never yet heard by thee) hath this poor breath
Utter'd, of Love and Death,
And maiden grief, hidden and child in vain.

Oh! if in after years
The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,
Bid not the pain depart;
But shed, over my grave, a few sad tears.

Think of me—still so young,
Silent, though fond, who cast my life away,
Daring to disobey
The passionate Spirit that around me clung.

Farewell again!—and yet
Must it indeed be so?—and on this shore
Shall you and I no more
Together see the sun of the Summer set?

For me, my days are gone!
No more shall I, in vintage times, prepare

Chaplets to bind my hair,
As I was wont: Oh, 'twere for you alone!

But on my bier I'll lay
Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,
Martyr of love to man,
And, like a broken flower, gently decay.

BARRY CORNWALL.

LACY DE VERE.

THE founder of the family of the de Veres came over with the first William; but not as an adventurer, allured by the prospect of gain and the hope of acquiring titular distinction, for the insignia of Knighthood had already been bestowed upon him in his own land. When, however, the Conquest rendered it alike the duty and policy of William to attach his Norman followers to his person, Rupert de Vere was one of the first who received solid proofs of that monarch's favour. Generation followed generation; king after king succeeded to the throne; centuries of change, romance, and tragedy, fulfilled their chequered fate; and in the history of all, the de Veres were eminently conspicuous.

But Time, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,

began, at length, to exercise an evil influence on the fortunes of the house; and towards the middle of the fifteenth century, Hugh, the then baron de Vere, had little to transmit to his children beyond the name and noble nature of his ancestors. Instead of the broad manors, and princely dwellings once connected with the title, he found himself reduced to a single castle, situated on the sea-coast in the north of England; one, that in the proud days of the family, had been erected as a mere hold for the protection of the northern vassals from the incursions of the Scottish borderers. At the period in question, the *Wars of the Roses*, those suicidal wars of the same people, were at their height. Every county became in turn a field of battle, till the whole kingdom was saturated with the blood of its inhabitants. The ties of neighbour-

hood, even of kindred were dissolved. Inhabitants of the same village, members of one household, separated only to meet again in hatred and blood-thirstiness—only to reunite in the fierce onset of battle—neighbours as strangers, friends as rivals, children of one mother as sworn foes!

Though it was in consequence of these wars that the family of the de Veres became extinct—from one sorrow, and one disgrace, they were free—they neither espoused the cause of rebellion, nor were they divided amongst themselves. At the first raising of king Henry's standard, the old baron braced on his armour; and if, owing to the changed fortunes of his house, many went forth to the service of that monarch with a larger train of vassals, not one, whether prince or knight, could compete with Hugh de Vere in the value of his offering. He brought six brave sons, devoted to him and to each other, the pillars of his house, the guardians of his age. Even the youngest, the fair stripling Lacy, girt with the sword which his father, when himself a youth, had wielded at Agincourt—he too was there, stately in step and bold of heart as the mailed man of a hundred battles.

That was neither a time nor a court calculated to encourage tenderness of heart; and she, the guiding spirit of both, was little subject to its influence; yet as the baron presented his sons, each after each according to his age, an expression of sorrow passed for an instant over the countenance of queen Margaret, when Lacy stepped from the circle and kneeled down. "Nay, nay, my Lord," said she, hastily, "leave the boy behind; why expose a life that can benefit neither friend nor foe? Rise, rise, poor child; what canst thou do for us?" "I can Die," said the noble boy, with a passionate enthusiasm, that thrilled his father's heart with mingled pride and sorrow. "Well said!" replied the queen, fixing her cold, proud eye on Lacy's countenance, yet glowing with emotion. He understood its meaning, and returned the searching glance with something like an expression of indignant defiance. "I perceive he is a de Vere," said the queen, turning to the old baron, for whom the compliment and its accompanying smile were intended. "But where is poor Blanche?" continued she, again addressing Lacy: "if thou hast left

her in the north, she, too, may need a knight's protection: thou art a brave spirit; but dost thou well to leave her in charge of hirelings?—for her sake—for thine own—peril not thy youth in our cause. Lord Hugh, command him back to thy castle: if Warwick keep court in the north, he may chance to see fighting even there." This was no common strain with Margaret of Anjou; but her own princely boy, the magnanimous ill-fated Edward, stood beside her, and the woman and the mother triumphed for an instant over the imperious and dark-minded queen. "Craving your grace's favour," said Lacy, in a determined tone, before his father had time to reply, "were Blanche my wife, instead of my sister, I would neither live nor die like a bird in a cage: when the arrow finds me"—and the boy pointed as he spoke to his device, a falcon in full flight—"it shall be *thus*, free and fearless."

No further expostulation or entreaty was attempted. Lacy accompanied his father and brothers; and ere time had written manhood on his brow, he had borne his part in many a well fought field. The various changes in the royal fortune are, however, too well known to require enumeration here; indeed, except as connected with the fortunes of Lacy de Vere, they are irrelevant. On him and his they told so soon and so fatally, that, at the period to which this legend is supposed to refer, he was no longer the fair stripling who had vowed to die before he well knew the nature of death. The years that had elapsed since then were, it is true, few in number; but they had been years of strife and storm, crowded with fearful alternations of victory and defeat, flight and pursuit, alike grievous and unavailing. The great struggle was yet undecided.—Lacy de Vere was still a youthful warrior: but, oh, how changed, how care-worn! The bloom had forsaken his cheek; buoyancy had left his spirit; prompt in fight, and cool in council, he played his part in the desperate game like one to whom life and death, success and failure, were alike uncertain and indifferent. And to him all things else were changed. He no longer rode forth encouraged by the presence of his father and five brave brothers: one by one that little company was cut off, each after each, in the order of birth, fell by his side; and he, the youngest of his father's

house, became its head—the sole heir of a race of heroes, the last baron de Vere!

It was the battle of Towton which invested Lacy with these melancholy honours, and rendered him at the same time a fugitive; for that battle, so sanguinary in itself, was fatal to the queen and her adherents. Stung to madness by the death of his last surviving brother, and the utter ruin of that cause, in defence of which all that was dear to him had perished, the words of Margaret, the tears of Blanche, rushed upon his memory; that tie of kindred which he had once so lightly esteemed, now, that it was the only one remaining, assumed its rightful sway over his wounded spirit. He found that the relative love which God had planted in the human heart, however it may be outraged for a time by stoicism, by worldly wisdom, or worldly glory, will return to the proudest bosom in the dark day of adversity. Lacy de Vere, who once in the delirium of martial pride, scorned his home, and deserted her who, as the offspring of the same birth, was bound to him by a more than common sisterhood, now flung down the insignia of his rank and bearing, and fled from the field of battle. True to that instinct which governs all men in their misfortunes, he fled towards his long deserted home, and he found it, as his fears had well predicted, desolate and in ruins. One horrible peculiarity in the present contest was the licence assumed by both parties to devastate whatever part of the country they passed through, whether hostile or friendly to their interests. Even those engaged in the same cause were not always safe from each other; many an old feud was avenged; many a rival removed, or his property destroyed, apparently by some excess on the part of the troops, but frequently at the command of their more interested leaders. The devastation which had been wrought in the present instance seemed more than the result of destroyers animated by merely *general* motives; there appeared to have been a guiding spirit at work. There did not remain sufficient building to shelter a beggar from the storm; not a tree, not a shrub, but was either cut down or mutilated; the grass and corn had been consumed with fire as they stood; even the paltry hovels which had sheltered the domestic labourers were levelled with the earth: all was

destroyed without distinction or remorse—destroyed in the spirit of *hatred*.

Lacy de Vere walked round the remains of this, the last hold of his race; and in the anguish of a noble spirit brought low by self-reproach, he rejoiced that his father and brothers were in the grave. But when he reached a spot which had once been a little herb-garden walled round, now open on all sides, and choked with the drifted sea sand, rage and grief overcame him—he could no longer refrain from the expression of his inward emotions. “Yes,” said he, with a bitter smile, “yes, an enemy hath done this: but no enemy of king Henry and his cause: it was no Robin of Redsdale with his marauders; no vindictive Warwick; no savage borderers: it was *my* enemy, the enemy of my house, Lionel Wethamstede, *thou* didst this evil! Assassin serpent, *twice* I spared thee in battle, and *twice* didst thou ride off bidding me seek my flourishing home and fair sister!—blind, blind fool, to cherish a tiger till it longed for its keeper’s blood! Lionel, Lionel Wethamstede,” continued the speaker more vehemently, while his whole frame was tremulous with passion, “didst thou slaughter the lamb in the fold? was the bird crushed with the nest? Oh, Lionel, if thou *didst* spare Blanche in the day of destruction, all, all, were thy sins thousandfold, shall be forgiven! if Blanche lives—if thou hast spared her—I, even I, thine enemy, will bless thee!”

Lacy was too much engrossed by his own emotions to be aware that he was watched, or even observed, by a boy couched amongst the rubbish. At the first glance the intruder appeared nothing more than a young peasant, worn with fright and famine; but upon a second view, his attire, coarse as it was, could not disguise the natural grace of the wearer; nor even the dark cloth bonnet, though of the kind only worn by menials, give a sordid expression to the noble countenance which it shaded. Hitherto he had remained perfectly quiet, eyeing Lacy with mingled anxiety and interest; but when the last words of the young knight’s passionate invocation died upon the air, he rose from his hiding-place with a slow and stately step, and addressed him in a tone that struck like the east wind to the listener’s heart—a tone of reproach, if aught so sweet could be said to convey

reproach, of affection and deep sorrow. "And where wert *thou*, Lacy de Vere, when the spoiler stole upon thy heritage? Where was *thy* care when she for whom thou mournest prayed thee by that mystery of love which unites those born in the same hour, to stay and shield her from treachery and violence? And didst thou spare Lionel Wethamstede?—Look to it; for, of a truth, in the day of his power not so will he spare *thee*: look to it, for he hath vowed vengeance against all who bear thy name and all who call thee master; but few, few are those. He hath begun his work well; think ye not he will finish? When thou wert young thou hatedst him; for the lying lip and craven spirit are hateful to the brave and true. But he saw it—he withered in the scornful glances of thy dark eye—and he swore to have vengeance—slow, secret, but sure vengeance, on thee and thine!" "He hath it, he hath it!" groaned Lacy; "he hath it, to the last drop of bitterness." "He hath it *not*," resumed the boy, solemnly. "Dost not thou, the offender, live? and she who spurned him as a reptile when he proffered her safety—and his hand?—Look to it, last of a lordly race; spare him not the *third* time. He hath laid thy dwelling in the dust; those who were hirelings he corrupted; those who were faithful he slew; and she who was born to mate with princes fled for her life to the dark and noisome cavern of the rock. *Yet* is the work of vengeance incomplete.—Weep on, Lacy de Vere," continued the mysterious speaker, after a pause, only interrupted by the baron's convulsive sobs; "though thou art a warrior, weep on—what knowest thou of *grief*? It hath come to thee in its royal robes, amid sounding trumpets, and gorgeous banners, and the shout of victory, and the presence of mighty warriors;—but grief hath come to me in lowlier guise—in darkness, and cold, and neglect, and hunger, and sickness of heart, and loneliness as of the grave; and I shall weep no more, unless perchance for thee!" "Curse, curse me, Blanche!" said Lacy, vehemently; for his heart told him that she herself was by his side. "I can bear all things now I have found thee;" and saying this he drew her to his bosom, and wept over her like a child.

Love is a child that speaks in broken words. It is easy to conceive of the self-

reproaches uttered by Lacy, and the sweet forgiveness and consolation spoken by Blanche; of the anxious question and fond reply; their mutual mourning over the past, and mutual cares for the future; both softened by the reflection that, come weal come woe, the bond of affection would never more be divided. There needed neither vow nor witness; yet there, amid the ruins of that home which had sheltered them throughout a happy childhood, on the hearth-stone round which for centuries their ancestors had gathered, the twins, the last of their race, knelt down, and vowed to separate no more, but to have, living or dying, one fate, one home, one grave; and they called upon the spirits of their father and brethren, whose bones lay bleaching on many a field of battle, to witness and sanctify the vow. They arose, homeless and friendless—nevertheless they arose comforted; for that love, which neither change nor sorrow can lastingly embitter or absorb, again triumphed in the soul of each.

The refuge which Blanche had found for herself, on the destruction of her home, and the death or flight of those left to guard it, was too fearful a spot to have been selected by one less courageous, or under circumstances less appalling. A line of rock extended along the sea-shore for about the space of half a mile, gradually rising from one extremity, and as gradually declining to the other. It appeared one vast parapet, a continued range of stone battlements, erected by Nature—at once to overlook and brave the ocean beneath. The front was as completely perpendicular as if hewn by the hammer and the chisel, while lichens, mosses, ivy—every variety of graceful creeping shrub overspread its surface, as though trained there by the hand of man. It was wonderful to view what seemed a gigantic *wall* of cold hard stone, thus magnificently embroidered with the foliage of earth, while here and there masses of the hoary weather-stained rock showed like ruined castles amid the clinging "greenery." Nearly at the summit of the highest point, inaccessible as it would seem except to the sea-bird and the goat, was a natural arch, scooped out of the rock, and opening into a cavern. The ivy spread around that arch with peculiar beauty; adjacent parts of the rock brightened in the beams of morning, or in the

moon-light; but that cavern always retained the same aspect---dark, noisome, unearthly. This was Blanche's refuge---the dwelling-place of her who had been delicately reared, as befitted the only daughter of a noble house. Lacy was mute with surprise and terror when he first saw her ascend what appeared to him as inaccessible to the foot as any castle wall. There were, however, though he perceived them not, inequalities on the surface; and now clinging to a bush---now grasping a root of ivy, her nailed peasant's shoes tinkling at every step against the stony path---her slight figure alternately hidden and revealed amongst the shrubs---Blanche, to whom habit had familiarized the perilous ascent, reached the cavern: but as she stood in the dark entrance, the moon-light glimmering on her countenance, and her voice coming down from that vast height a mere "filament of sound," Lacy could have believed her a creature of another world and species.

She was not, however, companionless in this her aerial home: the goats often repaired thither to rest; the sea-bird there deposited her eggs; and to them had she frequently been indebted for sustenance when the rock and the shore failed to afford their natural tribute of berries and shell-fish. Necessity, that teacher sterner and more efficient even than duty, soon accustomed Lacy to that difficult ascent and rude hiding-place. He had been too familiar with hardship and sorrow to mourn over outward privations; and, ere long, he loved that "dim retreat," hallowed as it was by repose and safety, and cheered by the presence of her who was not only his sister, but his best and only friend.

His garb was humble; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien:
Among the shepherd-grooms no mate
Had he, a child of strength and state!
Yet lack'd not friends for solemn glee,
And a cheerful company,
That learn'd of him submissive ways,
And comforted his private days.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stoop'd down to pay him fealty.

WORDSWORTH.

The desires which once consumed his spirit were extinguished; the vain strife and yet vainer joys and ambitions of the world no longer occupied his mind. "Revenge and all ferocious thoughts were dead:" he could remember his enemies, ay, even Lionel Wethamstede, in peace; and when he walked among the neighbouring herdsmen, lowlier in lot than themselves, or stood in the opening of his mountain-hold, and looked on the ocean roaring beneath, or the host of heaven shining quietly above, Lacy de Vere forgot the past, and, calling his sister to his side, pronounced himself a happy man.

But this retreat, this respite from misfortune, was not destined to remain long unmolested. The battle of Towton had, it is true, placed Edward Duke of York on the throne, and wholly destroyed or scattered the adherents of Queen Margaret; but that remorseless prince, deeming his power only to be secured by continued bloodshed, still allowed his followers to ravage the north, as having been the strong-hold of the Lancastrian cause. Among the most active in this murderous employment was Lionel Wethamstede. He knew that Lacy de Vere yet lived, concealed, as he had reason to suspect, in the neighbourhood of his former dwelling. Except as affording means of gaining fortune and distinction, the cause of king Edward or queen Margaret were alike indifferent to him; it was personal hatred which induced him to hunt out the Lancastrians with such relentless zeal---the desire to discover and exterminate the last of that family, whose protection he had so long enjoyed and cruelly required. During childhood and youth, he had been a favourite with the old Baron de Vere, and as such allowed to be an inmate of the castle; before him he had masked, under the show of humility and devoted zeal, the designing, treacherous spirit, which crouches that it may the more securely spring upon its prey, and lays in servile submission the foundation of despotic power. The young Lacy, bold and open as became his birth, instinctively scorned the minion, even before he discovered how well that scorn was merited. Many a proud glance and bitter taunt were bestowed by the fearless youth, little dreaming, that of all such, however unnoticed at the time, Lionel kept a too faithful record, and would one day claim for them a dead-

ly recompense. And now that day was near at hand. Hatred, once formed in the heart, turns neither to the right hand nor to the left till its work is done. Love, even the love of a mother for her babe, may be diverted—grief, though of a father for his dead first-born, be forgotten—gratitude may pass like the morning dew, and pity as a noon-day cloud—HATRED alone can survive all change, all time, all circumstance, all other emotions, nay, it can survive the accomplishment of revenge, and, like the vampyre, prey on its dead victim!

"I know not," said Lacy as he and Blanche stood together one evening in the archway of their cavern, "I know not why, when all around me is so fair, sadness and forebodings of coming evil should hang so heavily on my heart." "Nay, nay, dear Lacy," replied Blanche; "look at our castle, which will resist both fire and violence; our faithful rock, with all its luxuriant garniture flashing in the light of that departing sun: what should we fear? Art thou weary of repose, Lacy, or dost thou mistrust thy warder?" continued she with affectionate playfulness, at the same instant placing her arm within his. But the cloud passed not from her brother's brow, and he replied in the low broken voice men use when troubled in spirit: "I tell thee, Blanche—nay, count not my words idle, for an influence is on me which I can neither gainsay nor resist—I tell thee; evil hangs over us—my end is near. *Twice* I spared Lionel Wethamstede; and *twice*, since the last going down of yonder sun, have I beheld myself in his power. Oh! it was a dark vision, a dream more fearful than a field of battle!" "Dreams, Lacy, visions!—what of them? When I dwell here alone, oh, how often did I see thee prisoner—wounded—dying—dead! I, too, had dreams and visions, and yet they came not true; why then should thine?" Lacy made no reply to this inquiry, for he heard it not: and when he again spoke, his words were but the expression of the melancholy reverie into which he had fallen. "Yes, it was down there—stealing along the foot of the rock, half hidden by the trees and underwood, Lionel and his black band—six—black in spirit in an outward guise—not one ever known to strike twice or to spare—I knew them all—and why they came."—"Lacy!

—Baron de Vere!" exclaimed Blanche, shaking his arm, which she held, with her utmost strength, "rouse from this unmanly mood; let the babe and the peasant start at shadows, but thou, I pray thee—let me not have to blush for him whom I ought to honour!" "And for whom thou wilt ere long weep," replied Lacy, in an unaltered voice. "Blanche de Vere, misjudge me not! I spoke neither of flight, nor fear, nor supplication for life, nor of ought that may disgrace a warrior—I did but speak of DEATH—death that were welcome if it came only to myself; but my sister, dearer than all the kindred I have lost, were all now living—my last, last friend, death is on its way to *thee* too!" "It will *not* be death if shared with thee," replied Blanche, fervently; "death would be to live when thou wert gone. I did thee wrong, noble, generous brother! forgive it." And she sat down at his feet, and covered her face with her hands. "Glorious orb!" said Lacy, after having for some minutes earnestly regarded the sun, which was now slowly descending into the ocean with more than meridian pomp, "unchanged, unchangeable—bright at thy setting as on thy first rising—most glorious orb, farewell! And thou too, earth, steeped in the tears and blood of thy children, polluted with crime, groaning with sorrow, yet withal so beautifully apparelled, many graves hast thou afforded my father's house—spare it yet another—the last—and now," said he—the steady solemn tone in which he had hitherto spoken changing to one of indignant defiance, while a change as complete overspread his countenance—"now, even now, that grave is needed—the appointed hour is arrived—yonder the murderers come, black and silent as in the vision; but the last de Vere dies not like a reptile, driven into its hold and crushed in darkness: the doom that is decreed shall be met. Rise, Blanche! sister by birth, companion in sorrow, daughter of heroes, arise, and let us descend! let not Lionel have to glory in our shame!—haste!—haste! I see his black plume waving to and fro—his spear glitters through the trees—nearer—brighter every instant." "I am ready, ready to endure all," said Blanche, firmly; "but oh, let not Lionel see our parting anguish: bless me for the last time here!"—and she laid her head upon her brother's bosom. They stood

regarding each other, speechless and in tears; to part was harder than to die.

Lacy's vision and forebodings were indeed on the point of being realized. The implacable Lionel had learned but too surely their place of retreat, and but too truly was he, with his ruffians, winding along the foot of the rock; even now they were within view of the cavern, in the opening of which stood that devoted pair, whose doom was sealed before they knew it. A shout of brutal triumph suddenly burst from Lionel and his band, as they halted when sufficiently near the spot: at the same instant two picked archers obeyed their leader's command with murderous precision, and ere the defenceless victims could look round or utter a cry, the arrows pierced them, clasped as they were in each other's arms! One of the shafts had entered Lacy's heart, and in the twinkling of an eye, without word or groan, he was numbered with the dead. For an instant, a single instant, his dying eyes were turned upon his fellow-victim; and that glance, though transient as the flash of lightning, revealed love stronger than death, love that would exist beyond the grave. The wound received by Blanche, though mortal, was not calculated to occasion instant death, and nobly did she employ the precious respite.

"My brother shall not become a prey to the birds of the air," were her first words on perceiving that he was indeed dead; and, with an energy scarcely human, she prepared for her labour of love. Habit had, it is true, rendered the ascent and descent of that rock so easy, that in the darkest night she would scarcely have missed her footing; but wounded as she was at present, her intention to descend, and convey with her Lacy's yet warm and bleeding body, appeared impracticable. Love, however, enabled her to execute what love had induced her to determine. Carefully wrapping the corpse in every garment she could afford from herself, to defend it in some measure from the sharp points of the rock, she partly drew and partly bore the precious burden down a path way, which to any but herself would, under such circumstances, have assuredly been fatal. She felt neither fatigue nor pain; she heeded not that every shrub and stone in the descent was sprinkled with her own blood; her sole care was

to shield the senseless body in her arms from wounds and injury. Heaven, in pity, strengthened her for the task, and she reached the ground in safety---her labour accomplished, her reward obtained. Those who had come out against the noble pair gathered around them in silence, some, in truth, touched by this last exhibition of love, passing even the love of women. She unfolded the coverings from the body, which was now becoming cold and stiff; then looking upon the armed circle, she fixed her eye on him, the evil spirit, whose ministers they were, and addressed him like one gifted with unearthly authority. "Lionel, thy work is finished! thou wert the nursling of our house, and hast become its destroyer! thou hast rendered bitter for sweet, and evil for good, and injuries for benefits! thou hast brought low the old, the honourable, the young, the brave, the virtuous, and hitherto none hath stayed thy hand: but come near, Lionel Wethamstede, and I will advise thee of things that shall befall thee *yet*. By day thou shalt dread treachery, and by night dream visions of horror; thou shalt flee when none pursue, and be afraid when no fear is: thou hast built thy fortunes in thy master's blood; some around thee shall build theirs in thine: as thou hast hated so shall others hate thee: scorn, and sorrow, and affliction, and want---every evil thou hast wrought on us shall cleave fourfold and for ever to thee and thine---yea, cleave as the flesh cleaveth to the bone. Ay, go thy way, man of blood! brace thy helmet, and mount thy steed---thou mayest escape me *now*; but I shall see thee again, where neither horse nor armour will avail thee---before God, who will condemn the murderer in the face of heaven, in the day of judgment---Lionel Wethamstede, thou shalt meet me *there*."

She ceased. The livid paleness and the damps of death had gradually gathered on her countenance; every sentence had been uttered in mortal anguish: nevertheless she had maintained throughout, the cold, calm bearing of one already separated from the body. The wretch to whom her words had been addressed shivered under their influence, as though exposed to an ice-blast; superstitious horror mastered the ferocious spirit till then scarcely satisfied with its revenge; and setting spurs to his horse, he departed from the spot like one pursued by an evil

spirit. "Let those who shot the arrows complete their work!" said the dying maiden to the men, who remained fixed to the spot, subdued as by some supernatural agency, and scarcely conscious of their leader's departure—"let them wrap us in one shroud, and bury us in the same grave!" One of the archers stepped forward; he was rude, even savage in his exterior, but nature was not utterly extinct: he kneeled down beside the dying and the dead, and swore to observe the request. "Thy victim blesses thee," replied Blanche; "farewell!" She spoke no more, for death claimed his conquest. She stretched herself on the ground beside him whom in life she had loved so well, whom dying she could not forget; placing one arm beneath his head and the other across his bosom, so that her cheek rested against his, she meekly closed her eyes, like a wearied child that sleeps on its mother's lap.

Thus died Lacy and Blanche de Vere, twins in birth, and twins also in the manner of their death. They slept not as their fathers before them, in marble monuments adorned with stately devices; they were laid in the peasant's grave, beneath the green and trodden turf, with no record more lasting than its bright but perishable flowers. There was none to mourn over them, none to have them in remembrance, none to perpetuate their name; when they died, they died altogether, and with them the memory of a noble race passed for ever from the earth.

So falls, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
All that this world is proud of!

Forget me Not, for 1827.

SONG

FROM GOETHE'S FAUST.

My peace is vanish'd,
My heart is sore;
I shall find it never,
And never more!

Where he is not
Is like a tomb;
And the sunniest spot
Is turn'd to gloom.

My aching head
Will burst with pain—
And the sense has fled
My wilder'd brain.

I look through the glass
Till my eyes are dim;
The threshold I pass
Alone for him.

His lofty step,
And his forehead high,
His winning smile,
And his beaming eye!

His fond caress,
So rich in bliss!
His hand to press—
And ah! his kiss!—

My peace is vanish'd,
My heart is sore;
I shall find it never,
And never more!

LORD GOWEN.

THE DYING WIFE

TO HER ABSENT HUSBAND.

THEODRIC, this is destiny! above
Our power to baffle: bear it then, my love!
And though your're absent in another land,
Sent from me by my own well-meant command,
Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine
As these clasp'd hands, in blessing you, now join:
Shape not imagin'd horrors in my fate—
Even now my sufferings are not very great;
And when your grief's first transport shall subside
I call upon your strength of soul and pride
To pay my memory, if 'tis worth the debt,
Love's glorying tribute—not forlorn regret:
I charge my name with power to conjure up
Reflection's balmy, not its bitter cup.
My pardoning angel, at the gates of heaven
Shall look not more regard than you have given
To me; and our life's union has been clad
In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had. [cast?
Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance
Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past?
No! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,
There let me smile, amidst high thoughts, at rest;
And let contentment on your spirit shine,
As if its peace were still a part of mine:
For if you war not proudly with your pain
For you I shall have worse than lived in vain.

But I conjure your manliness to bear
My loss with noble spirit—not despair :
I ask you by your love to promise this,
And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss—
The latest from my living lips for yours.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MAZEPPA'S PUNISHMENT.

“Bring forth the horse!”—the horse was brought;
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look’d as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was stout,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught.
With spur and bridle undefil’d—
’Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away!—away!—My breath was gone
I saw not where he hurried on:
’Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam’d—away!—away!
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrench’d my head,
And snapp’d the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein;
And, writhing half my form about,
Howl’d back my curse; but ’midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser’s speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis’ weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left,
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e’er that fortress was:

I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch’d and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof
They little thought that day of pain,
When launch’d, as on the lightning’s flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They play’d me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank;
At length I play’d them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.
Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequer’d with the northern light;
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had march’d o’er;
And where the Spahi’s hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod:—
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by—
I could have answer’d with a sigh—
But fast we fled away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser’s bristling mane;
But snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken’d in his speed;
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became;
Each motion which I made to free
My swollen limbs from agony
Increas’d his fury and affright;
I tried my voice,—’twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet’s clang:

Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.
We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste,—
But these were few, and far between
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpiere'd each frozen cheek:
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak and the hardy pine;
But far apart!—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—

The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire,
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At day-break winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed:
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerv'd him like the mountain roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door,
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he past—
Untir'd, untam'd, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favour'd child

Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still—
A woman pliqued—who has her will.

The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as the wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o'er;
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness:
Sprung from a race, whose rising blood
When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattle-snake's, in act to strike;
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground:
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throb'd awhile, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died,
O'ertur'd by that ghastly ride.

BYRON.

FRIENDS.

THE two rarest things to be met with are good-sense and good-nature. For one man who judges right, there are twenty who can say good things; as there are numbers who will serve you or do friendly actions, for one who really wishes you well. It has been said, and often repeated, that "mere good-nature is a fool:" but I think that the dearth of sound sense, for the most part, proceeds from the want of a real unaffected interest in things, except as they re-act upon ourselves: or from a neglect of the maxim of that good old philanthropist, who said, "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto.*" The narrowness of the heart warps the understanding, and makes us weigh objects in the scales of our self-love, instead of those of

truth and justice. We consider not the merits of the case, or what is due to others, but the manner in which our own credit or consequence will be affected; and adapt our opinions and conduct to the last of these rather than to the first. The judgment is seldom wrong where the feelings are right; and they generally are so, provided they are warm and sincere. He who intends others well, is likely to advise them for the best: he who has any cause at heart, seldom ruins it by his imprudence. Those who play the public or their friends slippery tricks, have in secret no objection to betray them.

One finds out the folly and malice of mankind by the impertinence of friends—by their professions of service and tenders of advice—by their fears for your reputation and anticipations of what the world may say of you; by which means they suggest objections to your enemies, and at the same time absolve themselves from the task of justifying your errors, by having warned you of the consequences—by the care with which they tell you ill-news, and conceal from you any flattering circumstance—by their dread of your engaging in any creditable attempt, and mortification, if you succeed—by the difficulties and hindrances they throw in your way—by their satisfaction when you happen to make a slip or get into a scrape, and their determination to tie your hands behind you, lest you should get out of it—by their panic-terrors at your entering into a vindication of yourself, lest in the course of it, you should call upon them for a certificate to your character—by their lukewarmness in defending, by their readiness in betraying you—by the high standard by which they try you, and to which you can hardly ever come up—by their forwardness to partake your triumphs, by their backwardness to share your disgrace—by their acknowledgment of your errors out of candour, and suppression of your good qualities out of envy—by their not contradicting, or by their joining in the cry against you, lest they too should become objects of the same abuse—by their playing the game into your adversaries' hands, by always letting their imaginations take part with their cowardice, their vanity, and selfishness against you; and thus realising or hastening all the ill consequences they affect to deplore, by spreading abroad that

very spirit of distrust, obloquy, and hatred, which they predict will be excited against you!

I like real good-nature and good-will, better than I do any offers of patronage, or plausible rules for my conduct in life. I may suspect the soundness of the last and I may not be quite sure of the motives of the first. People complain of ingratitude for benefits, and of the neglect of wholesome advice. In the first place, we pay little attention to advice, because we are seldom thought of in it. The person who gives it either contents himself to lay down (*ex cathedra*) certain vague, general maxims, and "wise saws," which we knew before; or, instead of considering what we *ought to do*, recommends what he himself *would do*. He merely substitutes his own will, caprice, and prejudices for ours, and expects us to be guided by them. Instead of changing places with us (to see what is best to be done in the given circumstances), he insists on our looking at the question from his point of view, and acting in such a manner as to please him. This is not at all reasonable; for *one man's meat*, according to the old adage, is *another man's poison*. And it is not strange, that starting from such opposite premises, we should seldom jump in a conclusion, and that the art of giving and taking advice is little better than a game at cross-purposes. I have observed that those who are the most inclined to assist others are the least forward or peremptory with their advice; for having our interest really at heart, they consider what can, rather than what *cannot* be done, and aid our views and endeavour to avert ill consequences by moderating our impatience and allaying irritations, instead of thwarting our main design, which only tends to make us more extravagant and violent than ever. In the second place, benefits are often conferred out of ostentation or pride, rather than from true regard; and the person obliged is too apt to perceive this. People who are fond of appearing in the light of patrons will perhaps go through fire and water to serve you, who yet would be sorry to find you no longer wanted their assistance, and whose friendship cools and their good-will slackens, as you are relieved by their active zeal from the necessity of being further beholden to it. Compassion and generosity are their fa-

yourite virtues; and they countenance you, as you afford them opportunities for exercising them. The instant you can go alone, or can stand upon your own ground, you are discarded as unfit for their purpose.

This is something more than mere good-nature or humanity. A thoroughly good-natured man, a real friend, is one who is pleased at our good-fortune, as well as prompt to seize every occasion of relieving our distress. We apportion our gratitude accordingly. We are thankful for good-will rather than for services, for the motive than the *quantum* of favour received—a kind word or look is never forgotten, while we cancel prouder and weightier obligations; and those who esteem us or evince a partiality to us are those whom we still consider as our best friends. Nay, so strong is this feeling, that we extend it even to those counterfeits in friendship, flatterers and sycophants. Our self-love, rather than our self-interest, is the master-key to our affections.

There are different modes of obligation, and different avenues to our gratitude and favour. A man may lend his countenance who will not part with his money, and open his mind to us who will not draw out his purse. How many ways are there, in which our peace may be assailed, besides actual want! How many comforts do we stand in need of, besides meat and drink and clothing! Is it nothing to “administer to a mind diseased”—to heal a wounded spirit? After all other difficulties are removed, we still want some one to bear with our infirmities, to impart our confidence to, to encourage us in our *hobbies* (nay, to get up and ride behind us) and to like us with all our faults. True friendship is self-love at second-hand; where, as in a flattering mirror, we may see our virtues magnified and our errors softened, and where we may fancy our opinion of ourselves confirmed by an impartial and faithful witness. He (of all the world) creeps the closest in our bosoms, into our favour and esteem, who thinks of us most nearly as we do of ourselves. Such a one is indeed the pattern of a friend, another self—and our gratitude for the blessing is as sincere, as it is hollow in most other cases! This is one reason why entire friendship is scarcely to be found, except in love. There is a hardness and sever-

ity in our judgments of one another; the spirit of competition also intervenes, unless where there is too great an inequality of pretension or difference of taste to admit of mutual sympathy and respect; but a woman’s vanity is interested in making the object of her choice the God of her idolatry; and in the intercourse with that sex, there is the finest balance and reflection of opposite and answering excellences imaginable! It is in the highest spirit of the religion of love in the female breast, that Lord Byron has put that beautiful apostrophe into the mouth of Anah, in speaking of her angel-lover (alas! are not the sons of men too, when they are deified in the hearts of women, only “a little lower than the angels?”)

“And when I think that his immortal wings
Shall one day hover o’er the sepulchre
Of the poor child of clay, that so adored him,
As he adored the Highest, death becomes
Less terrible!”

This is a dangerous string, which I ought never to touch upon; but the shattered cords vibrate of themselves!

Few things tend more to alienate friendship than a want of punctuality in our engagements. I have known the breach of a promise to dine or sup break up more than one intimacy. A disappointment of this kind rankles in the mind—it cuts up our pleasures (those rare events in human life, which ought not to be wantonly sported with!)—it not only deprives us of the expected gratification, but it renders us unfit for, and out of humour with, every other; it makes us think our society not worth having, which is not the way to make us delighted with our own thoughts; it lessens our self-esteem, and destroys our confidence in others; and having leisure on our hands (by being thus left alone) and sufficient provocation withal, we employ it in ripping up the faults of the acquaintance who has played us this slippery trick, and in forming resolutions to pick a quarrel with him the very first opportunity we can find. I myself once declined an invitation to meet Talma, who was an admirer of Shakspeare, and who idolized Bonaparte, to keep an appointment with a person who had *forgot* it! One great art of women, who pretend to manage their husbands and keep them to themselves, is to contrive some excuse for breaking their engagements

with friends, for whom they entertain any respect, or who are likely to have any influence over them.

There is, however, a class of persons who have a particular satisfaction in falsifying your expectations of pleasure in their society, who make appointments for no other ostensible purpose than *not to keep them*; who think their ill-behaviour gives them an air of superiority over you, instead of placing them at your mercy; and who, in fact, in all their overtures of condescending kindness towards you, treat you exactly as if there was no such person in the world. Friendship is with them a *mono-drama*, in which they play the principal and sole part. They must needs be very imposing or amusing characters to surround themselves with a circle of friends, who find that they are to be mere cyphers. The egotism would in such instances be offensive and intolerable, if its very excess did not render it entertaining. Some individuals carry this hard, unprincipled, reckless unconsciousness of every thing but themselves and their own purposes to such a pitch, that they may be compared to *automata*, whom you never expect to consult your feelings or alter their movements out of complaisance to others. They are wound up to a certain point, by an internal machinery which you do not very well comprehend; but if they perform their accustomed evolutions so as to excite your wonder or laughter, it is all very well, you do not quarrel with them, but look on at the *pantomime* of friendship while it lasts or is agreeable.

Only one other reflection occurs to me on this subject. I used to think better of the world than I do. I thought its great fault, its original sin, was barbarous ignorance and want, which would be cured by the diffusion of civilization and letters. But I find (or fancy I do) that as selfishness is the vice of unlettered periods and nations, envy is the bane of more refined and intellectual ones. Vanity springs out of the grave of sordid self-interest. Men were formerly ready to cut one another's throats about the gross means of subsistence, and now they are ready to do it about reputation. The worst is, you are no better off, if you fail than if you succeed. You are despised if you do not excel others, and hated if you do. Abuse or praise equally weans your

friends from you. We cannot bear eminence in our own department or pursuit, and think it an impertinence in any other. Instead of being delighted with the proofs of excellence and the admiration paid to it, we are mortified with it, thrive only by the defeat of others, and live on the carcase of mangled reputation. By being tried by an *ideal* standard of vanity and affectation, real objects and common people become odious or insipid. Instead of being raised, all is prostituted, degraded, vile. Every thing is reduced to this feverish, importunate, harassing state. I'm heartily sick of it, and I'm sure I have reason if any one has.

HAZLITT.

ELEGY BY A SCHOOL-BOY.

How bless'd was I at Dobson's ball!
The fiddlers come, my partner chosen!
My oranges were five in all,—
Alas, they were not half-a-dozen!

For soon a richer rival came,
And soon the bargain was concluded;
My Peggy took him without shame,
And left me hopeless and deluded.

To leave me for an orange more!
Could not your pockets-full content ye?
What could you do with all that store?
He had but six, and five were plenty!

And mine were biggest, I protest,
For some of his were only penny ones,
While mine were all the very best,
As juicy, large, and sweet as any one's.

Could I have thought, ye beaux and belles,
An orange would have so undone me!
Or any thing the grocer sells,
Could move my fair one thus to shun me!

All night I sat in fix'd disdain,
While hornpipes numberless were hobbled;
I watch'd my mistress and her swain,
And saw his paltry present gobbled.

But when the country dance was called,
I could have cried with pure vexation,
For by the arms I saw her haul'd,
And led triumphant to her station.

What other could I think to take ?
Of all the school she was the tallest ;
What choice worth making could I make,
None left me, but the very smallest !

But now all thoughts of her adieu !
This is no time for such diversion ;
Mair's Introduction lies in view,
And I must write my Latin version.

Yet all who that way are inclined,
This lesson learn from my undoing :
*Unless your pockets are well lined,
'Tis labour lost to go a-wooing.*

Anon.

EVENING.

The holy time is quiet as a Nun,
Breathless with adoration !

WORDSWORTH.

'Tis Evening.—On Abruzzo's hill
The summer sun is lingering still,—
As though unwilling to bereave
The landscape of its softest beam,—
So fair—one can but look and grieve
To think that, like a lovely dream,
A few brief fleeting moments more
Must see its reign of beauty o'er !

'Tis Evening ;—and a general hush
Prevails, save when the mountain spring
Bursts from its rock, with fitful gush,
And makes melodious murmuring ;—
Or when from Corno's height of fear,
The echoes of its convent bell
Come wafted on the far-off ear
With soft and diaphanous swell,
But sounds so wildly sweet as they,
Ah ! who would ever wish away ?

Yet there are seasons when the soul,
Rapt in some dear delicious dream,
Heedless what skies may o'er it roll,
What rays of beauty round it beam,
Shuts up its innermost cell ;—lest aught,
However wondrous, wild, or fair,
Shine in—and interrupt the thought,
The one-deep thought that centres there !

Though with the passionate sense, so shrined
And canonized, the hues of grief

Perchance be darkly, closely twined,
The lonely bosom spurns relief !
And could the breathing scene impart
A charm to make its sadness less,
'Twould hate the balm that healed its smart,
And curse the spell of loveliness
That pierced its cloud of gloom, if so
It stirred the stream of thought below.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

THE ORPHAN MAID'S LAMENT.

Ah, think ye that this troubled soul
May yet again be blithe and free,
That changing seasons as they roll
May bring a change o'er me ?

And say ye that this broken heart
May yet be wean'd from forms of sadness,
That aught in nature can impart
To it one ray of gladness ?

Ye ne'er have felt, ye cannot know,
The blight of hope, the withering gloom,
That come, when all we lov'd below
Lies in the silent tomb.

Oh, there was one, one only tie,
Affection's purest, tenderest token,
That bound me to myself. Oh why
Was it so rudely broken ?

For there was not in all the earth
Another tie with it to blend.
I lov'd but her who gave me birth—
My mother and my friend.

But she was far too good and kind
To linger long in this dull state—
Her spirit fled upon the wind,
And left me desolate.

Oh God, oh God, I do not mourn
That her pure spirit fled to thee,
Nor ask I that it might return
To cheer a thing like me.

I would not have her be again
In this bad world a sojourner ;
Not so, not so—What seek I then ?
That I may go to her.

For were the world all good and brave,
Even then it could not stay my weeping !

My very heart is in the grave
Where she lies soundly sleeping.

Oh thou upon whose gentle breast
This aching head hath often lean'd,
Thou of God's servants holiest, best,
My mother and my friend!

If from the glories of the sky
Some thoughts of thine may be beguiled,
O look with a benignant eye
Upon thine orphan child.

And we will yet hold converse sweet,
Such as we held in other days,
When I have sat beside thy feet,
And listen'd to thy lays.

For I will hear thee in the air
That stirs the leaf in noonday bower;
And see thee in the moon-beam fair
At midnight's silent hour.

I know, I know, my prayer is vain—
Alas! I cannot breathe another:
There's madness in my burning brain—
My mother—O my mother!

GREIG.

SCOTTISH FREEDOM.

Beloved Scotland! when I trace
Thy history's romantic pages—
The daring deeds of many a race,
Who were thy lights in former ages;
I grieve to think their offspring, we,
So lowly and so lost should be!

The patriot flame which blazed afar
Can only present gloom embitter;
Of chivalry the glorious star
Hath set, and ceases now to glitter;
Nor left one single spark behind—
There needs no daylight to the blind!

Among thy woods grey turrets rear
Their heads in solitary splendour;
They braved the wrecks of many a year,
And only piecemeal yet surrender,
Though all their lords have bowed to fate,
And passed—and left them desolate.

Land of the mighty! who can tread
The fields whereon thy heroes, glorious,

Made stubborn conquest bow the head,
And Liberty exult victorious,
Without a feeling that aspires
To emulate his valiant sires!

And can the noble spirit fall,
The spirit that was honour's fountain?
No! every valley bears a tale,
There is a tongue in every mountain,
To keep the patriot spark alive,
And bid the boughs of Freedom thrive!

△

THE FALCON.

THERE lived in Florence a young man, called Federigo Alberigi, who surpassed all the youth of Tuscany in feats of arms, and in accomplished manners. He (for gallant men will fall in love) became enamoured of Monna Giovanna, at that time considered the finest woman in Florence; and that he might inspire her with a reciprocal passion, he squandered his fortune at tilts and tournaments, in entertainments and presents. But the Lady, who was virtuous as she was beautiful, could on no account be prevailed on to return his love. While he lived thus extravagantly, and without the means of recruiting his coffers, poverty, the usual attendant of the thoughtless, came on apace; his money was spent, and nothing remained to him but a small farm, barely sufficient for his subsistence, and a falcon, which was however the finest in the world. When he found it impossible therefore to live longer in town, he retired to his little farm, where he went a birding in his leisure hours; and disdaining to ask favours of any one, he submitted patiently to his poverty, while he cherished in secret a hopeless passion.

It happened about this time that the husband of Monna Giovanna died, leaving a great fortune to their only son, who was yet a youth; and that the boy came along with his mother to spend the summer months in the country, (as our custom usually is), at a villa in the neighbourhood of Federigo's farm. In this way he became acquainted with Federigo, and began to delight in birds and dogs, and having seen his falcon, he took a great longing for it, but was afraid to ask it of him when he saw how highly he prized

it. This desire, however, so much affected the boy's spirits, that he fell sick; and his mother, who doated upon this her only child, became alarmed, and to soothe him, pressed him again and again to ask whatever he wished, and promised, that if it were possible, he should have all that he desired. The youth at last confessed, that if he had the falcon he would soon be well again. When the lady heard this, she began to consider what she should do. She knew that Federigo had long loved her, and had received from her nothing but coldness; and how could she ask the falcon, which she heard was the finest in the world, and which was now his only consolation? Could she be so cruel as to deprive him of his last remaining support?—Perplexed with these thoughts, which the full belief that she should have the bird if she asked it, did not relieve, she knew not what to think, or how to return her son an answer. A mother's love, however, at last prevailed; she resolved to satisfy him, and determined, whatever might be the consequence, not to send, but to go herself and procure the falcon. She told her son, therefore, to take courage, and think of getting better, for that she would herself go on the morrow, and fetch what he desired; and the hope was so agreeable to the boy, that he began to mend apace. On the next morning Monna Giovanna, having taken another lady along with her, went as if for amusement to the little cabin of Federigo, and inquired for him. It was not the birding season, and he was at work in his garden; when he heard, therefore, that Monna Giovanna was calling upon him, he ran with joyful surprise to the door. She, on the other hand, when she saw him coming, advanced with delicate politeness; and when he had respectfully saluted her, she said, "All happiness attend you, Federigo; I am come to repay you for the loss you have suffered from loving me too well, for this lady and I intend to dine with you in any easy way this forenoon." To this Federigo humbly answered: "I do not remember, Madam, having suffered any loss at your hands, but on the contrary, have received so much good, that if ever I had any worth, it sprung from you, and from the love with which you inspired me. And this generous visit to your poor host, is much more dear to me than would be the spending again of what I have al-

ready spent." Having said this, he invited them respectfully into the house, and from thence conducted them to the garden, where, having nobody else to keep them company, he requested that they would allow the labourer's wife to do her best to amuse them, while he went to order dinner.

Federigo, however great his poverty, had not yet learned all the prudence which the loss of fortune might have taught him; and it thus happened, that he had nothing in the house with which he could honourably entertain the lady, for whose love he had formerly given so many entertainments. Cursing his evil fortune, therefore, he stood like one beside himself, and looked in vain for money or pledge. The hour was already late, and his desire extreme to find something worthy of his mistress; he felt repugnant, too, to ask from his own labourer. While he was thus perplexed, he chanced to cast his eyes upon his fine falcon, which was sitting upon a bar in the anti-chamber. Having no other resource, therefore, he took it into his hand, and finding it fat, he thought it would be proper for such a lady. He accordingly pulled its neck without delay, and gave it to a little girl to be plucked; and having put it upon a spit, he made it be carefully roasted. He then covered the table with a beautiful cloth, a wreck of his former splendour; and every thing being ready, he returned to the garden, to tell the lady and her companion that dinner was served. They accordingly went in and sat down to table with Federigo, and eat the good falcon without knowing it.

When they had finished dinner, and spent a short while in agreeable conversation, the lady thought it time to tell Federigo for what she had come. She said to him, therefore, in a gentle tone, "Federigo, when you call to mind your past life, and recollect my virtue, which perhaps you called coldness and cruelty, I doubt not but that you will be astonished at my presumption, when I tell you the principal motive of my visit. But had you children, and knew how great a love one bears them, I am sure you would in part excuse me; and although you have them not, I who have an only child, cannot resist the feelings of a mother. By the strength of these am I constrained, in spite of my inclination, and contrary to

propriety and duty, to ask a thing which I know is with reason dear to you, for it is your only delight and consolation in your misfortunes: that gift is your falcon, for which my son has taken so great a desire, that unless he obtain it, I am afraid his illness will increase, and that I shall lose him. I beseech you to give it me, therefore, not by the love which you bear me, (for to that you owe nothing), but by the nobleness of your nature, which you have shown in nothing more than in your generosity; and I will remain eternally your debtor for my son's life, which your gift will be the means of preserving."

When Federigo heard the lady's request, and knew how impossible it was to grant it, he burst into tears, and was unable to make any reply. The lady imagined, that this arose from grief at the thought of losing his favourite, and showed his unwillingness to part with it; nevertheless she waited patiently for his answer. He at length said, "Since it first pleased heaven, Madam, that I should place my affections on you, I have found fortune unkind to me in many things, and have often accused her; but all her former unkindness has been trifling compared with what she has now done me. How can I ever forgive her, therefore, when I remember, that you, who never deigned to visit me when I was rich, have come to my poor cottage to ask a favour which she has cruelly prevented me from bestowing. The cause of this I shall briefly tell you. When I found that in your goodness you proposed to dine with me, and when I considered your excellence, I thought it my duty to honour you with more precious food than is usually given to others. Recollecting my falcon, therefore, and its worth, I deemed it worthy food, and accordingly made it be roasted and served up for dinner; but when I find that you wished to get it in another way, I shall never be consoled for having it not in my power to serve you." Having said this, he showed them the wings, and the feet, and the bill, as evidences of the truth of what he had told them. When the lady had heard and seen these things, she chided him for having killed so fine a bird as food for a woman; but admired in secret that greatness of mind which poverty had been unable to subdue. Then, seeing that she could not

have the falcon, and becoming alarmed for the safety of her child, she thanked Federigo for the honourable entertainment he had given them, and returned home in a melancholy mood. Her son, on the other hand, either from grief at not getting the falcon, or from a disease occasioned by it, died a few days after, leaving his mother plunged in the deepest affliction.

Monna Giovanna was left very rich, and when she had for some time mourned her loss, being importuned by her brothers to marry again, she began to reflect on the merit of Federigo, and on the last instance of his generosity displayed in killing so fine a bird to do her honour. She told her brothers, therefore, that she would marry since they desired it, but that her only choice would be Federigo Alberigi. They laughed when they heard this, and asked her how she could think of a man who had nothing; but she answered, that she would rather have a man without money, than money without a man. When her brothers, who had long known Federigo, saw therefore how her wishes pointed, they consented to bestow her upon him with all her wealth; and Federigo, with a wife so excellent and so long beloved, and riches equal to his desires, showed that he had learned to be a better steward, and long enjoyed true happiness.

BOCCACCIO.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past

There liv'd a man—and *who* was he?
'Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee!

Unknown the region of his birth,

The land in which he died unknown,
His name hath perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone—

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumph in his breast,
His bliss and woe, a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall,

We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er,
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled,
Had friends—his friends are now no more,
And foes—his foes are dead.

He lov'd—but whom he lov'd, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;
O she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main
Ere while his portion, life and light,
To him exist—in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encounter'd all that troubles thee,
He was—whatever thou hast been,
He is—what thou shalt be!

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shade and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky,
No vestige where they flew!

The annals of the human race,
Their ruin since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—THERE LIV'D A MAN.

MONTGOMERY.

STORMING OF ST. SEBASTIAN'S.

St. Sebastian's occupies a neck of land which juts into the sea, being washed on two sides by the waters of the Bay of Biscay, and on the third by the River Gurrumea. This stream, though inconsiderable in respect of width, cannot be forded, at least near the town, except at the time of low tide; it therefore adds not a little to the general strength of the place. But the strength of the place consists far more in the great regularity and solidity of its fortifications, than in its natural situation. Across the isthmus, from the river to the bay, is erected a chain of stupendous masonry, consisting of several bastions and towers, connected by a well-sheltered curtain, and covered by a ditch and glacis, whilst the castle, built upon a high hill, completely commands the whole, and

seems to hold the town, and every thing in it, entirely at its mercy. The scenery around St. Sebastian's is, in the highest degree, interesting and fine. As has been already mentioned, the ground, beginning to rise on all sides about a mile and a half from the glacis, is soon broken into hill and valley, mountain and ravine. Numerous orchards are, moreover, planted upon the lowest of these heights, with here and there a vineyard, a chateau, and a farm-house; whilst far off, in the background, are seen the rugged tops of the Quatracone, and the other gigantic mountains which overhang the Bidassoa, and divide Spain from France. The tents of the besiegers were placed upon the lower range of hills, about two miles and a half distant from the town. Of course, they were so pitched as that they should be, as far as possible, hidden from the enemy, and for this purpose the uneven nature of the country happily sufficed. They stood, for the most part, among the orchards just alluded to, and in the valleys and ravines with which the place abounded. Leading from them to the first parallel, were cut various covered ways, that is, roads sunk in the ground so far as that troops might march along without exposing themselves to the fire of the enemy; and the parallel itself was drawn almost upon the brow of the ridge. Here, or rather in the ruined Convent of St. Bartholeme, was established the principal magazine of powder, shot, working-tools, and other necessities for the siege, and here as a matter of course, the reserve, or main body of the piquet-guard, was stationed. The first parallel extended some way beyond the town, on both sides, and was connected with the second, as that again was with the third, by other covered ways, cut in an oblique direction towards the enemy's works; but no sap had been attempted. The third parallel, therefore, completed the works of the besiegers, and it was carried within a few hundred yards of the foot of the rampart. In each of these batteries were built, as well as on the brows of all the surrounding heights, but as yet they were masked by slight screens of sand and turf, though the guns were placed once more in many of them, and the rest were rapidly filling.

There is no species of duty in which a soldier is liable to be employed, so galling, or so disagreeable, as a siege; not that it

is deficient in causes of excitement, which, on the contrary, are in hourly operation; but it ties him so completely down to one spot, and breaks in so repeatedly upon his hours of rest, and exposes him so constantly to danger, and that too at times and in places where no honour is to be gained, that we cannot greatly wonder at the feelings of absolute hatred which generally prevail, among the privates at least of a besieging army, against the garrison which does its duty to its country, by holding out to the last extremity. On the present occasion, I found much of that tone of mind among the various brigades which lay before St. Sebastian's. They could not forgive the French garrison, which had now kept them during six weeks at bay, and they burned with anxiety to wipe off the disgrace of a former repulse; there was, therefore, little mention made of *quarter*, whenever the approaching assault chanced to be alluded to.

The governor of St. Sebastian's was evidently a man of great energy of mind, and of very considerable military talent. Every thing which could be done to retard the progress of the siege, he had attempted; the breach which had been effected previous to the first assault, was now almost entirely filled up, whilst many new works were erected, and what was not, perhaps, in strict accordance with the rules of modern warfare—they were erected by British prisoners. We could distinctly see these poor fellows labouring at their task in full regimentals, and the consequence was, that they were permitted to labour on, without a single gun being turned against them. Nor was this all that was done to annoy the assailants—night after night, petty sorties were made, with no other apparent design than to disturb the repose, and to harass the spirits, of the besiegers; for the attacking party seldom attempted to advance farther than the first parallel, and it was uniformly beaten back by the picquets and reserve.

During the last ten days, the besieging army had been busily employed in bringing up ammunition, and in dragging into battery one of the most splendid trains of heavy ordnance which a British general has ever had at his command. On the evening of the 26th, these matters were completed; no fewer than sixty pieces of

artillery, some of them sixty-four, and none of lighter metal than eighteen-pounders, were mounted against the town, whilst twenty mortars of different calibre prepared to scatter death among its defenders, and bid fair to reduce the place itself to a heap of ruins. These arrangements being completed, it was deemed prudent, previous to the opening of the batteries, to deprive the enemy of a little redoubt which stood upon an island in the harbour, and in some degree enfiladed the trenches. For this service a detachment, consisting of a hundred men, a captain, and two subalterns, were allotted, who, filing from the camp soon after night-fall, embarked in the boats of the cruisers; here they were joined by a few seamen and marines, under the command of a naval officer, and having made good their landing under cover of darkness, they advanced briskly to the assault. The enemy were taken completely by surprise—only a few shots were fired on either side, and in the space of five minutes, the small fort, mounting four guns, with an officer and thirty men as its garrison, surrendered, or rather were taken possession of by the assailants. So trifling, indeed, was the resistance offered by the French garrison, that it disturbed not the slumbers of the troops in camp. The night of the 26th, accordingly, passed by in quiet, but as soon as the morning of the 27th dawned, affairs assumed a very different appearance. Soon after day-break, a single shell was thrown from the heights on the right of the town, as a signal for the batteries to open, and then a most tremendous cannonade began. The first salvo, indeed, was one of the finest things of the kind I ever witnessed. Without taking the trouble to remove the slight covering of sand and turf which masked the batteries, the artillerymen, laying their guns by such observations as small apertures left for the purpose enabled them to effect, fired upon the given signal, and thus caused the guns to clear a way for themselves in their future discharges nor were these tardy in occurring. So rapid, indeed, were the gunners in their movement, and so unintermitting the fire which they kept up from morning till night, during the whole of the 27th, the 28th, the 29th, and 30th, that by sun-set on the latter day, not only was the old breach reduced to its former dilapidated

condition, but a new, and a far more promising breach was effected.

In the meantime, however, the enemy had not been remiss in their endeavours to silence the fire of the besiegers, and to dismount their guns. They had, indeed, exercised their artillery with so much good will, that most of the cannon found in the place, after its capture, were un-serviceable; being melted at the touch-holes, or otherwise damaged from too frequent use. But they fought, on the present occasion under every imaginable disadvantage; for, not only was our artillery much more than a match for theirs, but our advanced trenches were lined with troops, who kept up an incessant and deadly fire of musketry upon the embrasures. The consequence was, that the fire from the town became every hour more and more intermitted, till, long before mid-day, on the 28th, the garrison attempted no further resistance, than by the occasional discharge of a mortar from beneath the ramparts.

I have said, that, by sun-set on the 29th, the old breach was reduced to its former dilapidated state, and a new and a more promising one effected. It will be necessary to describe, with greater accuracy than I have yet done, the situation and actual state of these breaches. The point selected by Sir Thomas Graham as most exposed, and offering the best mark to his breaching artillery, was that side of the town which looked towards the river. Here there was no ditch, nor any glacis, the waters of the Gurumea flowing so close to the foot of the wall, as to render the one useless, and the other impracticable. The rampart itself was consequently bare to the fire of our batteries, and as it rose to a considerable height, perhaps twenty or thirty feet above the plain, there was every probability of its soon giving way to the shock of the battering guns. But the consistency of that wall is hardly to be imagined by those who have never beheld it. It seemed, indeed, as if it were formed of one solid rock; and hence, the breach, which, to the eye of one who examined it only from without, appeared at once capacious and easy of ascent, proved, when attacked, to be no more than a partial dilapidation of the exterior face of the masonry. Nor was this all. The rampart gave way, not in numerous small fragments, such as might

afford a safe and easy footing to those who were to ascend, but in huge masses, which, rolling down like crags from the face of a precipice, served to impede the advance of the column, almost as effectually as if they had not fallen at all. The two breaches were about a stone's-throw apart, the one from the other. Both were commanded by the guns of the castle, and both were flanked by projections in the town wall. Yet such was the path by which our troops must proceed, if any attempt should be made to carry the place by assault. That this attempt would be made, and that it certainly would be made on the morrow, every man in the camp was perfectly aware. The tide promised to answer about noon; and noon was accordingly fixed upon as the time of attack, and the question, therefore, was, who by the morrow's noon would be alive, and who would not. Whilst this surmise very naturally occupied the minds of the troops in general, a few more daring spirits were at work, devising means for furthering the intended assault, and securing its success. Conspicuous among these was Major Snodgrass, an officer belonging to the 52d British Regiment, but who commanded on the present occasion, a battalion of Portuguese. Up to the present night, only one ford, and that at some little distance from both breaches, had been discovered. By examining the stream, as minutely as it could be examined by a telescope, and from a distance, Major Snodgrass had conceived the idea, that there must be another ford, so far above the one already known, as to carry those, who should cross by it, at once to the foot of the smaller breach. Though the moon was in her first quarter, and gave a very considerable light, he devoted the whole of the night of the 30th to a personal trial of the river; and he found it, as he expected to find it, fordable at low water immediately opposite to the smaller breach. By this ford he accordingly crossed, the water reaching somewhat above his waist. Nor was he contented with having ascertained this fact; he clambered up the face of the breach at midnight, gained its summit, and looked down upon the town. How he contrived to elude the vigilance of the French sentinels I know not; but that he did elude them, and that he performed the gallant act which I have just recorded, is familiarly known to all who served at the

siege of St. Sebastian's. So passed the night of the 30th, a night of deep anxiety to many, and of high excitement to all; and many a will was made, as soldiers make their wills, before morning. About an hour before day, the troops were, as usual, under arms—and then the final orders were given for the assault. The division was to enter the trenches about ten o'clock, in what is called light marching order; that is, leaving their knapsacks, blankets, &c. behind, and carrying with them only their arms and ammunition; and the forlorn hope was to prepare to move forward, as soon as the tide should appear sufficiently low to permit their crossing the river. This post was assigned to certain detachments of volunteers, who had come down from the various divisions of the main army, for the purpose of assisting in the assault of the place. These were to be followed by the 1st, or royal regiment of foot; that by the 4th; that by the 9th, and it again by the 47th; whilst several corps of Portuguese were to remain behind as a reserve; and to act as circumstances should require, for the support or cover of the assaulting brigades. Such were the orders issued at day-break on the 30th of August, and these orders, all who heard them cheerfully prepared to obey.

It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the morning of the 31st rose darkly and gloomily, as if the elements themselves had been aware of the approaching conflict, and were determined to add to its awfulness by their disorder. A close and oppressive heat pervaded the atmosphere, whilst lowering and sulphureous clouds covered the face of the sky, and hindered the sun from darting upon us one intervening ray, from morning till night. A sort of preternatural stillness, too, was in the air; the birds were silent in the groves; the very dogs and horses in the camp, and cattle on the hill side, gazed in apparent alarm about them. As the day passed on, and the hour of attack drew near, the clouds gradually collected into one black mass, directly over the devoted city; and almost at the instant when our troops began to march into the trenches, the storm burst forth. Still, it was comparatively mild in its effects. An occasional flash of lightning, succeeded by a burst of thunder, was all of it which we felt, though this was enough to divert our at-

tention. The forlorn hope took its station at the mouth of the most advanced trench, about half-past ten o'clock. The tide, which had long turned, was now fast ebbing, and these gallant fellows beheld its departure with a degree of feverish anxiety, such as he only can imagine, who has stood in a similar situation. This was the first time that a town was stormed by daylight since the commencement of the war, and the storming party were enabled distinctly to perceive the preparations which were making for their reception. There was, therefore, something not only interesting but novel, in beholding the muzzles of the enemy's cannon, from the castle and other batteries, turned in such a direction as to flank the breaches; whilst the glancing of bayonets, and the occasional rise of caps and feathers, gave notice of the line of infantry which was forming underneath the parapet. There an officer could, from time to time, be distinguished, leaning his telescope over the top of the rampart, or through the opening of an embrasure, and prying with deep attention into our arrangements. Nor were our own officers, particularly those of the engineers, idle. With the greatest coolness they exposed themselves to a dropping fire of musketry which the enemy at intervals kept up, whilst they examined and re-examined the state of the breaches—a procedure which cost the life of as brave and experienced a soldier as that distinguished corps has produced. I allude to Sir Richard Fletcher, chief engineer to the army, who was shot through the head only a few minutes before the column advanced to the assault.

It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader any thing like a correct notion of the state of feeling which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move upon leaden wings; every minute seems an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange commingling of levity and seriousness within him—a levity which prompts him to laugh, he scarce knows why; and a seriousness which urges him ever and anon to lift up a mental prayer to the Throne of Grace. On such occasions, little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean upon their firelocks—the officers upon their swords; and few words, except monosyllables, at

least in answer to questions put, are wasted. On these occasions, too, the faces of the bravest often change colour, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear, but with anxiety; whilst watches are consulted, till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of the employment. On the whole, it is a situation of higher excitement, and darker and deeper agitation, than any other in human life; nor can he be said to have felt all which man is capable of feeling, who has not filled it.

Noon had barely passed, when the low state of the tide giving evidence that the river might be forded, the word was given to advance. Silent as the grave, the column moved forward. In one instant the leading files had cleared the trenches, and the others poured on in quick succession after them, when the work of death began. The enemy having reserved their fire till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream, then opened with the most deadly effect. Grape, canister, musketry, shells, grenades, and every species of missile, were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which our gallant fellows dropped like corn before the reaper; insomuch, that in the space of two minutes, the river was literally choked up with the bodies of the killed and wounded, over whom without discrimination, the advancing divisions pressed on. The opposite bank was soon gained, and the short space between the landing-place and the foot of the breach rapidly cleared, without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. But here the most alarming prospect awaited them. Instead of a wide and tolerably level chasm, the breach presented the appearance only of an ill-built wall, thrown considerably from its perpendicular; to ascend which, even though unopposed, would be no easy task. It was, however, too late to pause; besides, the men's blood was hot, and their courage on fire; so they pressed on, clambering up as they best could, and effectually hindering one another from falling back, by the eagerness of the rear-ranks to follow those in front. Shouts and groans were now mingled with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry; our front-ranks likewise had an opportunity of occasionally firing with effect; and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful. At length the head of the column forced its

way to the summit of the breach, where it was met in the most gallant style by the bayonets of the garrison. When I say the summit of the breach, I mean not to assert that our soldiers stood upon a level with their enemies, for this was not the case. There was a high step, perhaps two or three feet in length, which the assailants must surmount before they could gain the same ground with the defenders, and a very considerable period elapsed ere that step was surmounted. Here bayonet met bayonet, and sabre met sabre, in close and desperate strife, without the one party being able to advance, or the other succeeding in driving them back. Things had continued in this state for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Snodgrass, at the head of the 13th Portuguese regiment, dashed across the river by his own ford, and assaulted the lesser breach. This attack was made in the most cool and determined manner; but here, too, the obstacles were almost insurmountable; nor is it probable that the place would have been carried at all, but for a measure adopted by General Graham, such as has never perhaps been adopted before. Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, he had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our own artillery to fire upon the breach. Nothing could be more exact or beautiful than this practice. Though our men stood only about two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries struck amongst them, whilst all told with fearful exactness among the enemy.

This fire had been kept up only a very few minutes, when all at once an explosion took place, such as drowned every other noise, and apparently confounded, for an instant, the combatants on both sides. A shell from one of our mortars had exploded near the train, which communicated with a quantity of gunpowder placed under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring as soon as our troops should have made good their footing, or established themselves on the summit; but the fortunate accident just mentioned, anticipated them. It exploded whilst three hundred grenadiers, the *elite* of the garrison, stood over it, and instead of sweeping the storming party into eternity, it only cleared a way for their advance. It was a spectacle as appalling

and grand as the imagination can conceive, the sight of that explosion. The noise was more awful than any which I have ever heard before or since ; whilst a bright flash, instantly succeeded by a smoke so dense, as to obscure all vision, produced an effect upon those who witnessed it, such as no powers of language are adequate to describe. Such, indeed, was the effect of the whole occurrence, that for perhaps half a minute after, not a shot was fired on either side. Both parties stood still to gaze upon the havoc which had been produced ; insomuch, that a whisper might have caught your ear for a distance of several yards. The state of stupefaction into which they were at first thrown, did not, however, last long with the British troops. As the smoke and dust of the ruins cleared away, they beheld before them a space empty of defenders, and they instantly rushed forward to occupy it. Uttering an appalling shout, the troops sprang over the dilapidated parapet, and the rampart was their own. Now then began all those maddening scenes, which are witnessed only in a successful storm, of flight, and slaughter, and parties rallying only to be broken and dispersed ; till, finally, having cleared the works to the right and left, the soldiers poured down into the town. To reach the streets, they were obliged to leap about fifteen feet, or to make their way through the burning houses which joined the wall. Both courses were adopted, according as different parties were guided in their pursuit of the flying enemy, and here again the battle was renewed. The French fought with desperate courage ; they were literally driven from house to house, and street to street, nor was it till a late hour in the evening that all opposition on their part ceased. Then, however, the governor, with little more than a thousand men, retired into the castle ; whilst another detachment, of perhaps two hundred, shut themselves up in a convent.

As soon as the fighting began to wax faint, the horrors of plunder and rapine succeeded. Fortunately, there were few females in the place ; but of the fate of the few which were there, I cannot even now think without a shudder. The houses were everywhere ransacked, the furniture wantonly broken, the churches profaned, the images dashed to pieces ; wine and spirit cellars were broken open, and

the troops, heated already with angry passions, became absolutely mad by intoxication. All order and discipline were abandoned. The officers had no longer the slightest control over their men, who, on the contrary, controlled the officers ; nor is it by any means certain, that several of the latter did not fall by the hands of the former, when they vainly attempted to bring them back to a sense of subordination.

Night had now set in, but the darkness was effectually dispelled by the glare from burning houses, which, one after another, took fire. The morning of the 31st had risen upon St. Sebastian's, as neat and regularly built a town as any in Spain ; long before midnight, it was one sheet of flame ; and by noon on the following day, little remained of it, except its smoking ashes. The houses, being lofty like those in the old town of Edinburgh, and the streets straight and narrow, the fire flew from one to another with extraordinary rapidity. At first, some attempts were made to extinguish it ; but these soon proved useless, and then the only matter to be considered, was, how personally to escape its violence. Many a migration was accordingly effected from house to house, till, at last, houses enough to shelter all could no longer be found, and the streets became the place of rest to the majority. The spectacle which these presented was truly shocking. A strong light falling upon them from the burning houses, disclosed crowds of dead, dying, and intoxicated men, huddled indiscriminately together. Carpets, rich tapestry, beds, curtains, wearing apparel, and everything valuable to persons in common life, were carelessly scattered about upon the bloody pavement, whilst ever and anon fresh bundles of these were thrown from the windows above. Here you would see a drunken fellow whirling a string of watches round his head, and then dashing them against the wall ; there another more provident stuffing his bosom with such smaller articles as he most prized. Next would come a party, rolling a cask of wine or spirits before them, with loud acclamations ; which in an instant was tapped, and in an incredibly short space of time emptied of its contents. Then the ceaseless hum of conversation, the occasional laugh, and wild shout of intoxication, the pitiable cries, or

deep moans of the wounded, and the uninterrupted roar of the flames, produced altogether such a concert, as no man who listened to it can ever forget. Of these various noises, the greater number began gradually to subside, as night passed on; and long before dawn there was a fearful silence. Sleep had succeeded inebriety with the bulk of the army,—of the poor wretches who groaned and shrieked three hours ago, many had expired; and the very fire had almost wasted itself by consuming everything upon which it could feed. Nothing, therefore, could now be heard, except an occasional faint moan, scarcely distinguishable from the heavy breathing of the sleepers; and even that was soon heard no more.

The Subaltern.

LOUGHRIG TARN.

Thou guardian Naiad of this little Lake,
Whose banks in unprofaned Nature sleep,
(And that in waters lone and beautiful
Dwell spirits radiant as the homes they love,
Have poets still believed) O surely blest
Beyond all genii of wood or wave,
Or sylphs that in the shooting sunbeams dwell,
Art thou! yea, happier even than summer-cloud
Beloved by air and sky, and floating slow
O'er the still bosom of upholding heaven.

Beauteous as blest, O Naiad, thou must be!
For, since thy birth, have all delightful things,
Of form and hue, of silence and of sound,
Circled thy spirit, as the crowding stars
Shine round the placid Moon. Lov'st thou to sink
Into thy cell of sleep? The water parts
With dimpling smiles around thee, and below,
The unsunn'd verdure, soft as cygnet's down,
Meets thy descending feet without a sound.
Lov'st thou to sport upon the watery gleam?
Lucid as air around, thy head it lies
Bathing thy sable locks in pearly light,
While, all around, the water lilies strive
To shower their blossoms o'er the virgin queen.
Or doth the shore allure thee?—well it may:
How soft these fields of pastoral beauty melt
In the clear water! neither sand nor stone
Bars herb or wild-flower from the dewy sound,
Like Spring's own voice now rippling round the
Tarn.

There oft thou liest 'mid the echoing bleat;
Of lambs, that race amid the sunny gleams;
Or bee's wide murmur as it fills the broom
That yellows round thy bed. O gentle glades,
Amid the tremulous verdure of the woods,
In steadfast smiles of more essential light,
Lying, like azure streaks of placid sky

I.

Amid the moving clouds, the Naiad loves
Your glimmering alleys, and your rustling bowers;
For there, in peace reclined, her half-closed eye
Through the long vista sees her darling Lake
Even like herself, diffused in fair repose.

Not undelightful to the quiet breast
Such solitary dreams as now have fill'd
My busy fancy; dreams that rise in peace,
And thither lead; partaking in their flight
Of human interests and earthly joys.
Imagination fondly leans on truth,
And sober scenes of dim reality
To her seem lovely as the western sky
To the rapt Persian worshipping the sun.
Methinks this little lake, to whom my heart
Assigned a guardian spirit, renders back
To me, in tenderest gleams of gratitude,
Profounder beauty to reward my hymn.

Long hast thou been a darling haunt of mine,
And still warm blessings gush'd into my heart
Meeting or parting with thy smiles of peace.
But now, thy mild and gentle character,
More deeply felt than ever, seems to blend
Its essence pure with mine, like some sweet tune
Oft heard before with pleasure, but at last,
In one high moment of inspired bliss,
Borne through the spirit like an angel's song.

This is the solitude that reason loves!
Even he who yearns for human sympathies,
And hears a music in the breath of man,
Dearer than voice of mountain or of flood,
Might live a hermit here, and mark the sun
Rising or setting 'mid the beauteous calm,
Devoutly blending in his happy soul
Thoughts both of earth and heaven!—Yon mountain-side,

Rejoicing in its clustering cottages,
Appears to me a paradise preserved
From guilt by Nature's hand, and every wreath
Of smoke, that from these hamlets mounts to
heaven,

In its straight silence holy as a spire
Rear'd o'er the house of God.

Thy sanctity
Time yet hath revered; and I deeply feel
That innocence her shrine shall here preserve
For ever.—The wild vale that lies beyond,
Circled by mountains trod up by the feet
Of venturous shepherd, from all visitants,
Save the free tempests and the fowls of heaven,
Guards thee;—and wooded knolls fantastical
Seclude thy image from the gentler dale,
That by the Brathay's often-varied voice
Cheer'd as it winds along, in beauty fades
'Mid the green banks of joyful Windermere!

O gentlest Lake! from all unhallow'd things
By grandeur guarded in thy loveliness,
Ne'er may the poet with unwelcome feet
Press thy soft moss embathed in flowery dyes,
And shadow'd in thy stillness like the heavens.
May innocence for ever lead me here,
To form amid the silence high resolves
For future life; resolves, that, born in peace,
Shall live 'mid tumult, and though haply mild
As infants in their play, when brought to bear
On the world's business, shall assert their power
And majesty—and lead me boldly on
Like giants conquering in a noble cause.

This is a holy faith, and full of cheer,

G

To all who worship Nature, that the hours,
 Pass'd tranquilly with her, fade not away
 For ever like the clouds, but in the soul
 Possess a sacred, silent, dwelling-place,
 Where with a smiling visage memory sits,
 And startles oft the virtuous, with a show
 Of unsuspected treasures. Yea, sweet Lake!
 Oft hast thou borne into my grateful heart
 Thy lovely presence, with a thousand dreams
 Dancing and brightening o'er thy sunny wave,
 Though many a dreary mile of mist and snow
 Between us interposed. And even now,
 When yon bright star hath risen to warn me home,
 I bid thee farewell in the certain hope,
 That thou, this night, wilt o'er my sleeping eyes
 Shed cheering visions, and with freshest joy
 Make me salute the dawn. Nor may the hymn
 Now sung by me unto thy listening woods,
 Be wholly vain,—But haply it may yield
 A gentle pleasure to some gentle heart,
 Who blessing, at its close, the unknown bard,
 May, for his sake, upon thy quiet banks
 Frame visions of his own, and other songs
 More beautiful to Nature and to Thee!

JOHN WILSON.

JOHN BROWN.

JOHN BROWN, the Ayr, or as he was more commonly designated by the neighbours, the Religious Carrier, had been absent, during the month of January, (1685) from his home in the neighbourhood of Muirkirk, for several days. The weather, in the meantime, had become extremely stormy, and a very considerable fall of snow had taken place. His only daughter, a girl of about eleven years of age, had frequently, during the afternoon of Saturday, looked out from the cottage door into the drift, in order to report to her mother, who was occupied with the nursing of an infant brother, the anxious occurrences of the evening. "Help," too, the domestic cur, had not remained an uninterested spectator of the general anxiety, but by several fruitless and silent excursions into the night, had given indisputable testimony that the object of his search had not yet neared the solitary shieling. It was a long, and a wild road, lying over an almost trackless muir, along which John Brown had to come; and the cart track, which even in better weather, and with the advantage of more day-light, might easily be mistaken, had, undoubtedly, ere this, become invisible. Besides, John had long been a marked bird, having

rendered himself obnoxious to the "Powers that were," by his adherence to the Sanguhar declaration, his attending field-preachings, or, as they were termed, "Conventicles," his harbouring of persecuted ministers, and above all, by a moral, a sober, and a proverbially devout and religious conduct. In an age, when immorality was held to be synonymous with loyalty, and irreligion with non-resistance and passive obedience, it was exceedingly dangerous to wear such a character; and, accordingly, there had not been wanting information to the prejudice of this quiet and godly man. Clavers, who, ever since the affair of Drumclog, had discovered more of the merciless and revengeful despot, than of the veteran or hero, had marked his name, according to report, in his black list; and when once Clavers had taken his resolution and his measures, the Lord have mercy upon those against whom these were pointed. He seldom hesitated in carrying his plans into effect, although his path lay over the trampled and lacerated feelings of humanity. Omens, too, of an unfriendly and evil-boding import, had not been wanting in the cottage of John Brown to increase the alarm. The cat had mewed suspiciously, had appeared restless, and had continued to glare in hideous indication from beneath the kitchen bed. The death-watch, which had not been noticed since the decease of the gudeman's mother, was again, in the breathless pause of listening suspense, heard to chink distinctly; and the cock, instead of crowing, as, on ordinary occasions, immediately before day-dawn, had originated a sudden and an alarming flap of his wings, succeeded by a fearful scream, long before the usual bed-time. It was a gloomy crisis; and after a considerable time spent in dark and despairing reflection, the evening lamp was at last trimmed, and the peat-fire repaired into something approaching to a cheerful flame. But all would not do; for whilst the soul within is disquieted and in suspense, all external means and appliances are inadequate to procure comfort, or impart even an air of cheerfulness. At last "Help" suddenly lifted his head from the hearth, shook his ears, sprung to his feet, and with something betwixt a growl and a bark, rushed towards the door, at which the "yird drift" was now entering copiously. It was, however,

a false alarm. The cow had moved beyond the "hallan," or the mice had come into sudden contact and squeaked behind the rafters. John, too, it was reasoned betwixt mother and daughter, was always so regular and pointed in his arrivals, and this being Saturday night, it was not a little or an insignificant obstruction which could have prevented him from being home, in due time, at least, for family-worship. His cart, in fact, had usually been pitched up with the trams supported against the peat-stack, by two o'clock of the afternoon; and the evening of his arrival from his weekly excursion to Ayr, was always an occasion of affectionate intercourse, and more than ordinary interest. Whilst his disconsolate wife, therefore, turned her eyes towards her husband's chair, and to the family Bible, which lay in a "bole" within reach of his hand, and at the same time listened to the howling and intermitting gusts of the storm, she could not avoid, it was not in nature that she should, contrasting her present with her former situation; thus imparting even to objects of the most kindly and comforting association, all the livid and darkening hues of her disconsolate mind. But there is a depth and a reach in true and genuine piety, which the plummet of sorrow may never measure. True religion sinks into the heart as the refreshing dew does into the chinks and the crevices of the dry and parched soil; and the very fissures of affliction, the cleavings of the soul, present a more ready and inviting, as well as efficient access, to the softening influence of piety.

This poor woman began gradually to think less of danger, and more of God, to consider as a set-off against all her fruitless uneasiness, the vigilance and benevolence of that powerful Being, to whom, and to whose will, the elements, in all their combinations and relations, are subservient; and having quieted her younger child in the cradle, and intimated her intention by a signal to her daughter, she proceeded to take down the family Bible, and to read out in a soft, and subdued, but most devout and impressive voice, the following lines:—

"I waited for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear;—
At length to me he did incline,
My voice and cry to hear!"

These two solitary worshippers of Him whose eyes are on the just, and whose ear is open to their cry, had proceeded to the beginning of the fourth verse of this psalm, and were actually employed in singing with an increased and increasing degree of fervour and devotion, the following trustful and consolatory expressions—

"Oh blessed is the man, whose trust
Upon the Lord relies,"

when the symphony of another and a well-known voice was felt to be present, and they became at once assured that the beloved object of their solicitude had joined them, unseen and unperceived, in the worship. This was felt by all to be as it ought to have been; nor did the natural and instinctive desire to accommodate the weary and snow-covered traveller with such conveniences and appliances as his present condition manifestly demanded, prevent the psalm-singing from going on, and the service from being finished with all suitable decency. Having thus, in the first instance, rendered thanks unto God, and blessed and magnified that mercy which pervades, and directs, and overrules, every agent in nature, no time was lost in attending to the secondary objects of inquiry and manifestation; and the kind heart overflowed, whilst the tongue and the hand were busied in "answer meet," and "in accommodation suitable."

In all the wide range of Scotland's muirs and mountains, straths and glens, there was not to be found this evening a happier family than that over which John Brown, the religious carrier, now presided. The affectionate inquires and solicitous attentions of his wife, of his partner trusty and tried, not only under the cares and duties of life,—but in the faith, in the bonds of the Covenant, and in all that similarity of sentiment and apprehension upon religious subjects, without which no matrimonial union can possibly ensure happiness,—were deeply felt and fully appreciated. They two had sat together in the "Torwood," listening to the free and fearless accents of excommunication, as they rolled in dire and in blasting destiny from the half-inspired lips of the learned and intrepid Mr. Donald Cargill. They had, at the risk of their lives, har-

boured for a season, and enjoyed the comfortable communion and fellowship of Mr. Richard Cameron, immediately previous to his death in the unfortunate rencounter at "Airmoss." They had followed into and out through the shire of Ayr, the zealous and eloquent Mr. John King, and that even in spite of the interdict of council, and after that a price had been set upon the preacher's head. Their oldest child had been baptized by a presbyterian and ejected minister under night, and in the midst of a wreath of snow, and the youngest was still awaiting the arrival of an approved servant of God, to receive the same sanctified ordinance. And if at times a darker thought passed suddenly across the disk of their sunny hearts, and if the cause of a poor persecuted remnant, the interests of a reformed, and suffering, and bleeding church, supervened in cloud upon the general quietude and acquiescence of their souls, this was instantly relieved and dispersed by a deeper, and more sanctified, and more trustful tone of feeling. Whilst amidst the twilight beams of prophecy, and the invigorating exercise of faith, the heart was disciplined and habituated into hope, and reliance, and assurance! And if at times the halloo, and the yells, and the clatter of persecution, were heard upon the hill-side, or up the glen, where the Covenanters' cave was discovered, and five honest men were butchered under a sunny morning, and in cold blood,—and if the voice of Clavers, or of his immediate deputy in the work of bloody oppression, "Red Rob," came occasionally in the accents of vindictive exclamation, upon the breeze of evening; yet hitherto the humble "COTTAGE IN THE MUIR" had escaped notice, and the tread and tramp of man and horse had passed mercifully, and almost miraculously by. The general current of events closed in upon such occasional sources of agitation and alarm, leaving the house in the muir in possession of all that domestic happiness, and even quietude, which its retirement and its inmates were calculated to ensure and to participate.

Early next morning, the cottage of John Brown was surrounded by a troop of dragoons, with Clavers at their head. John, who had probably a presentiment of what might happen, urged his wife and daughter to remain within doors, insist-

ing that as the soldiers were, in all likelihood, in search of some other individual, he should soon be able to dismiss them. By this time the noise, occasioned by the trampling and neighing of horses, commingled with the hoarse and husky laugh and vociferations of the dragoons, had brought John, half-dressed and in his night-cap, to the door. Clavers immediately accosted him by name; and in a manner peculiar to himself, intended for something betwixt the expression of fun and irony, he proceeded to make inquiries respecting one "Samuel Aitkin, a godly man, and a minister of the word, one outrageously addicted to prayer, and occasionally found with the sword of the flesh in one hand, and that of the spirit in the other, disseminating sedition, and propagating disloyalty amongst his majesty's lieges." John admitted at once that the worthy person referred to was not unknown to him, asserting, however, at the same time, that of his present residence or place of hiding, he was not free to speak.—"No doubt, no doubt," rejoined the questioner; "you, to be sure, know nothing!—how should you all innocence and ignorance as you are? But here is a little chip of the old block, which may probably recollect better, and save us the trouble of blowing out her father's brains, just by way of making him remember a little more accurately." "You, my little farthing rush-light," continued "Red Rob,"* alighting from his horse, and seizing the girl rudely and with prodigious force by the wrists,—“you remember an old man with a long beard, and a bald head, who was here a few days ago, baptizing your sister, and giving many good advices to father and mother, and who is now within a few miles of this house, just up in a nice snug cave in the glen there, to which you can readily and instantly conduct us, you know?” The girl looked first at her mother, who had now advanced into the door way, then at her father, and latterly drooped her head, and continued to preserve a complete

* "Red Rob," the "Bothwell," probably, of "Old Mortality," was, in fact, the right-hand man of Clavers on all occasions, and has caused himself long to be remembered amidst the peasantry of the West of Scotland, not only by the dragoon's red cloak which he wore, but still more by his hands, crimsoned in the blood of his countrymen!

silence. "And so," continued the questioner, "you are dumb; you cannot speak; your tongue is a little obstinate or so, and you must not tell family secrets.—But what think you, my little chick, of speaking with your fingers, of having a pat, and a proper, and a pertinent answer just ready, my love, at your finger ends, as one may say. As the Lord lives, and as my soul lives, but this will make a dainty nosegay" (displaying a thumbikin or finger-screw) "for my sweet little Covenanter; and then" (applying the instrument of torture, meanwhile, and adjusting it to the thumb) "you will have no manner of trouble whatever in recollecting yourself; it will just come to you like the lug of a stoup, and don't knit your brows so," (for the pain had become insufferable) "then we shall have you quite chatty and amusing, I warrant." The mother, who could stand this no longer, rushed upon the brutal executioner, and with expostulations, threats, and the most impassioned entreaties, endeavoured to relax the questioner's twist. "Can you, mistress, recollect any thing of this man we are in quest of?" resumed Clavers, haughtily—"It may save us *both* some trouble, and your daughter a continuance and increase of her present suffering, if you will just have the politeness to make us acquainted with what you happen to know upon the subject." The poor woman seemed for an instant to hesitate; and her daughter looked most piteously and distractedly into her countenance, as if expectant and desirous of respite, through her mother's compliance. "Woman!" exclaimed the husband, in a tone of indignant surprise, "hast thou so soon forgot thy God? and shall the fear of any thing which man can do, induce thee to betray innocent blood?" He said no more; but he had said enough, for from that instant the whole tone of his wife's feelings was changed, and her soul was wound up, as if by the hand of Omnipotence, into resolution and daring. "Bravo!" exclaimed the arch Persecutor, "Bravo! old Canticles, thou word'st it well; and so you three pretty innocents have laid your holy heads together, and you have resolved to die, should it so please God and us, with a secret in your breast, and a lie in your mouth, like the rest of your psalm-singing, hypocritical, canting sect, rather than discover guid Mr. Aitkin!—pious

Mr. Aitkin!—worthy Mr. Aitkin!—But we shall try what light this little telescope of mine will afford upon the subject," pointing at the same time to a carabine or holster pistol, which hung suspended from the saddle of his horse. "This cold frosty morning requires that one," continued Clavers, "should be employed, were it for no other purpose than just to gain heat by the exercise. And so, old Pragmatical, in order that you may not catch cold by so early an exposure to the keen air, we will take the liberty," (hereupon the whole troop gathered round, and presented muskets) "for the benefit of society, and for the honour and safety of the King,—never to speak of the glory of God and the good of souls,—simply and unceremoniously, and in the neatest and most expeditious manner imaginable, to *blow out your brains.*" John Brown dropt down instantly, and as it were instinctively, upon his knees, whilst his wife stood by in seeming composure,—and his daughter had happily become insensible to all external objects and transactions whatever—"What!" exclaimed Clavers, "and so you must pray too, to be sure, and we shall have a last speech and a dying testimony lifted up in the presence of peat stacks, and clay walls, and snow wreaths; but as these are pretty staunch and confirmed loyalists, I do not care though we intrust you with five minutes of devotional exercise, provided you steer clear of King, Council, and Richard Cameron—so proceed, good John, but be short and pithy.—My Lambs are not accustomed to long prayers, nor will they readily soften under the pathetic whining of your devotions." But in this last surmise Clavers was for once mistaken; for the prayer of this poor and uneducated man ascended that morning in expressions at once so earnest, so devout, and so overpoweringly pathetic, that deep silence succeeded at last to oaths and ribaldry; and as the following concluding sentences were pronounced, there were evident marks of better and relenting feelings.—"And now, guid Lord," continued this death-doomed and truly Christian sufferer, "since thou hast nae mair use for thy servant in this world, and since it is thy good and rightful pleasure, that I should serve thee better and love thee more elsewhere, I leave this puir widow woman, with the helpless and fatherless

children, upon thy hands. We have been happy in each other here, and now that we are to part for a while, we maun e'en look forward to a more perfect and enduring happiness hereafter. And as for the pair blind-folded and infatuated creatures, the present ministers of thy will, Lord reclaim them from the error and the evil of their courses ere it be too late; and may they who have sat in judgment and in oppression in this lonely place, and on this blessed morning, and upon a pair, weak, defenceless fellow-creature, find that mercy at last from thee which they have this day refused to thy unworthy but faithful servant.—Now, Isabel," continued this defenceless and amiable Martyr, "the time is come at last, of which, you know, I told you on that day, when first I proposed to unite hand and heart with yours; and are you willing, for the love of God and his rightful authority, to part with me thus?" To which the poor woman replied, with perfect composure, "The Lord gave, and he taketh away. I have had a sweet loan of you, my dear John, and I can part with you for his sake, as freely as ever I parted with a mouthful of meat to the hungry, or a night's lodging to the weary and benighted traveller." So saying, she approached her still kneeling and blind-folded husband, clasped him round the neck, kissed and embraced him closely, and then lifting up her person into an attitude of determined endurance, and eyeing from head to foot every soldier who stood with his carbine levelled, she retired slowly and firmly to the spot which she had formerly occupied. "Come, come, let's have no more of this whining work," interrupted Clavers suddenly. "Soldiers! do your duty."—But the words fell upon a circle of statues; and though they all stood with their muskets presented, there was not a finger which had power to draw the fatal trigger. There ensued an awful pause, through which a "God Almighty bless your tender hearts," was heard coming from the lips of the now agitated and almost distracted wife. But Clavers was not in the habit of giving his orders twice, or of expostulating with disobedience. So extracting a pistol from the holster of his saddle, he primed and cocked it, and then walking firmly and slowly up through the circle close to the ear of his victim * * *

* * * * *

There was a momentary murmur of discontent and of disapprobation amongst the men as they looked upon the change which a single awful instant had effected; and even "Red Rob," though a covenanting slug still stuck smartingly in his shoulder, had the hardihood to mutter, loud enough to be heard, "By God, this is too bad." The widow of John Brown gave one, and but one shriek of horror as the fatal engine exploded; and then, addressing herself leisurely, as if to the discharge of some ordinary domestic duty, she began to unfold a napkin from her neck. "What think ye, good woman, of your bonny man now?" vociferated Clavers, returning, at the same time, the pistol, with a plunge, into the holster from which it had been extracted.—"I had always good reason," replied the woman, firmly and deliberately, "to think weel of him, and I think mair o' him now than ever. But how will Graham of Claverhouse account to God and man for this morning's work?" continued the respondent firmly.—"To man," answered the ruffian, "I can be answerable; and as to God, I will take him in my own hands." He then marched off, and left her with the corpse. She spread the napkin leisurely upon the snow, gathered up the scattered fragments of her husband's head, covered his body with a plaid, and sitting down with her youngest and yet unbaptized infant, wept bitterly.

The cottage, and the kail-yard, and the peat-stack, and the whole little establishment of John Brown, the religious carrier, have long disappeared from the heath and the muir; but the little spot, within one of the windings of the burn, where the "House in the Muir" stood, is still green, amidst surrounding heath; and in the very centre of that spot there lies a slab, or flat stone, now almost covered over with grass, upon which, with a little clearing away of the moss from the faded characters, the following rude but expressive lines may still be read:—

"Clavers might murder godly Brown,
But could not rob him of his crown;
Here in this place from earth he took departure,
Now he has got the garland of the Martyr."

AMELIA WENTWORTH.

SCENE I. A Room.

WENTWORTH, AMELIA.

Amel. You have determined then on sending Charles

To India?

Went. Yes.

Amel. Poor boy! he looks so sad and pale, He'll never live there. 'Tis a cruel lot At best, to leave the land that gave us birth, And sheltered us for many a pleasant year; The friends that loved us and the spots we loved, For such a distant country. He will die. Remember,—'tis Amelia's prophecy. Oh! do not be so harsh to the poor youth. Do not desert your better nature. Nay— You will not send him, Wentworth?

Went. He will sail

In twenty days.

Amel. How can you be so cruel? He shall not go.

Went. Madam, you interest Yourself too much, methinks, for this young man. His doom is settled; that be sure of.

Amel. Sir!

Went. I say your tenderness, your—folly for This boy becomes you not.

Amel. Away, away.

Went. Madam, while you are Godfrey Wentworth's wife,

These tender—friendships must be laid aside.

Oh! you can smile. By——

Amel. Mr. Wentworth, you (I must believe it) jest: you jest with me.

Went. Go on, go on: you think me quite a fool.

Woman, my eyes are open; wide awake, To you, and all my infamy. By heaven, I will not be a bye word and a mock In all the mouths of men, for any——Pshaw! I still respect your ears, you see; I——

Amel. You

Insult me, Sir.

Went. Forgive me: I indeed

Am somewhat of a prude; you'll scorn me for it. I still think women modest—in the mass.

Amel. Sir—Mr. Wentworth—you have used me ill.

Yourself you have used ill. You have forgot All—what is due to me—What to your wife. You have forgot—forgot—can I forget All that I sacrificed for you?—my youth, My home, my heart—(You know—you knew it then)

In sad obedience to my father's word? You promised to that father (how you kept That promise, now remember) you would save His age from poverty: he had been bred In splendour, and he could not bow him down, Like men who never felt the warmth of fortune. He gave me up, a victim; and I saw Myself (ah! how I shuddered) borne away By you, the Evil Angel of my life, To a portentous splendour. I became A pining bride, a wretch,—a slave to all Your host of passions; but I swore (may God Forgive me!) to love you—you, when I loved

Another, and you knew it: Yes, you knew My heart was given away, and yet you wed me. Leave me! Sir.

Went. Have you done? Woman, do you think This mummery is to work me from my purpose— My settled will? Mistress, I leave you now: But this remember, that your minion—Oh! I do not heed your frowning—your boy-love Will visit India shortly or, it may be, (You are his guide) a prison here, in England. Farewell.

Amel. Yet stay—a word more ere we quit. I do beseech you (though my wrongs are great, And my proud spirit ill can stoop to this,) You take your malediction from this youth. He is as innocent—I think he's innocent Of the least ill toward you. For me, I am Too innocent to sue; yet let me say, Since the sad hour I wed you, I have been As faithful to our cold communion, As though my heart had from the first been yours, Or you been generous after. Once more, Sir, I would implore you—for your comfort—for Your honour, and my name, to spare this boy. In the calm tone of one who has not erred I do require this of you.

Went. You but steel My heart against him. Woman, is your pleading Always as warm as now? By earth and heaven, Had I but wavered in his destiny, This would have fixed me. Seek your chamber And in your meditations think how well [now, Your name may sound (my name!) held up to scorn.

It may be worth your care. Thus long I've hid My wrath, and let you wander at your will. You have grown bold in guilt; be prudent now: Save a fair name, or I must tell the world How ill you keep your secrets. [Exit WENT.

Amel. He is gone. And I am here—oh! such a weary wretch. Oh! Father, Father, what a heart had you To cast me on the wide and bitter world, With such a friend as this! I would have toiled From the pale morning 'till the dusk of night, And lived as poorly, and smiled cheerfully, Keeping out sorrow from our cottage home. And there was one who would have loved you too, And aided with his all our wreck of fortune. You would not hear him;—and,—and did I hear His passionate petitioning, and see His scalding tears, and fling myself away Upon a wintry bosom, that held years Doubling my own. What matters it?—'tis past. I will be still myself: who's there?

[CHARLES Enters.]

Ch. 'Tis I. You are in tears?

Amel. Away. Draw down the blinds; The summer evenings now come warmly on us. Go, pluck me yonder flower.

Ch. This rose—mean you? It fills the room with perfume: 'tis as red, And rich, and almost too, as beautiful, As——

Amel. As Aurora's blushes, or my own. I see you want a simile.

Ch. You are gay. Too gay for earnest talk. Who has been here?

Amel. No one; I will not tell; I've made a vow,
And will not break it, 'till—until I'm pressed.

Ch. Then let me press you.

Amel. Silly boy, away,

Go gather me more flowers, violets.

Ch. Here let me place them in your hair.

Amel. No, no.

The violet is for poets: they are yours.

O rare! I like to see you bosom them.

Had they been golden, such as poets earned,
You might have treasured them.

Ch. They are far more

To me,—for they were yours, Amelia.

Amel. Give me the rose.

Ch. But where shall it be placed?

Amel. Why in my hand—my hair. Look! how
it blushes,

To see us both so idle. Give it me.

Where? where do ladies hide their favourite
flowers,

But in their bosoms, foolish youth. Away—

'Tis I must do it. Pshaw! how sad you look,
And how you tremble.

Ch. Dear Amelia.

Amel. Call me your mother, Charles.

Ch. My Guardian—

Amel. Ah! name him not to me. Charles, I
have been

Jesting awhile; but my dark husband's frown

Comes like a cloud upon me. You must go

Far, my dear Charles, from the one friend who
loves you:

To Hindostan.

Ch. I know it.

Amel. For myself,

I shall think of you often, my dear Charles.

Think of me sometimes. When your trumpet
sounds,

You'll recollect the coward you knew once,

Over the seas in England?

Ch. Spare my heart.

Amel. I do not think you have a heart: 'tis
buried.

Ch. Amelia, Oh! Amelia, will you never

Know the poor heart that breaks and bursts for

Oh! do not take it ill; but now believe [you?

How fond, and true, and faithful—

Amel. Is this jest?

You act well, Sir; or—but if it be true,

Then what am I?

Ch. Oh! by these burning tears;

By all my haunted days and wakeful nights,

Oh! by yourself I swear, dearest of all,

I love—love you, my own Amelia!

Once I will call you so. Do—do not scorn me,

And blight my youth—I do not ask for love;

I dare not. Trample not upon my heart,

My untouched heart—I gave it all to you,

Without a spot of care or sorrow on it.

My spirit became yours—I worshipped you,

And for your sake in silence. Say but once

You hate me not, for this—Speak, speak!

Amel. Alas!

Ch. Weep not for me, my gentle love. You said

Your husband threatened you. Come, then, to me;

I have a shelter and a heart for you,

Where, ever and for ever you shall reign.

Amelia, dear Amelia! speak a word

Of kindness and consenting to me—Speak!

If but a word, or though it be not kindness:

Speak hope, doubt, fear,—but not despair; Or say

That some day you may love, or that if ever

Your cruel husband dies, you'll think of me;

Or that you wish me happy,—or that perhaps

Your heart—nay speak to me, Amelia.

Amel. Is then your love so deep?

Ch. So deep? It is

Twined with my life: It is my life—my food—

The natural element wherein I breathe—

My madness—my heart's madness—it is all

—Oh! what a picture have I raised upon

My sandy wishes. I have thought at times

That you and I in some far distant country

Might live together, blessing and beloved;

And I have shaped such plans of happiness,

For us and all around us, (you indeed

Ever the sweet superior spirit there,)

That were you always—Fair Amelia,

You listen with a melancholy smile?

Amel. Let me hear all: 'tis fit I should hear all.

Alas, Alas!

Ch. Weep not for me, my love.

I—I am nought: not worth a single tear:

I will depart—or may I kiss away

Those drops of rain? Well, well, I will not pain

And yet—Oh! what a paradise is love: [you.

Secure, requited love. I will not go:

Or we will go together. There are haunts

For young and happy spirits: You and I

Will thither fly, and dwell beside some stream

That runs in music 'neath the Indian suns,

Aye, some sweet island still shall be our home,

Where fruits and flowers are born through all the

year,

And Summer, Autumn, Spring, are ever young,

Where Winter comes not, and where nought

But Nature in her beauty revelling. [abides

You shall be happy, sweet Amelia,

At last; and I—it is too much to think of.

Forgive me while I look upon thee now,

And swear to thee by Love, and Night, and all

The gliding hours of soft and starry Night,

Hew much—how absolutely I am thine.

My pale and gentle beauty—what a heart

Had he to wrong thee, or upbraid thee! He

Was guilty—nay, nay: look not so.

Amel. I have

Been guilty of a cruel act toward you.

Charles, I indeed am guilty. When to-day

My husband menaced me, and told me of

Public and broad disgrace, it met my scorn:

But have I, my poor youth, been so unkind

To you, as not to see this—love before?

Charles, I have driven you from your early home;

I see it now: I only—hate me for it.

Ch. I'll love you, like bright heaven. The
fixed stars

Shall never be so constant. I am all

Your own. Not sin, nor sorrow, nor the grave,

Not the cold, hollow grave shall chill my love:

It will survive beyond the bounds of death,

The spirit of the shadow which may there

Perhaps do penance for my deeds of ill.

Amel. Stay this wild talk.

Ch. Men have been known to love

Through years of absence, aye, in pain and peril,

And one did cast life and a world away,

For a loose woman's smile: nay, Love has dwelt,

A sweet inhabitant, in a demon's breast,
Lonely, amidst bad passions; burning there,
Like a most holy and sepulchral light,
And almost hallowing its dark tenement.
Why may not I——

Amel. I thought I heard a step.
How strangely you speak now—again, again.
Leave me; quick, leave me.

Ch. 'Tis your tyrant coming:
Fly rather you.

Amel. If you have pity, go.

Ch. Farewell then: yet, should he repulse you—

Amel. Then

I will—but go: you torture me.

Ch. I am gone. [Exit.]

Amel. Farewell, farewell, poor youth; so desolate
That even I can spare a tear for you.

—My husband comes not: I will meet him, then,
Armed in my innocence and wrongs. Alas!

'Tis hard to suffer where we ought to judge,
And pray to those who should petition us.

'Tis a brave world, I see. Power and wrong
Go hand in hand resistless and abhorred,
And patient virtue and pale modesty,
Like the sad flowers of the too early spring,
Are cropped before they blossom—or trod down,
Or by the fierce winds withered. Is it so?—

But I have flaunted in the Sun, and cast
My smiles in prodigality away:

And now, and now—no matter. I have done.

Whether I live scorned or beloved—Beloved!

Better be hated, could my pride abate,

And I consent to fly. It may be thus.

SCENE II. A Chamber. Night.

A considerable period of time is supposed to have elapsed between this and the preceding Scene.

AMELIA, MARIAN.

Mar. Are you awake, dear lady?

Amel. Wide awake.

There are the stars abroad, I see.—I feel
As though I had been sleeping many a day.
What time o' the night is it?

Mar. About the stroke
Of midnight.

Amel. Let it come. The skies are calm
And bright; and so, at last, my spirit is.
Whether the Heavens have influence on the mind
Through life, or only in our days of death,
I know not; yet, before, ne'er did my soul
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine
For that hope's deep completion. Marian!
Let me see more of Heaven. There—enough.
Are you not well, sweet girl?

Mar. Oh! yes: but you
Speak now so strangely: you were wont to talk
Of plain familiar things, and cheer me: now
You set my spirit drooping.

Amel. I have spoke
Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl.
Look, look! above: the canopy of the sky,
Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal dress:
A queen might envy that so regal blue
Which wraps the world o' nights. Alas, alas!
I do remember in my folling days

What wild and wanton wishes once were mine,
Slaves—radiant gems—and beauty with no peer,
And friends (a ready host)—but I forget.
I shall be dreaming soon, as once I dreamt,
When I had Hope to light me. Have you no song
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear?
There's one I've heard you sing. 'They said his
eye'—

No, that's not it: the words are hard to hit.
'His eye like the mid-day sun was bright—'

Mar. 'Tis so.

You've a good memory. Well, listen to me.
I must not trip, I see.

Amel. I hearken. Now.

SONG.

His eye like the mid-day sun was bright,
Hers had a proud but a milder light,
Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon:
Alas! and must it fade as soon?

His voice was like the breath of war,
But hers was fainter—softer far;
And yet, when he of his long love sighed,
She laughed in scorn:—he fled, and died.

Mar. There is another verse, of a different air
But indistinct—like the low moaning
Of summer winds in the evening: Thus it runs:

They said he died upon the wave,
And his bed was the wild and bounding
billow:

Her bed shall be a dry earth grave:
Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow.

Amel. How slowly and how silently doth Time
Float on his starry journey. Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the moon at night. Methinks, I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.
Lo! I am here, and Time seems passing on:
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing—
Yet he will still be here; and the blue Hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world,
As though I were alive to welcome them.
There's one will shed some tears. Poor Charles!

[CHARLES enters.]

Ch. I am here.
Did you not call?

Amel. You come in time. My thoughts
Were full of you, dear Charles. Your mother (now
I take that title,) in her dying hour
Has privilege to speak unto your youth.
There's one thing pains me; and I would be calm
—My husband has been harsh unto me,—yet
He is my husband; and you'll think of this
If any sterner feeling move your heart?
Seek no revenge for me. You will not?—Nay,
Is it so hard to grant my last request?
He is my husband: he was father, too,
Of the blue-eyed boy you were so fond of once.
Do you remember how his eyelids closed
When the first summer rose was opening?

'Tis now two years ago—more, more: and I—
I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy!
He was my only child. How fair he looked
In the white garment that encircled him—
'Twas like a marble slumber; and when we
Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed,
I thought my heart was breaking—yet I lived:
But I am weary now.

Mar. You must not talk,
Indeed, dear lady; nay—

Ch. Indeed you must not.

Amel. Well then, I will be silent: yet, not so.
For ere we journey ever should we take
A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,
And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind
Our blessings. So, in your breast, dear Charles,
Wear the remembrance of Amelia.

She ever loved you,—ever; so as might
Become a mother's tender love,—no more.
Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world
Now almost thirty seasons: you have been
A child to me for one third of that time.

I took you to my bosom, when a boy,
Who scarce had seen eight Springs come forth and
vanish. [crowd

You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base
Will feed upon it, if—but you must make
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings.

Ch. I will do
All that you wish—all; but you cannot die
And leave me.

Amel. You shall see how calmly Death
Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,
On my now smiling lip: These eyes men swore
Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,
And yet they must grow dim: an hour—

Ch. Oh! no.
No, no: oh! say not so. I cannot bear
To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart?

Amel. No: I would caution it against a change,
That soon must happen. Calmly let us talk.
When I am dead—

Ch. Alas, Alas!

Amel. This is
Not as I wish: you had a braver spirit.
Bid it come forth. Why, I have heard you talk
Of war and danger—Ah!

[*WENTWORTH enters.*]

Mar. She's pale—speak, speak.

Ch. Oh! my lost mother—How!—You here?

Went. I am come,
To pray her pardon. Let me touch her hand.
Amelia! she faints: *Amelia!* [She dies.
Poor faded girl! I was too harsh—unjust.

Ch. Look!

Mar. She has left us.

Ch. It is false. Revive!

Mother, revive, revive!

Mar. It is in vain.

Ch. Is it then so?—My soul is sick and faint.
Oh! mother, mother. I—I cannot weep.

Oh! for some blinding tears to dim my eyes,
So I might not gaze on her.—And has Death
Indeed, indeed struck her,—so beautiful?

So wronged, and never erring; so beloved
By one—who now has nothing left to love.

Oh! thou bright Heaven, if thou art calling now

Thy brighter angels to thy bosom,—rest,
For lo! the brightest of thy host is gone—
Departed,—and the earth is dark below.
—And now—I'll wander far and far away
Like one that hath no country. I shall find
A sullen pleasure in that life, and when
I say 'I have no friend in all the world,'
My heart will swell with pride, and make a show
Unto itself of happiness; and in truth
There is, in that same solitude, a taste
Of pleasure which the social never know.
—From land to land I'll roam, in all a stranger,
And, as the body gains a braver look
By staring in the face of all the winds,
So from the sad aspects of different things
My soul shall pluck a courage, and bear up
Against the past.—And now—for Hindostan

BARRY CORNWALL.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Now that I propose to attempt a description of the Falls of Niagara, I feel myself threatened with a return of those throbs of troubling expectation, which agitated me on my first visit to these stupendous cataracts, and to which every person of the least sensibility is liable, when he is on the eve of seeing any thing that has strongly excited his curiosity, or powerfully affected his imagination. I fear I will not be able to convey a correct idea of the scene I mean to describe. Yet, anxious as I am that you should have just conceptions of it, I would not willingly have accepted your company when I first visited Niagara Falls,—as any object that did not enter into the real composition of the mighty scene, would have proved a source of painful interruption to me while engaged in contemplating its magnificent features.

The form of Niagara Falls is that of an irregular semicircle, about three quarters of a mile in extent. This is divided into two distinct cascades by the intervention of Goat Island, the extremity of which is perpendicular, and in a line with the precipice over which the water is projected. The cataract on the Canada side of the river is called the Horseshoe, or Great Fall, from its peculiar form—and that next the United States the American Fall.

Three extensive views of the Falls may be obtained from three different places. In general, the first opportunity travellers have of seeing the cataract is from the high-road, which, at one point,

lies near the bank of the river. This place, however, being considerably above the level of the Falls, and a good way beyond them, affords a view that is comparatively imperfect and unimposing. The Table Rock, from which the Falls of the Niagara may be contemplated in all their grandeur, lies on an exact level with the edge of the cataract on the Canada side, and indeed forms a part of the precipice over which the water gushes. It derives its name from the circumstance of its projecting beyond the cliffs that support it like the leaf of a table. To gain this position, it is necessary to descend a steep bank, and to follow a path that winds among shrubbery and trees, which entirely conceal from the eye the scene that awaits him who traverses it. When near the termination of this road, a few steps carried me beyond all these obstructions, and a magnificent amphitheatre of cataracts burst upon my view with appalling suddenness and majesty. However, in a moment the scene was concealed from my eyes by a dense cloud of spray, which involved me so completely, that I did not dare to extricate myself. A mingled and thundering rushing filled my ears. I could see nothing except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side, while below, a raging and foamy gulf of undiscoverable extent lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smoking floods that were precipitated into its bosom. At first the sky was obscured by clouds, but after a few minutes the sun burst forth, and the breeze subsiding at the same time, permitted the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyramidal clouds rose majestically, one after another, from the abyss at the bottom of the Fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which in a few moments was gradually transferred into the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded. The spray of the Great Fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and, receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to overarch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contemplated the indescribable scene. Any person, who

has nerve enough (as I had) may plunge his hand into the water of the Great Fall after it is projected over the precipice merely by lying down flat, with his face beyond the edge of the Table Rock, and stretching out his arm to its utmost extent. The experiment is truly a horrible one, and such as I would not wish to repeat; for, even to this day, I feel a shuddering and recoiling sensation when I recollect having been in the posture above described. The body of water which composes the middle part of the Great Fall is so immense, that it descends nearly two-thirds of the space without being ruffled or broken, and the solemn calmness with which it rolls over the edge of the precipice is finely contrasted with the perturbed appearance it assumes after having reached the gulf below. But the water towards each side of the Fall is shattered the moment it drops over the rock, and loses as it descends, in a great measure, the character of a fluid, being divided into pyramidal-shaped fragments, the bases of which are turned upwards. The surface of the gulf below the cataract presents a very singular aspect; seeming, as it were, filled with an immense quantity of hoar frost, which is agitated by small and rapid undulations. The particles of water are dazzlingly white, and do not apparently unite together, as might be supposed, but seem to continue for a time in a state of distinct comminution, and to repel each other with a thrilling and shivering motion which cannot easily be described. The noise made by the Horse-shoe Fall, though very great, is infinitely less than might be expected, and varies in loudness according to the state of the atmosphere. When the weather is clear and frosty, it may be distinctly heard at the distance of ten or twelve miles; but much farther when there is a steady breeze: however, I have frequently stood upon the declivity of the high bank that overlooks the Table Rock, and distinguished a low thundering only, which at times was altogether drowned amidst the roaring of the Rapids above the cataract. In my opinion, the concave shape of the Great Fall explains this circumstance. The noise vibrates from one side of the rocky recess to the other, and a little only escapes from its confinement; and even this is less distinctly heard than it would otherwise be, as the

profusion of spray renders the air near the cataract a very indifferent conductor of sound. The road to the bottom of the Fall presents many more difficulties than that which leads to the Table Rock. After leaving the Table Rock, the traveller must proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a small chasm in the bank, in which there is a spiral staircase enclosed in a wooden building. By descending the stair, which is seventy or eighty feet perpendicular height, he will find himself under the precipice on the top of which he formerly walked. A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river; and on the summit of this there is a narrow slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall. The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, overarch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places they rise abruptly to the height of one hundred feet, and display, upon their surfaces, fossil shells, and the organic remains of a former world; thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation. As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise; clouds of spray sometimes envelope him, and suddenly check his faltering steps,—rattlesnakes start from the cavities of the rocks, and the scream of eagles soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapour which obscure the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling among piles of huge rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the Fall, where the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion,—that of uncontrollable terror.

It was not until I had, by frequent excursions to the Falls, in some measure familiarized my mind with their sublimities, that I ventured to explore the *pentralia* of the Great Cataract. The precipice over which it rolls is very much arched underneath, while the impetus which the water receives in its descent projects it far beyond the cliff, and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the torrent. Twice I entered this cavern, and twice I was obliged to retrace my steps lest I should be suffocated by the

blast of dense spray that whirled around me; however, the third time, I succeeded in advancing about twenty-five yards. Here darkness began to encircle me; on one side, the black cliff stretched itself into a gigantic arch far above my head, and on the other, the dense and hissing torrent formed an impenetrable sheet of foam, with which I was drenched in a moment. The rocks were so slippery, that I could hardly keep my feet, or hold securely by them; while the horrid din made me think the precipices above were tumbling down in colossal fragments upon my head. It is not easy to determine how far an individual might advance between the sheet of water and the rock; but were it even possible to explore the recess to its utmost extremity, scarcely any one, I believe, would have courage to attempt an expedition of the kind. A little way below the Great Fall, the river is, comparatively speaking, so tranquil, that a ferry-boat plies between the Canada and American shores, for the convenience of travellers. When I first crossed, the heaving flood tossed about the skiff with a violence that seemed very alarming; but as soon as we gained the middle of the river, my attention was altogether engaged by the surpassing grandeur of the scene before me. I was now within the area of a semicircle of cataracts, more than three thousand feet in extent, and floated on the surface of a gulf, raging, fathomless, and interminable. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray, were the gorgeous decorations of this theatre of wonders, while a dazzling sun shed refulgent glories upon every part of the scene.—Surrounded with clouds of vapour, and stunned into a state of confusion and terror by the hideous noise, I looked upwards to the height of one hundred and fifty feet and saw vast floods, dense, awful, and stupendous, vehemently bursting over the precipice, and rolling down, as if the windows of heaven were opened to pour another deluge upon the earth. Loud sounds, resembling discharges of artillery or volcanic explosions, were now distinguishable amidst the watery tumult, and added terrors to the abyss from which they issued. The sun, looking majestically through the ascending spray, was encircled by a radiant halo; whilst fragments of rainbows, floated on every side, and momentarily vanished only

to give place to a succession of others more brilliant. Looking backwards, I saw the Niagara river, again become calm and tranquil, rolling magnificently between the towering cliffs that rose on either side, and receiving showers of orient dew-drops from the trees that gracefully over-arched its transparent bosom. A gentle breeze ruffled the waters, and beautiful birds fluttered around, as if to welcome its egress from those clouds and thunders and rainbows, which were the heralds of its precipitation into the abyss of the cataract.

HOWISON.

RINGAN AND MAY.

I HEARIT ane laveroke synging with gle,
And O but the burde sang cheirlye ;
Then I axit at my true love Ringan,
Gif he kend quhat the bonnye burde wals syngan ?

Now, my love Ringan is blithe and younge,
But he hethe ane fayre and flatteryng tongue ;
And och, I'm fearit I like ower weille
His tails of lufe, though kynde and leille.
So I sayis to him in scornfulle wayis,
" You ken no worde that burdye sayis."

Then my love he turnit aboute to mee,
And there wals ane smyle in his pawkye ee ;
And he sayis, " My May, my dawtyit dowe,
I ken that straine farre better nor you ;
For that littil fairye that lillis sae loude,
And hingis on the freenge of the sonnye cloude,
Is tellyng the taille in chantis and chymis,
I haif tellit to thee ane thusyande tymis.
I will lette thee heire our straynis accorde,
And the laverokis sweite sang, worde for worde.

INTERPRETATION OF THE LARKIS SONG.

" O, my love is bonnye, and mylde to se,
Als sweetly she sittis on her dewye le,
And turnis up her cheike and cleire grey eye,
To liste quhat is saying withinne the sky ;
For she thynkis my mornying hymne so sweite,
With the streilmers of hevin anethe my feite,
Quhere the proude Goss-hawke colde nefer wonne
Atweene the graye cloude and the sonne,
And she thynkis her love ane thyng of the skyis,
Sent downe fre the holy Paradise,
To syng to the world at morne and evin,
The sweite lufe-sangis in the bowris of hevin.

" O my love is bonnye, and young, and cheste,
Als sweetly she sittis in her mossy este !
And she demis the burdis on boshe and tre,
Als nothyng but duste and droulle to mee.
Tho the Robyn walrbel his waesum chirle,
And the Merle gar all the greinwode dirle,
And the Storm-cock toutis on his tonyng pyne,
She trewis their sangis ane mörke to myne ;
The Lintys cheipe ane ditte tame,
And the Shillyhais everlestyng rhame ;

I.

The Pliveris whew ane soloch dreire,
And the Whilly-whapis ane shalme to heire ;
And quhanevir ane lufer comis in viewe,
She cowris anethe her skreine of dewe.

" O my love is bonnye ! her virgyn breste
Is sweiter to me nor the dawnyng elste ;
And weille do I lyke at the gloamying stille,
To dreip fre the lyfte or the louryng hille,
And presse her este as quhite als mylke,
And her brest as saft als the downye silke."

• • • • •

Now quhen my love had warbelit awaye
To this basse parte of the laverokis laye,
Myne herte wals lyke to burste in twaine,
And the teris flowit fro myne eyne lyke raine
At lengthe he sayit, with ane syche fulle lang,
" Quhat ailes my love at the laverokis sang ?"
Sayis I, " He is ane basse and wycked birde,
Als ever rase fro the dewye yirde ;
It's a shaimme to moute on his mornying wyng,
At the yettis of hevin sikan sangis to syng ;
And all to win with his awmerous dynne,
Ane sweete littil virgyn birde to synne,
And wrecke with flatterye and song combynde
His deire lyttil maydenis pece of mynde !
O were I hir, I wolde let him se
His sangis sholde all be loste on mee."

Then my luvie toke me in his atmis,
And gan to laude my leifu charmis,
But I wolde not so moche als let him speike,
Nor stroke my chynne, nor kisse my cheike,
For I feirit myne herte wals going wrang,
It wals so movit at the laverokis sang.

Yet stille I laye withe ane upcast ee,
And stille he wals syngin so bonniye,
That, tho withe my mynde I had grit stryffe,
I colde nat forbeire it for my lyffe,
But als he hung on the hevinis browe,
I saide, I kenit not why, nor howe,

" Quhat is that littil deuil sayand nowe ?"

Then my luvie Ringan he wals so gladdie,
He leughe tittle his follie pat me maddie ;
And he said, " My luvie, I will tell you true,
He semis to syng that strayne to you ;
For it sayis, I will raiinge the yirde and ayre
To feide my love with the finest fare ;
And quhen she lukis fro her bedde to mee,
Withe the yearnyng lufe of a moderis ee,
O then I will come, and drawe her neircr,
And watche her closer, and lufe her deirer,
And wee never shalle pairte till our dying day,
But lufe and lufe on for ever and aye !"

Then myne herte it bled with a thrilling pleasure,

Quhen it lernit the laverokis closyng measure,
And it rase, and rase, and wolde not reste,
And wolde hardy bide withinne my briste.
Then up I rase, and away I sprongue,
And saide to my luvie with scornfulle tongue,
That it wals ane bigge and burning shaimme ;
That hee and the lark were bothe to blaimme ;
For there were some layis so softe and blande
That breste of mayden colde nat stande ;
And if he laye in the wode his lalme,
Quhille I came backe to list the straine
Of ane awmerous birde among the brome,
Then he mochte lye quhille the day of dome !

But for all the storte and stryffe I maide ;
For all I did, and all I saide,

H

Alas ! I feire it will be lang
 Or I forgette that wee burdis sang !
 And langer still, or I can flee
 The lad that tellit that sang to me !

JAMES HOGG.

THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO.

It was but a short hour before noon when the Dean of Santiago alighted from his mule at the door of Don Julian, the celebrated magician of Toledo. The house, according to old tradition, stood on the brink of the perpendicular rock, which, now crowned with the *Alcazar*, rises to a fearful height over the Tagus. A maid of Moorish blood led the Dean to a retired apartment, where Don Julian was reading. The natural politeness of a Castilian had rather been improved than impaired by the studies of the Toledan sage, who exhibited nothing either in his dress or person that might induce a suspicion of his dealing with the mysterious powers of darkness. "I heartily greet your reverence," said Don Julian to the Dean, "and feel highly honoured by this visit. Whatever be the object of it, let me beg you will defer stating it till I have made you quite at home in this house. I hear my house-keeper making ready the noonday meal. That maid, Sir, will show you the room which has been prepared for you; and when you have brushed off the dust of the journey, you shall find a canonical capon steaming hot upon the board." The dinner, which soon followed, was just what a pampered Spanish canon would wish it—abundant, nutritive, and delicate.—"No, no," said Don Julian, when the soup and a bumper of Tinto had recruited the Dean's spirits, and he saw him making an attempt to break the object of his visit, "no business, please your Reverence, while at dinner. Let us enjoy our meal at present; and when we have discussed the *Olla*, the capon, and a bottle of *Yepes*, it will be time enough to turn to the cares of life." The ecclesiastic's full face had never beamed with more glee at the collation on Christmas eve, when, by the indulgence of the church, the fast is broken at sunset, instead of continuing through the night, than it did now under the influence of Don Julian's good humour and

heart-cheering wine. Still it was evident that some vehement and ungovernable wish had taken possession of his mind, breaking out now and then in some hurried motion, some gulping up of a full glass of wine without stopping to relish the flavour, and fifty other symptoms of absence and impatience, which at such a distance from the cathedral could not be attributed to the afternoon bell. The time came at length of rising from table, and in spite of Don Julian's pressing request to have another bottle, the Dean, with a certain dignity of manner, led his good-natured host to the recess of an oriel window, looking upon the river.—"Allow me, dear Don Julian," he said, "to open my heart to you; for even your hospitality must fail to make me completely happy till I have obtained the boon which I came to ask. I know that no man ever possessed greater power than you over the invisible agents of the universe. I die to become an adept in that wonderful science, and if you will receive me for your pupil, there is nothing I should think of sufficient worth to repay your friendship."—"Good Sir," replied Don Julian, "I should be extremely loath to offend you; but permit me to say, that in spite of the knowledge of causes and effects which I have acquired, all that my experience teaches me of the heart of man is not only vague and indistinct, but for the most part unfavourable. I only guess, I cannot read their thoughts, nor pry into the recesses of their minds. As for yourself, I am sure you are a rising man and likely to obtain the first dignities of the church. But whether, when you find yourself in places of high honour and patronage, you will remember the humble personage of whom you now ask a hazardous and important service, it is impossible for me to ascertain."—"Nay, nay," exclaimed the Dean, "but I know myself, if you do not, Don Julian. Generosity and friendship (since you force me to speak in my own praise) have been the delight of my soul even from childhood. Doubt not, my dear friend, (for by that name I wish you would allow me to call you,) doubt not, from this moment to command my services. Whatever interest I may possess, it will be my highest gratification to see it redound in favour of you and yours."—"My hearty thanks for all, worthy Sir," said Don Julian "But

let us now proceed to business: the sun is set, and, if you please, we will retire to my private study."

Lights being called for, Don Julian led the way to the lower part of the house; and dismissing the Moorish maid near a small door, of which he held the key in his hand, desired her to get two partridges for supper, but not to dress them till he should order it: then unlocking the door, he began to descend by a winding staircase. The Dean followed with a certain degree of trepidation, which the length of the stairs greatly tended to increase; for, to all appearance, they reached below the bed of the Tagus. At this depth a comfortable neat room was found, the walls completely covered with shelves, where Don Julian kept his works on Magic; globes, planispheres, and strange drawings, occupied the top of the bookcases. Fresh air was admitted, though it would be difficult to guess by what means, since the sound of gliding water, such as is heard at the lower part of a ship when sailing with a gentle breeze, indicated but a thin partition between the subterraneous cabinet and the river.—"Here, then," said Don Julian, offering a chair to the Dean, and drawing another for himself towards a small round table, "we have only to choose among the elementary works of the science for which you long. Suppose we begin to read this small volume." The volume was laid on the table, and opened at the first page, containing circles, concentric and eccentric, triangles with unintelligible characters, and the well-known signs of the planets.—"This," said Don Julian, "is the alphabet of the whole science. Hermes, called Trismegistus——" The sound of a small bell within the chamber made the Dean almost leap out of his chair. "Be not alarmed," said Don Julian; "it is the bell by which my servants let me know that they want to speak to me." Saying thus, he pulled a silk string, and soon after a servant appeared with a packet of letters. It was addressed to the Dean. A courier had closely followed him on the road, and was that moment arrived at Toledo. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Dean having read the contents of the letters; "my great uncle, the Archbishop of Santiago, is dangerously ill. This is, however, what the secretary says, from his Lordship's dictation. But here is

another letter from the Archdeacon of the diocese, who assures me that the old man was not expected to live. I can hardly repeat what he adds—Poor dear uncle! may Heaven lengthen his days! The Chapter seem to have turned their eyes towards me, and—pugh! it cannot be—but the Electors, according to the Archdeacon, are quite decided in my favour."—"Well," said Don Julian, "all I regret is the interruption of our studies; but I doubt not that you will soon wear the mitre. In the mean time I would advise you to pretend that illness does not allow you to return directly. A few days will surely give a decided turn to the whole affair; and, at all events, your absence in case of an election, will be construed into modesty. Write, therefore, your despatches, my dear Sir, and we will prosecute our studies at another time."

Two days had elapsed since the arrival of the messenger, when the Verger of the church of Santiago, attended by servants, in splendid liveries, alighted at Don Julian's door with letters for the Dean. The old prelate was dead, and his nephew had been elected to the see, by the unanimous vote of the Chapter. The elected dignitary seemed overcome by contending feelings; but, having wiped away some decent tears, he assumed an air of gravity, which almost touched on superciliousness. Don Julian addressed his congratulations, and was the first to kiss the new Archbishop's hand. "I hope," he added, "I may also congratulate my son, the young man who is now at the University of Paris; for I flatter myself your Lordship will give him the Deanery, which is vacant by your promotion."—"My worthy friend, Don Julian," replied the Archbishop elect, "my obligations to you I can never sufficiently repay. You have heard my character; I hold a friend as another self. But why would you take the lad away from his studies? An Archbishop of Santiago cannot want preferment at any time. Follow me to my diocese; I will not for all the mitres in Christendom forego the benefit of your instruction. The deanery, to tell you the truth, must be given to my uncle, my father's own brother, who has had but a small living for many years; he is much liked in Santiago, and I should lose my character if, to place such a young man as your son at the head of the Chapter, I neglected an exemplary priest, so

nearly related to me.”—"Just as you please, my Lord," said Don Julian; and began to prepare for the journey.

The acclamations which greeted the new Archbishop on his arrival at the capital of Galicia were, not long after, succeeded by a universal regret at his translation to the see of the recently conquered town of Seville. "I will not leave you behind," said the Archbishop to Don Julian, who, with more timidity than he showed at Toledo, approached to kiss the sacred ring in the Archbishop's right hand*, and to offer his humble congratulations, "but do not fret about your son. He is too young. I have my mother's relations to provide for; but Seville is a rich see; the blessed King Ferdinand, who rescued it from the Moors, endowed its church so as to make it rival the first cathedrals in Christendom. Do but follow me, and all will be well in the end." Don Julian bowed with a suppressed sigh, and was soon after on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the suite of the new Archbishop.

Scarcely had Don Julian's pupil been at Seville one year, when his far extended fame moved the Pope to send him a cardinal's hat, desiring his presence at the Court of Rome. The crowd of visitors who came to congratulate the prelate, kept Don Julian away for many days. He at length obtained a private audience, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated his Eminence not to oblige him to quit Spain. "I am growing old, my Lord," he said: "I quitted my house at Toledo only for your sake, and in hopes of raising my son to some place of honour and emolument in the church; I even gave up my favourite studies, except as far as they were of service to your Eminence. My son—" "No more of that, if you please, Don Julian," interrupted the Cardinal, "Follow me, you must; who can tell what may happen at Rome? The Pope is old, you know. But do not tease me about preferment. A public man has duties of a description which those in the lower ranks of life cannot either weigh or comprehend. I confess I am under obligations to you, and feel quite disposed

to reward your services; yet I must not have my creditors knocking every day at my door; you understand, Don Julian. In a week we set out for Rome."

With such a strong tide of good fortune as had hitherto buoyed up Don Julian's pupil, the reader cannot be surprised to find him, in a short time, wearing the papal crown. He was now arrived at the highest place of honour on earth; but in the bustle of the election and subsequent coronation, the man to whose wonderful science he owed this rapid ascent, had completely slipped off his memory. Fatigued with the exhibition of himself through the streets of Rome, which he had been obliged to make in a solemn procession, the new Pope sat alone in one of the chambers of the Vatican. It was early in the night. By the light of two wax tapers which scarcely illuminated the farthest end of the grand saloon, his Holiness was enjoying that reverie of mixed pain and pleasure which follows the complete attainment of ardent wishes, when Don Julian advanced in visible perturbation, conscious of the intrusion on which he ventured. "Holy Father!" exclaimed the old man, and cast himself at his pupil's feet: "Holy Father, in pity to these grey hairs do not consign an old servant—might I not say an old friend?—to utter neglect and forgetfulness. My son—" "By saint Peter!" ejaculated his Holiness, rising from the chair, "your insolence shall be checked—*You* my friend! A magician the friend of Heaven's vicerent!—Away, wretched man! When I pretended to learn of thee, it was only to sound the abyss of crime into which thou hadst plunged; I did it with a view of bringing thee to condign punishment. Yet, in compassion to thy age, I will not make an example of thee, provided thou avoidest my eyes. Hide thy crime and shame where thou canst. This moment thou must quit the palace, or the next closes the gates of the Inquisition upon thee."

Trembling, and his wrinkled face bedewed with tears, Don Julian begged to be allowed but one word more. "I am very poor, Holy Father," said he: "trusting in your patronage I relinquished my all, and have not left wherewith to pay my journey."—"Away, I say," answered the Pope; "if my excessive bounty has made you neglect your patrimony,

* Catholic bishops wear a consecrated ring, which is kissed, with a bending of the knee, by those who approach them.

I will no farther encourage your waste and improvidence. Poverty is but a slight punishment for your crimes."—"But, Father," rejoined Don Julian, "my wants are instant; I am hungry: give me but a trifle to procure a supper to-night. To-morrow I shall beg my way out of Rome."—"Heaven forbid," said the Pope, "that I should be guilty of feeding the ally of the Prince of Darkness. Away, away from my presence, or I instantly call for the guard."—"Well then," replied Don Julian, rising from the ground, and looking on the Pope with a boldness which began to throw his Holiness into a paroxysm of rage, "if I am to starve at Rome, I had better return to the supper which I ordered at Toledo." Thus saying, he rang a gold bell which stood on a table next the Pope. The door opened without delay, and the Moorish servant came in. The Pope looked round, and found himself in the subterraneous study under the Tagus. "Desire the cook," said Don Julian to the maid, "to put but one partridge to roast; for I will not throw away the other on the Dean of Santiago."

From the Spanish.

ANSTER FAIR.

SAY Muse, who first, who last, on foot or steed
Came candidates for MAGGIE to her town?
St Andrews' sprightly students first proceed
Clad in their foppery of sleeveless gown;
Forth whistling from Salvador's gate they speed
Full many a mettlesome and fiery lown,
Forgetting Horace for a while and Tully,
And mad t' embag their limbs and leap it beautifully.

For ev'n in Learning's cobweb'd halls had rung
The loud report of MAGGIE LAUDER's fame,
And Pedantry's Greek-conning clumsy tongue
In songs had wagg'd, in honour of her name;
Up from their mouldy books and tasks had sprung
Bigent and Magistrand to try the game;
Prellections ceas'd; old Alma mater slept,
And o'er his silent rooms the ghost of Wardlaw wept.

So down in troops the red-clad students come
As kittens blithe, a joke-exchanging crew,
And in their heads bear learned Greece and Rome,
And haply Cyprus in their bodies too;
Some on their Journey pipe and play; and some
Talk long of MAO, how fair she was to view,

And as they talk (ay me! so much the sadder)
Backwards they scale the steps of honest Plato's
ladder.*

Next from the well-air'd ancient town of Crail,
Go out her craftsmen with tumultuous din,
Her wind-bleach'd fishers, sturdy-limb'd and hale,
Her in-kneed taylors, garrulous and thin;
And some are flush'd with horns of plthy ale,
And some are fierce with drams of smuggled gin,
While, to augment his drowth, each to his jaws
A good Crail's capon † holds, at which he rugs and gnaws.

And from Kingsbarns and hamlet ‡ clep'd of boars,
And farms around (their names too long to add)
Sally the villagers and hinds in scores,
Tenant, and laird, and hedger, hodden-clad:
Bolted are all the East-nook houses' doors;
Ev'n toothless wives pass westward, tott'ring glad,
Propping their trem'ulous limbs on oaken stay,
And in their red plaids dress'd as if 'twere Sabbath day.

And bare-foot lasses, on whose ruddy face
Unfurl'd is health's rejoicing banner seen,
Trick'd in their Sunday matches edg'd with lace,
Tippets of white, and frocks of red and green,
Come tripping o'er the roads with jocund pace,
Gay as May-morning, tidy, gim, and clean,
Whilst joggling at each wench's side, her Joe
Cracks many a rustic joke, his pow'r of wit to show.

Then justling forward on the western road,
Approach the folk of wind-swept Pittenweem,
So num'rous that the highways, long and broad,
One waving field of gowns and coat-tails seem
The fat man puffing goes, oppress'd with load
Of cumb'rous flesh and corpulence extreme:
The lean man bounds along, and, with his toes,
Smites on the fat man's heels that slow before him goes.

St Monance, Elie, and adjacent farms,
Turn their mechanics, fishers, farmers, out;
Sun-burnt and shoeless school-boys rush in swarms,
With childish trick, and revelry and shout;
Mothers bear little children in their arms,
Attended by their giggling daughters stout;
Clowns, cobblers, cotters, tanners, weavers, beaux,
Hurry and hop along in clusters and in rows.

And every husbandman, round Largo-law,
Hath scrap'd his huge-wheel'd dung-cart fair and clean,
Wherein, on sacks stuff'd full of oaten straw,
Sits the goodwife, Tam, Katey, Jock, and Jean;
In flow'rs and ribbons drest the horses draw
Stoutly their creaking cumb'rous machine.
As, on his cart-head, sits the Goodman proud,
And cheerily cracks his whip and whistles clear and loud.

* The Student wishing to understand this Ladder may consult PLATO. Conviv. tom. 3. page 211. of Serrani's Edit.

† A Crail's capon is a dried haddock.

‡ Boar hills.

Then from her coal-pits Dysart vomits forth
 Her subterranean men of colour dun,
 Poor human mouldwarps, doom'd to scrape in earth,
 Cimmerian people, strangers to the sun ;
 Gloomy as soot, with faces grim and swarth,
 They march, most sourly leering every one,
 Yet very keen, at Anster loan to share
 The merriments and sports to be accomplish'd
 there.

Nor did Path-head detain her wrangling race
 Of weavers, tolling at their looms for bread ;
 For now their slippery shuttles rest a space
 From flying through their labyrinths of thread ;
 Their treadle-shaking feet now scour apace
 Thro' Gallow town with levity of tread ;
 So on they pass, with sack in hand, full bent
 To try their sinews' strength in dire experiment.

And long Kirkcaldy from each dirty street,
 Her num'rous population eastward throws,
 Her roguish boys with bare unstocking'd feet,
 Her rich ship-owners, gen'rous and jocose,
 Her prosp'rous merchants, sober and discreet,
 Her coxcombs pantaloon'd, and powder'd beaux,
 Her pretty lasses tripping on their great toes,
 With skins as white as milk or any boil'd potatoes.

And from Kinghorn jump hastily along
 Her ferrymen and poor inhabitants :
 And th' upland * hamlet, where, as told in song,
 Tam Lutar play'd of yore his lively rants,
 Is left dispeopl'd of her brose-fed throng,
 For eastward scud they now as thick as ants ;
 Dunfermline, too, so fam'd for checks and ticks.
 Sends out her loom-bred men with bags and walk-
 ing-sticks,

And market-maids, and apron'd wives, that bring
 Their gingerbread in baskets to the Fair,
 And cadgers with their creels, that hang by string
 From their lean horse-ribs rubbing off the hair,
 And crook-legg'd cripples, that on crutches swing
 Their shabby persons with a noble air,
 And fiddlers, with their fiddles in their cases,
 And packmen, with their packs of ribbons, gauze,
 and laces.

And from Kinross, whose dusty streets, unpav'd,
 Are whirl'd through heav'n on summer's windy
 day,
 Whose plats of cabbage-bearing ground are lav'd
 By Leven's waves, that clear as crystal play,
 Jog her brisk burghers, spruce and cleanly shav'd,
 Her sullen cutlers and her weavers gay,
 Her ploughboys in their botch'd and clumsy jackets,
 Her clowns, with cobbled shoon stuck full of iron
 tacketts.

Next ride on sleek-man'd horses, bay or brown,
 Smacking their whips and spurring bloodily,
 The writers of industrious Cupar town,
 Good social mortals, skill'd the pen to ply ;
 Lo ! how their garments, as they gallop down,
 Waving behind them, in the breezes fly ;

As upward spurn'd to heav'n's blue bending roof,
 Dash'd is the dusty road from every bounding hoof.

TENNANT.

THE HORN BOOK.

LEARNED gentlemen, who drive the trade
 of authorship, will undoubtedly be sur-
 prised to see a common weaver busy him-
 self in their matters. But without paying
 any attention to them, I shall begin, gaily
 and cheerfully, the history of my life.
 One of the first things I remember is, that
 I was seized, when about seven years old,
 with a sore disease, which I afterwards
 learned was the small-pox. It marked
 my visage very deeply, and left behind
 the seeds of a disorder, which cost me
 and other people much trouble to cure.
 My head was rendered so weak, that I
 fell asleep when any body attempted to
 talk to me of books and learning. Read-
 ing was a sore trouble to me ; and, with-
 out carrying my modesty too far, I may
 say, that at my twelfth year I still found
 it necessary to spell a few words. I will
 not raise suspicions of my fitness for au-
 thorship, by referring to the period when
 my letters first became legible. For the
 rest, however, I am healthy as a roach,
 and enjoy a happiness that does not need
 to be increased, but only continued. Peo-
 ple even assure me, that the marks of the
 small-pox do not distort my features, but
 only serve to give me a sounder appear-
 ance at some little distance. I regard
 this, however, as good-natured flattery,
 and am convinced that a smooth red face
 would add to my beauty. On the last
 page of my Horn Book stood a red cock,
 which I could not look at without rever-
 encing, notwithstanding, as a work of
 art, it was one of the rudest productions
 of wood engraving. If I brought from
 school a testimony of good behaviour dur-
 ing the day, I was sure to find, on the
 following morning, a small piece of
 money on the cock, which my mother
 told me was a gift from him to reward my
 good conduct, and encourage me to per-
 severe. Such friendly means could not
 fail. I opposed with all my might when
 any of my mischievous school-fellows
 sought to entice me away ; and continued
 to spell with such perseverance, that the
 veins of my head sometimes swelled. I

became by this means the favourite of my teacher, Mr Ezekiel Quartz. Some quarrelsome envious fellows named me the Walking Horn Book; but I did not mind this, for I enjoyed, among the orderly and well-behaved, the reputation of being the best boy in the village. With the presents I obtained so honourably from the red cock, I always ran straight to the nearest shop, and bought a new, and sometimes warm, cake of gingerbread, which I usually shared with Lina, who generally took care to wait for me at the garden gate when she saw me returning. She was the only child of our neighbour, a poor widow, who earned her daily bread by running on errands, and was never off her feet from morning till night. While she was tramping from village to village, Lina sat at the spinning wheel, and laboured as constantly as I did at my book, though without being so well rewarded. She was at that time, as she still is, the ornament of the village. Her good nature, and the dimple on her chin, pleased everybody. On my return from the pastry-cook's, such a friendly smile spread over her whole face, that I was sometimes obliged forcibly to turn away my eyes, in order not to give the cake unbroken into her hands. "Godfred," said she, as we sat near one another devouring our gingerbread, "when we are bigger we will be married, and then we will live as if we were in heaven—nothing but gingerbread and seed cake!" This pleased me, and I resolved to keep friends with the red cock; and thought to myself, that with time would come the means of fulfilling our wishes.

In my thirteenth year I was taken from school, and placed apprentice to a weaver, who was a relation and friend, and who promised to remember my weak state of health in appointing me my task. As I was to leave my mother's house, I thought of nothing so much as how to give Lina something in place of the gingerbread she would no longer receive. A red cock, like the one in my Horn Book, might be as good a friend to her as to me. I copied the picture, therefore, carefully on another piece of paper, by holding it up to the window, and afterwards coloured it red. When the work was ended, I could scarcely wonder enough at the resemblance. Towards evening I went to the garden gate, and threw a handful of sand against

Lina's window, to inform her of my presence. I already enjoyed, in imagination, her astonishment at my dexterity, and her joy at my kindness. When she appeared, as I told her of my intended departure, and that I had brought her a present of not a little value, she looked eagerly towards it; but when she saw the picture I was mortally disappointed: instead of the praise I expected, she shook her head, and turned up her nose, almost as if she despised me and my work. She scarcely looked at it; and wrapping it up again in paper, expressed plainly enough, that she would rather have had a substantial cake of gingerbread than all the painted cocks in the world. I was vexed at this contempt for my labours; measured the ungrateful from head to foot, and in a moment resolved I would tear myself from her, and never again have any thing to do with her. "Your servant, Miss Lina," said I aloud, and proudly turning on my heel, stalked lordly and hastily home, without paying any attention to her calling after me.

My cousin's house, where I was now to dwell, was at the opposite end of the village, which would not, however, have hindered me from keeping company with Lina, if I had not resolved to have nothing more to do with the earthly-minded thing, who had rather tickle her palate than her eyes, and had no taste for the fine and noble arts. She, however, sought, by all her little means, to get hold of me, when I went to drink coffee with my mother on Sundays and feast days. But I persisted in avoiding her, and in cherishing the ill-temper she had awakened by the unkind reception of the picture. The most which I did, was to show myself at the window, and pretend not to observe her. At length, when she found she was only thrashing empty straw, she left off looking after me. Only wait, thought I; you shall yet repent of the scornful manner you treated me; only let me become a journeyman weaver.

The years of apprenticeship passed away, and the day at last arrived on which I was to be set free, and admitted into the journeyman's guild,—allowed to smoke tobacco in every company, and to walk with my cane wherever I pleased. As I sat at breakfast with my mother, and talked over the necessary arrangements for the coming festivities, the Fa-

ther-journeyman entered, took his place at my side in a friendly way, and helped me to dispatch the coffee. Formerly he hardly deigned to look at me, now he began to talk freely and jovially, which pleased and exalted me prodigiously. I was quite in raptures, however, as my mother brought forth some spirits, and he, clapping me on the shoulder, said,—“What think you, brother Fred? shall we drink to our lasting friendship?” The words ran through me like fire. My mother seemed to utter a prayer for the continuance of our fellowship as we stood up, and entwining each an arm with the other, in this manner carried the glasses to our mouths, and emptied them.

Now was I able to snap my fingers at the whole world, and only found it necessary to muster up all my self-command, that my sense of acknowledged worth might not be blown up into folly. The reader will undoubtedly like to know how I was clothed on this, for me, important day. My coat was of dark blue, hanging down to my ankles, and lined with bright red, my waistcoat was of plush, and on it might be seen, very naturally drawn, the whole planets running their course. My boots were of the best calf's skin, with yellow tops. By my especial desire, my mother had bound three handkerchiefs round my neck, so that the outward one reached my under lip. A long tail, tied with new shining ribbon, hung down my back, and the forepart of my head was covered with curls, which, after being pressed down by the hat, rose again into pretty ringlets when it was removed. In truth, for eight days before, my hair was pressed up in papers, and not taken down till the important moment in which I was to show myself. In my left hand I held a large bunch of flowers, in my right a silver-headed cane inherited from my grandfather, and from both my pockets hung the corners of two fine flower worked pocket handkerchiefs. In this stately dress I began, about mid-day, to make the course of the village, and to invite, according to custom, the maidens to the dance which I was to give that evening at the sign of the Crow. I passed by Lina's door, however, several times without allowing my inclinations to conquer the resolution I had laid down; and if Lina was not entirely blind, she must have known by my conduct, that I had drank

to our lasting friendship with the father of the journeymen, and had banished all recollection of our gingerbread eating years from my heart. In the evening, however, as all the beauties of the place swam past me in the waltzing circle, the true queen of the feast, precisely the contemned Lina, appeared to be wanting, as the only person worthy to stand at my side. In vain did I frisk and whirl with the stiff daughter of the cartwright in order to banish the unpleasant thoughts; the image of Lina preserved its place, and darkened every other joy. Streams of perspiration and powder, from exercise and anxiety, flowed down my face, and spoilt my neck handkerchiefs. Sighing, and panting, my partner sank on the nearest stool, and gasped for breath. I could hold out no longer in the dust and vapour, but drank copiously of beer, stuffed my pipe, and went to the door to cool myself. A secret impulse, I could not explain, led me farther and farther, and blowing away the smoke as I thumped along, I found myself, before I knew where I was, under Lina's window. She sat solitary and quiet in the little room, dimly lighted by a lamp, and turned her wheel, drawing out her threads fine and firm, for she span as well as any girl of the village. The music, and the shouts of the joyous dancers, were plainly heard, but she sat and worked, busied alone with her own thoughts. Sorrowful and melancholy reflections appeared in her countenance, but she paid no attention to the distant music, and there was nothing about her which could lead me to suppose she was vexed at being excluded from the dance. She had already put on her night-cap, and I was obliged to confess to myself that she was very pretty, and that not one of the gaily dressed ladies at the dance could compare with her. I possessed, however, firmness enough not to betray my presence, or to give in any way expression to my feelings; yet I was much disposed to do it, and resolved, on my way back to the dance, to receive her again into favour. Nor was this resolution altered by the jokes of my companions at my melancholy appearance, but remained even till day-light, when, with a cloudy head, I returned home, to give myself up, after so much exertion of body and mind, to the sweet empire of sleep.

It was noon, and the dinner ready, be-

fore I returned to my senses on the following day, rejoiced to find that the honours and praises I had harvested the night before were no idle dreams. My mother had prepared me one of my favourite dishes, and, after making up the loss of my morning's drink by a hearty meal, I turned my thoughts to the immediate execution of my last night's plan. My pipe was lighted, and I took myself into the garden, in hopes that Lina, informed of my presence, would find something to do there, and give me an opportunity of speaking to her. And, in truth, the only son of my mother found himself not deceived. Lina was in the garden, and I had nothing further to do to begin the conversation than to bid her good day, which I did, and she answered in as friendly a way as if she had been invited to the dance, and the merriest person there. This vexed me, but I endeavoured, like a man, to keep down the unpleasant feeling, and, approaching the garden railing as near as possible, said, in confidential kind tone,—“I wish, dear Lina, you had been with us yesterday evening; we shouted and huzzaed like victorious heroes, and danced and sprung like young does, and were all as happy as kings.” “I do not know,” said she, with a sort of contemptuous smile, “what business I had there, and I trouble myself as little about it to-day as yesterday.” “You may say what you please,” said I; “but you cannot deny that the manner in which I have hitherto treated you has not been indifferent to you. You would have gladly been at the dance yesterday. Come, every thing shall be forgotten and forgiven. Here is my hand—we will be again good friends.” “That's the trouble worth,” said she, with a sneering loud laugh. “No, Mr Godfred, people must not be so hasty in the choice of their friends; and nobody cares about puffed up fools—they are passed without any notice.” So saying, she seized her watering-pot, and, before I could muster up my senses to answer such an unexpected impertinence, she had disappeared. “Zounds!” said I, calling after her, “that was clearly, very clearly said.”—I stood a quarter of an hour as if somebody had beat me, stuck my fists in my side, and gnashed my teeth, as I endeavoured to find out some way of revenging my wounded honour. She had called me a fool; not directly, indeed, but

in such a manner as to mean no other person but me; and to affront me ten times more than if she had called me so downright. The more I thought on the matter, the more I became doubtful and desponding. Shall I revenge myself immediately, and give grist to all the scandal-mills of the place? or shall I bear in patience an insult that the burgomaster himself would condemn me for submitting to? The Father-journeyman occurred to me: “He,” said I to myself, “may give me the best advice how to behave myself, for he has already had, by virtue of his office, many such cases to decide. I must explain the unpleasant matter to him, and be guided by his opinion.”

It was Saturday, and the whole weavers' guild had a sort of a blue day in consequence of the festivities of yesterday, and I knew that I should not fail to find my friend at the *Crow*, where he spent every hour he was not at the loom. He seemed ill-tempered, for he sat still and gloomy in a corner of the tap-room, and it was not till he had heard me command the landlord to bring me a tankard of the right stuff that his contracted eye-brows expanded to their usual cheerfulness. I begged to be allowed to take my place near him, offered him a glass, and told him, in a few words, of what had just happened to me. “Brother,” said he, after he had let me tell my tale fully, “from all which you have said to me, it is clear enough, that, in spite of what the maiden said, and you have done, she is yet deeply and desperately in love with you.” As he said this he fixed his eyes on the glasses, which were drained dry; and I, understanding him, gave a sign to the landlord, and they were again soon filled. “Brother,” continued he, “the maiden felt herself insulted by your neglect; and, indeed, you went too far to slight her before the whole village. However, she is chiefly offended, because she yet likes you; you are, as it were, stuck on to her heart. This, therefore, is my advice—You must bear the shame she has put on you with patience, instead of making it the talk of every body. You must take the title as a piece of maiden's wit, such as is to be had every day, and pay her for it with a dozen good kisses on the scandalous mouth on the first opportunity, and afterwards act as it suits your heart and understanding. I will give you a certificate that the fool shall remain betwixt us—it shall de-

ascend with us into the grave." The advice did not appear so bad, after some reflection, as at first. I thanked the brotherly friend with my right hand, made him again promise me secrecy, and assured him I would direct my future conduct to Lina according to what he said.

Unhappily, however, my promise was easier given than kept; and the four weeks which intervened between my liberation and beginning my travels passed away, without my being able rightly to understand on what terms I stood with Lina. If she saw me before the door, or in the garden, she behaved herself well and politely, but showed no sign of uncontrollable love. This made me melancholy and low-spirited, particularly as I observed, that, unable to make proper resistance, I was daily more in love with Lina. Good counsel would now have been valuable to me, and all the wisdom of the father-journeyman was of no avail. The evil was always increasing. Eating and drinking no longer pleased me. My pipe remained untouched the whole day; and my mother, who saw in my conduct my sorrow at parting from home, shook her head with melancholy foreboding. Lina was our nearest neighbour, and it was impossible she should not know of my intention to wander through the wide world; yet she did not lose the smallest part of her usual cheerfulness. On the contrary, I remarked, when she was in her garden bleaching her yarn, she trilled and hummed such gay airs, that every note was like a dagger to my heart. Her mirth made me shy and reserved, and wrecked every attempt I made to speak, and perhaps be reconciled with her. I cursed my former stupid conduct;—when ever I saw her I trembled, and had not the courage to approach and declare to her my secret thoughts.

On the day before my expected departure, my mother had collected some friends to keep her and me cheerful. In the evening I left the table, went and rapped at Lina's door, determined to have an explanation, and be certain what I had to hope or to fear for the future. My trouble was vain; I could make nobody hear, the house appeared deserted; my thumps were echoed as from a vault, and all the inhabitants of the spot, where I had hoped to find comfort, appeared dead and gone. No light was in her chamber, every thing

remained in quiet darkness, and the door was firm against all my attempts to enter. Afterwards I heard that Lina had been called away before noon to her mother, who had been taken suddenly ill in one of the neighbouring villages, and that she was not likely to return for some days. Every spark of hope was now extinguished. It was decided that I was quite indifferent to her, and I ought not to think of regaining the favour I had so foolishly lost.

If the father-journeyman could now have given his opinion, he would have advised me to resign myself to my fate, to banish the maiden from my thoughts, and throw out my hook for a new prize. He, however, had seen fifty springs, and I was in my eighteenth year. What was I to do? It was scarcely possible to postpone my departure for a few days, and trust to Lina's return, even if I were disposed to bear with the taunts of my comrades as a mother's spoiled child, for I had taken a solemn farewell of all my friends and relations. Sorrowful, therefore, I packed up my knapsack, stowed away carefully the hoarded and the collected money my mother had provided me, and, after a sleepless night, started at day-break, accompanied by some guild companions to the next village, and thus wandered in a very melancholy mood from my native place into the wide world.

More than half a year did I traverse backwards and forwards the holy Roman empire, without finding it necessary to seek employment. The money my mother had given me was sufficient to keep me, and the picture of Lina, which I carried in my heart, prevented the time from being wearisome. At noon I readily sought the cool shade by the side of some stream, to look over the images of former times that were stored up in my memory. For whole hours I fixed my gaze on the red cock, which I had preserved as my best friend, and carefully placed in my letter-case on leaving home. The sight of my gingerbread buyer recalled, as if present, all the pleasures he, and all the sorrows his copy, had procured me. In living clearness the days stood before me in which Lina placed me at her side, called me her little Fred, and talked of our future marriage. I cursed the passionate haste with which I separated from her on the unhappy evening, the proud overlook-

ing by which I made her understand my displeasure for several years, and the rude conduct by which I at last had put the crown on my insult. I was penetrated with shame and repentance as I recalled all this; and not seldom I began to punish myself, by pinching my own nose, when I reflected my own misconduct had deprived me of the maiden's favour; and at times the blood would rise in my head till I became almost mad. Always, I confess it, have I been a desperate man.

As autumn, however, approached, and my money was nearly at an end, my wandering unoccupied life was necessarily put a stop to. Terrified to find myself without a home for the winter, and at the prospect of being obliged to beg my bread travelling on the highways, I resolved to suppress my love for freedom, and to obtain some occupation by which I could be secure against want through the winter. With this intention I turned my steps towards a large town, in which I hoped to find employment. The steeples were already visible from a height, when I put my hand by accident in my pocket, and, to my great grief, missed my letter-case, which clearly appeared to have descended through a hole gradually formed. Though I could readily have resigned all the other papers that it contained, I could not bring myself to give up the cock, which in former times had procured me so many enjoyments. I returned without delay on my steps, and sought, by every means, to recover my lost treasure. In vain did I go back ten miles, poking and creeping on all sides—it was lost for ever.

As night came on, and I was exhausted, I was obliged to seek a place of repose. Soon afterwards I reached a solitary public-house, where I hoped to find what I wanted, with something to eat for money and fair words. The room was full of carriers, surrounded with thick clouds of smoke, who were terrifying one another with numerous tales of ghosts and murder. I took my place in a corner, got something to eat, and could not but express now and then, by a smile, my surprise at the credulity of these rude people. At the end of half an hour a tall elderly man, of a sallow complexion, came in, whom I took for a rich dealer in cattle, as he threw off his great coat, and discovered his girdle well loaded with money. He called, in a commanding voice, for some-

thing to eat, and was immediately served; while a stuffed arm-chair, drawn out of the neighbouring chamber, showed that the people were disposed to respect him. As he sat himself at his ease, he said, showing my letter-case, "I have found on the road a packet, which may perhaps be of value; and now for a look at the contents." "Worthy sir," I exclaimed, rising up and approaching with begging gestures, "the letter-case in your hands belongs to me: I lost it, and I will immediately tell you what it contains. In the middle there is a red cock; on all the other papers and parts of the book you will find the name of Lina, written in all sorts of letters." "Good, good," said the man, interrupting me, after he had thrown a hasty glance over the letter-case; "here, take it; God forbid I should appropriate another person's property to myself." Nobody could now be happier than I. I thanked the finder a thousand times, and went out into the garden to give myself up undisturbed to the pleasure of again possessing my treasure. It was a cool clear autumn evening; the blood-red moon was just rising, and nothing but the falling leaves now and then broke, with a light rustling, the general stillness. I had hardly seated myself in a thick arbour at the end of the garden, to give myself up to the fancies which drove thickly through me, when I heard, on the outside of the planking, the tread of a foot, and immediately after a conversation between two persons, of which, though they spoke low and cautiously, I lost not a syllable. "As I say, Matthew," said one, "we have no occasion to hurry ourselves; Steinacker is in the house refreshing himself. He does not sleep there, and I know for certain he means to be in the city to-morrow as early as possible. His girdle is well filled, and his only weapon is a stick, which will break in pieces at the first stroke. It will be easy to manage him, therefore, and even to get rid of him altogether, should it be necessary." "He does not want for courage," was the answer: "he will defend himself like a devil, you may be sure. We must give him a squeaker quickly, or all will go wrong, I tell you. The surest place will be the hollow oak by the cross road. We will hide ourselves behind the bush, and as he rides carelessly past we will dart on him like lightning, give him the needful, and

share the ready betwixt us—and with that enough.” These wretches went away after saying this. I moved cautiously out of my hiding place, crept through a hole in the garden wall, and saw two broad-shouldered fellows walking away over a stubble-field towards a wood, which was most likely the intended scene of their future exploit.

Overjoyed to be able to render the finder of the letter-case such an important service, for I did not doubt that he was the object of this villany, I hastened back to the house to warn him of the plot. It was strangely affecting to see him sitting with a cheerful countenance, quite free from the slightest suspicion of what was hanging over him. At the moment, in fact, he was telling the landlord that he intended soon to give up his present employment, and return, with the property he had acquired during twenty years’ wandering about, to his native place, and there for the future to lead a quiet, steady, peaceable life. As he was rising to depart, I went up to him, and, clapping him on the shoulder, said, “Is your name Steinacker, Sir?”—“At your service,” said he; “but my name is no secret;” and he appeared rather astonished at my manner of addressing him.—“Then I can give you a little piece of information,” I continued, “which is worth your while to attend to, and may astonish you. You would be dead to-night, Sir, but for the red cock.”—With this I explained to him what I had heard in the garden, word for word.—“The devil!” said he, much surprised, and with evident agitation. “Now I understand what that fellow meant who followed me the whole day yesterday. Quite right, I must pass by a hollow oak to go to the city.” “There stood a convent there formerly,” said the landlord, “and we call the oak Margaret’s Tree, because a nun of that name still plays the ghost there. The scoundrels are not stupid; they could not have selected a better place, for nobody of this neighbourhood will venture near the oak after dark.”

Preparations were immediately made to take the two vagabonds, and deliver them up to justice. The landlord collected every person who was capable of carrying arms, and would engage to assist. Steinacker made the plan of attack. I armed myself with a hay-fork, and was placed in the reserve, that, in case of retreat, I might, at

least, have the office of leader. Every thing succeeded to our wish. The wood was surrounded, and all our parties marched in to the hollow oak with as little noise as possible. The rogues were not aware of our approach, till we were so close, and so superior, that there was no possibility of escape. Both were pinioned immediately, their weapons taken from them, and both brought in triumph to the public-house, where they were so closely secured till they could be delivered up to the magistrates, that I would not have been, for a great deal, in their situation.

Such riotous joy now took place as was probably never before seen. Steinacker felt himself disposed to be generous, from his wonderful escape, and treated the whole society. So much was drunk, that, at length, it was difficult to understand a single word from the noise. Steinacker took me aside, called me his guardian angel, kissed me, and hugged me, in the warmth of his gratitude, till my bones clattered, and I was obliged to escape from his grasp to draw breath. In vain I repeated that I had little share in saving him, and that he owed his preservation entirely to the red cock. He would not listen to me, and it was with difficulty I could prevent him from giving me the half of his money, by assuring him that he had before-hand richly rewarded me in returning the letter-case. He was astonished, shook his head in unbelief, and became curious to know how a thing so inconsiderable in his eyes should have so great a value in mine. The whole conduct of the man, since I first saw him, had inspired me with confidence, and I did not hesitate to satisfy his curiosity, by relating the history of the red cock, and all the circumstances of my attachment to Lina, in such a copious manner as might be expected from this being the first opportunity I had had since leaving home of pouring out my full heart. He appeared less astonished at my history than at hearing the name of my native village, and the names of our neighbours. He rose from table, took a turn or two in the room, again took his place by my side, and with extraordinary gestures encouraged me to proceed in my story. I expressed to him my surprise at his evident confusion, and inquired what circumstances in my story had excited such strong feelings. He

shook his head, but spoke not, and continued to listen to me, and asked a thousand minute questions, while he attentively examined my countenance; so that, altogether, his conduct affected me in a very strange and wonderful manner.

In the mean time, the whole company had made themselves drunk at his expense, and, in the joy of his heart, he had also somewhat muddled his head. I was the only sober person amongst them all. Suddenly one of them, made bold and quarrelsome by liquor, had the impertinence to call my courage in question, and impudently to say, that, when the attack was made on the two hedge-thieves, I had made a rapid side movement, had jumped over a hedge, and, as pale as death, had concealed myself in a ditch. At this scandalous (I may boldly call it) lie the whole company broke out into such an immoderate fit of laughter, that the windows shook. Even Steinacker joined in it, and appeared for a moment to forget all the gratitude his wonderful deliverance had before excited. I was excessively vexed, though I endeavoured to appear as if I did not feel the insult, and said nothing in my own defence. When the company, however, overpowered by drink, had all sunk into sleep, I seized my knapsack, found my way out through an open window, and, before a soul was on the road, set out in the first fogs of the morning to pursue my journey. My manner of escaping prevented any person knowing what was become of me; and Steinacker's efforts to find me, of which I afterwards heard, were unavailing, because I could procure no work in the city to which he was going, and was obliged, on the following day, to seek another home. I was afterwards more fortunate; and though sitting behind a loom now appeared a monotonous miserable life, yet I was obliged to submit, and happy, by this means, to obtain food. I was fortunate in making myself agreeable by the goodness of my manners and my industry, and I had many occasions to know, that a man becomes immediately interesting to the other sex, when his melancholy and solitariness give them to understand, that he carries in his bosom the unhealing wounds of an unfortunate attachment.

The reader will scarcely be interested by any thing concerning the several masters whom I served, nor by any thing

concerning the masters' daughters, who severally appeared to cherish a soft and kind regard for me. I shall, therefore, pass over a period of two years and a half, and again take up my story, as a letter at this time recalled me home, by the news that my mother was dangerously ill.

It was on a beautiful spring evening, after a long journey of nearly three hundred miles, that I approached my native village. It would be in vain to attempt to describe my feelings, when I first saw the aged pines on a hill in the clergyman's garden, rising far and proudly above the other surrounding trees. Doubt and anxiety, curiosity and desire, fear and hope, followed one another rapidly through my troubled mind; my heart beat quick, and the perspiration stood in great drops on my forehead, as I entered my mother's house at the beginning of night. From her sick-bed she stretched out her arms to welcome me; overpowered by sorrow and grief, I threw myself on my knees beside her; speechless sighs were our only greeting after our three years' separation, and it was only by tears that our hearts were made easy. A single glance at the scantiness of the furniture, convinced me that many unpleasant changes had taken place during my absence, and that my mother had become much poorer than when I left home. Nor was I long in learning that she had been reduced to the greatest poverty, by having been robbed, and by a very long sickness. This news destroyed all my courage, and all the hopes I had nourished till this moment were at once overthrown. Nothing was, however, to be gained, by giving myself up to the gloomy despair that at first seized me. Courage and exertion were necessary, for on me now depended my sick and affectionate parent. Something must be immediately done to stop increasing misery. I gave up at once, and for ever, my plan, long nourished in secret, of gaining back Lina's affections. It was not possible, under my circumstances, to talk to her of love; and I employed myself in procuring, by mortgaging our house, as much money as would buy me the necessary materials for carrying on my trade. It was with difficulty I gained my ends. The house was old, and in want of repairs. Wind and rain found a free passage in many places, and it promised, ere long, to fall entirely in ruins. Nobody, therefore,

liked to lend me money on it, and it cost me much trouble before I could place myself in a situation to begin work. Even then I was in want of employers; the guild funds were extremely low, and with a sorrowful heart did I see our situation growing daily worse. Not to make my joyless existence still more miserable, I had carefully avoided any communication with Lina, and had only saluted her in passing, when I had carefully turned away my eyes as speedily as possible. I had, however, remarked, that the charms of youthful grace and loveliness were still spread over her in all their former full measure. I was separated only by a wall from the most affectionate of all the daughters of Eve; and yet separated, by unconquerable difficulties, for ever. I wandered about, when I reflected on this, like a miserable criminal, and was incapable of entertaining one pleasant thought.

One evening, as I sat at the window in this melancholy mood, I heard the noise of a carriage, which stopped at our neighbour's door, and, in spite of the feeble light, I saw Lina's mother descend, and enter the house in company with a man, and the carriage immediately drove off. "Perhaps Lina's bridegroom!" was my first thought, which, with anxiety, weighed heavy on my soul. Nor could I get rid of this supposition by all the arts of reason. To obtain certainty, or to relieve the horrid fear, if possible, I quitted the house, and peeped into Lina's. The little room into which I looked was well lighted, and formed, from the comfort which apparently reigned there, a strong contrast with our dwelling. It was not possible this alteration could have been effected by the spinning-wheel; and the whole riddle would have been inexplicable, had not a closer inspection of the persons sitting at table cleared it up. With astonishment I saw that the man who had accompanied Lina's mother into the house was Steinacker. He appeared quite at home. Lina sat close by his side, and had her arm laid in a most familiar manner on his shoulder. Her gestures were so cheerful, and she appeared so perfectly friendly with Steinacker, that I cried for vexation. Immediately I thought I had found the clue to the whole matter. On that evening, so full of adventures, when Steinacker had questioned me so closely about Lina and her mother, I had displayed my elo-

quence at the expense of my discretion; and, in the fulness of my heart, had sketched so charming a picture of Lina, that he had been tempted to visit her, had found appearance justify my praises, and had thought her an admirable assistant in that quiet plan of life he meant to follow. He had fallen desperately in love with her—how could it be otherwise?—had thrown his well stuffed purse on the table, and every thing was right. These were the thoughts with which I left my post of observation, and returned home bitterly vexed.

It might be perhaps some hours after this when Steinacker entered our house. He was perhaps astonished at the appearance I made, sitting still and silent in the corner, for it was some time before he was able to speak. At length he began to reproach me for my secret flight from the public-house—spoke of a distant relationship between him and Lina's mother—aluded to the service I had rendered him, and said he still cherished the wish to show me his gratitude. I repeated that I was already rewarded, and assured him that I was now, as then, far from wishing to make any use of his offer. He called me obstinate and capricious, spoke in a dark sort of manner of domestic comforts, and closed his tiresome conversation by making me an offer of buying our old house. I was glad to get rid of him by referring him for an answer till to-morrow. On this he left me, and took up his night's quarters at our neighbour's.

My mother, on my representation that it was impossible we could retain and repair our house, consented to part with it, and the contract for selling it to Steinacker was concluded without much difficulty. What he offered and gave for it was a mere trifle, but my wish to get far away from Lina made me readily accept it; and after paying all our debts a little remained for a time of greater need. We hired a house at the farther end of the village, and the impatience of the new proprietor drove us speedily away from the place where we had passed so many years. We felt this severely, but I was doomed to be yet more humiliated. My loom was scarcely erected in our new house when Steinacker sent me a large parcel of yarn to weave into linen as quickly and as well as possible. It was the first work I had received since I had

been admitted a master. Lina's hand might be traced in the fineness and equality of the thread, and thus my first performance was to form part of her dowry. In a sorrowful mood I began the piece, and chose rather to labour at night, when every thing about me was still.

In the mean time, I learnt that our former house and the neighbouring one were pulled down, and that a new stone one was building in their place with great haste. This was sufficient reason for my hastening with the web, which, as I had little else to do, was soon completed. It was sent home, and as it was extremely disagreeable to me to think of being paid for it, poor as I was, I imagined a thousand means of rejecting any reward which might be offered. My cares were, however, at present ill-founded. Steinacker said nothing of payment, but expressed his satisfaction at the work, and sent me another parcel of yarn to be woven into cloth. In this manner the summer passed gradually away, no smile had ever mixed with the melancholy that had now become habitual to me. My mother, indeed, had recovered so much, as to be at present out of danger, but this was the only consolation I enjoyed.

By my retired manner of living, I can safely say I had no hand in unfairly spreading my reputation as a clever weaver, but in truth, such an account was gradually given of me. Good friends may, perhaps, have spoken of me; perhaps Steinacker himself; but certain it is, that at this time I had more work than two persons could perform. The second web for him had long been done, and he said nothing of payment. I could not believe that he had guessed my wishes, and though I felt contented with his silence, I was at a loss to explain it. At length he appointed me to come to him at a particular hour on a Sunday evening, requesting me at the same time to stay to supper with him. I went at the appointed hour, but with the firm determination of refusing all payment, and of leaving him to eat his supper alone; and now, for the first time, I saw the new house, which I had hitherto carefully avoided. The owner received me in a cheerful room close to the door, asked me to sit at a table covered with a green cloth, and requested my account. Now began our dispute. I persisted I had no account to give, that I was happy

in this way to show my gratitude for the money advanced on our house, and that I had always resolved not to take any thing for the linen. He said the workman was worthy of his hire; that he could not hear of such untimely generosity; that I was an obstinate fellow, but that he knew a way to bend me, which he would soon employ, if I did not give in. In the midst of our dispute somebody rang at the outer door; Steinacker opened it, and, by the aid of the light in the room, I saw a female, whom I believed to be my mother. This supposition added considerably to my confusion, and, when Steinacker returned, as I was again defending my opinion, and constantly blundering from one thing to another, I at last said the yarn was spun by Lina, and that there was no necessity for a third person to interfere between us. At this moment Steinacker clapped his hands, and laughed aloud. To my astonishment a side-door opened, and Lina, with her mother and my own entered. I stood as if rooted to the spot, felt as if all my limbs were paralyzed, and stared at them all, one after another, without saying a word. Steinacker put an end to this, by conducting Lina to me, and assuring me that the elected of my heart had always been true to me, and that, now he had done all which was necessary to cancel an old debt, nothing was wanting to complete our happiness, if the interference of a third person was not declared to be of no use or value. But who could think this? It now turned out that Steinacker was a half-brother of Lina's mother, and had resided here a twelve-month, constantly occupied in carrying a project into execution he had formed on the first evening of our wonderful acquaintance. There was no deception; Lina hung on my arm, I could press her to my heart; and the founder of our fortunes wished us happiness and joy by his smiles. "Is it possible," said I to Lina, "that you have constantly thought of our former friendship, though I insulted you so rudely? Can you always have loved me, when I formerly treated you so ill?" "Always," said she, with a glance that was more convincing than her words; "and I have even preserved more carefully than, from circumstances, you suppose, perhaps, the present which I formerly received from your hand." At these words she drew away the green cloth, and, with

joyful surprise, I there saw the very red cock which I myself had formerly made for her. He was now pasted on the middle of the table, and destined to be the lasting ornament of this piece of furniture. A paper with the magistrate's seal, lay near it. "Times and customs change," said Steinacker. "Formerly the cock gave you pennies to satisfy your boyish appetites; now he gives you a stone built house to dwell in, and large enough for you to supply old Steinacker with a place of repose for the rest of his days." "The cock," said I, "had no need to give any orders on this point."

Here, then, do I gaily and cheerfully as I began conclude my narration. I live in a well built airy roomy house, have been for some time united to Lina, rejoice in the daily increase of my business, and expect shortly that a young Godfred will hail me with the name of father. In taking leave of the well disposed reader, I cannot do less than entreat the favour of his company at the expected christening.

From the German of PRATZEL.

THE THREEFOLD TRAGEDY.

SCENE I.

GIULIO, THOMASINE.

G. THAT lady is a fair one, whom we met last night, and did admire so in the dance, My Thomasine.

T. The Lady Rosabelle?

G. The same, my love. How empress-like she swam

Adown that stately measure! did she not?—The old Castilian one, I mean,—which then seem'd as its air had call'd up the bright spirit Of Chivalry itself to grace the ball.

T. Why should'st thou see it?

G. If I saw her fair, 'Twas but to see, and, seeing, but to say That thou wert fairer—fairest of all fairs Whose beauties breathe this earth's even Georgian airs.

T. Hast thou seen Georgia's beauties?

G. I have one—Yet 'tis but a faint imaging:—come see, Here on this ivory tablet.—Is it not pretty?

T. Oh! far too pretty. Dost thou know her well—Her whom this face belong'd to?

G. O yes,—well:—My mother was a Georgian; and this was Mine uncle's daughter.

T. And in infancy Ye play'd together?—and together grew, And loved?

G. Ay; loved and was loved as a brother

T. Go on.

G. Go on!—with what, love?

T. With your tale,—I mean with—with—your portrait. Let me look Again.

G. 'Tis finely touch'd, love,—is it not?—Here, in this light:—her noble brow (methinks I see her—in my mind)—it pass'd this far: 'Twas like a sculptured Pallas, in its pride Of alabaster whiteness; and her eye Was like the morning dew's translucent ball Within the harebell's cup, by some chance leaf Upturn'd, or gustful wind at evening's hour, Wherein all night the fairest fairies bathed, And wherein looks the dawning sun, and sees His own bright miniature.

T. And was her hair So vine-like, in its tendrils of bright gold?

G. Oh! far, far more!—and then these fingers light,

Which point the dimple that they seem to hide! The painter's too rude pencil could not touch The polish of their turning mild enough.

T. Methinks 'tis mild.

G. But not enough.

T. Oh! sure

It is enough.—Say, Giulio, that it is.

G. Why, my own life?

T. Oh, Giulio! not thy life,

Giulio! thy cousin's is too fair a face For mine to come where hers is—in thine heart.

G. Thomasine!

T. Nay, thou said'st so—did'st thou not? These were thy very words—oh! I did note them—

"Methinks I have her in my heart!"—'Twas so.

G. I did not think 'twas so: and yet it might.

But yet I did not place her where thou art—In my heart's heart.—Nay, sigh not, Thomasine.

I loved her as a sister, but no more!

And thou had'st loved her as a sister too.

T. Nay, if 'twere thus, I should have loved her For I had loved her as *thine*, Giulio. [more,

Why, she must be a lady passing fair,

To pass this portraiture. This violet eye—

Why, I ne'er saw its equal,—oh! not even

In the dark deepness of the ocean tints

That we have watch'd so.—

G. Hast not seen its peer,

Enchantress?

T. No.

G. Not even in thy mirror?

T. Indeed, not there.

G. No, for thine own is hazel; And hazel is my favourite, for there's naught In heaven or earth that's like it.

T. And this month—

How it half opes, as if with sorcery sounds!

G. But not as thine does now.

T. And then this front— Shut, shut the case: I shall grow envious.

G. 'Tis well the ivory cannot—or it would—

Of her who says so—says so, but in smiles.

But see, how the red sunset reddens all The old dark wainscoting: Come, let us forth, And gaze on its great beauty.

SCENE II.

CAMILLA, in a boy's dress.

Heart, heart, be silent! need Camilla fear

A rival in each brow that Giulio bows to ?
 A rival !—Ah ! 'tis not for love conceal'd—
 Successfully conceal'd, like mine,—'tis not
 For love unanswer'd—by the unconscious eye
 Kindly, yet coldly look'd on, as is mine,—
 Oh ! rival is no word for such love's using.
 —She who hath heard the sweet lip—which she

envies

The kisses of its fellow—breathe to her
 The whisper'd wish, and the reiterate vow ;
 She who hath seen the look she loves to read
 Hide its fierce heat beneath the languid lid,
 Whene'er her own surprised it in its moment
 Of fix'd idolatry ;—she who hath felt
 Her hurrying heart flash up the blushing blood
 Through the clear cheek, whene'er the hoped-for
 hand

Press'd her own thrilling one ;—Such—such as she
 May speak of rivals :—Can Camilla so ?
 He knows now that I love him. How I love him—
 Form'd as he is for love—can he e'er fancy ?
 —Love of Camilla ne'er hath arm'd his eye
 To pierce this poor disguise. This satin vest,—
 High-heaving with the bosom, when he's near,
 Which it *should* hide,—is to him as a corslet
 Of seven times tried and seven times fold'd steel.
 And the deep-shadowing helmet were to him
 Less guard against recognizance, than are
 These close-clipp'd locks men praised so once.

Ah me !

And yet why sigh ? sure I did wish it so,
 When I became a boy to track those steps
 Behind, I fain would company beside.
 And yet—although he loved not his sweet coz—
 (Ah ! so he call'd me ; ay ! and loved, but not
 As his sweet coz would have him,)—yet, Camilla
 Finds she *hath* rivals, when she sees him bend
 The blessing of his lips to ladies' hands.
 And then—this Thomasine is far too fair,
 Too, fairer than all others ;—still her fair
 Is far too little for my Giulio's love.
 Ah ! doth he think so ?—No ! if these oft meet-
 ings—

For such slight knowledge far too frequent found—
 Too close for Giulio's honourable spirit
 If he do love not—and too secret stolen
 To be but sweetly spent as fondly sought—
 Ah ! no, if these speak true,—my Giulio loves,
 And loves—not me. 'St ! sure I heard a voice—
 A stern still voice—ay ! and it said, " Not thee !"—
 It might be fancy—but such fancies oft
 Teem with ill omen, and turn out too true.
 I'll watch her nearer. As a basilisk's,
 Mine eye shall glare her into. . . . Ah ! what
 thoughts, [my brain !
 What devilish thoughts, like snakes, dart through
 This must not be.—Camilla, though she love,
 Ay ! though she die for love—must love and die,
 As fits who loves and dies for Giulio.

SCENE III.

THOMASINE, GIULIO.

T. I tell you what, my lord ! This fan shall
 make
 Its feathers well acquainted with your ear,
 If the child-god teach you such childish names
 To treat your lady with.—Beware—beware ye !—

G. What shall I call you, then ?—My love !
 life ! angel !

T. Nay, this is flattery ! I am no angel.—

G. Oh ! no—thank Heaven ! not quite an angel
 Though as angelic as one. [yet,

T. Why " thank Heaven ?"

Would'st thou not have me one ?

G. I would not have

Thee leave us, Thomasine.

T. Why, what bars, that I

Be one with thee, my Giulio ?—Nothing, sure—
 Say " Nothing," Giulio.

G. In the sense I mean,

May it be long, long years first !—We must part
 Ere thou become one. And thou must put off
 The delicate tincture of that cherry cheek,
 The purplish lily of those translucent temples,
 The sphere-like coral of that pouting lip,
 And its o'erhanging fellow's gentle twine,
 And the dark orbs of those thy diamond eyes,
 That turn and drink the moonlight now, until
 Their hues melt off, in the sublimer wildness
 Of mingling light and shadow ;—these—these all—
 Alas ! their melting is to tears—Why ?—

T. Why !

Dost thou ask why ? And yet thou talk'dst of
 parting.

G. Sweet, I will talk no more on't.—Though
 'twas sweet

To descant on thy praises—even though thus.
 But by those blue-vein'd temples, vault-like brows,
 By the blest luxury of those red lips,
 By that soft cheek which blushes so, because
 So easily it dimples to kind smiles,—
 By these—by thee—by every grace that's thine,
 And so by every grace, I swear—through life,
 Through death, thou art

T. At lovers' vows, we say

Jove laughs ; I cannot choose but smile at thine.

G. So thou did'st smile on them, I would defy
 His laugh.

T. But thine are so fantastical,

I am sure they must be false. For if thine oath I
 By these were perjur'd—say, what punishment
 Can these poor brows, that are too young to frown,
 Inflict on thy misprision,—or these cheeks,
 Whose flush of anger thou didst never know—
 Or these twain silly lips, that cannot keep
 From smiling at thy flattery ?

G. Oh ! not so—

Is flattery true, as that yon sun is fair ?
 Is truth as false, as that yon fleeting clouds
 Are solid as this globe ? When these two things
 Are thus confounded—then—oh ! not *still* then,
 Think that I flatter, when I fondly challenge
 Truth to be truer, than that—as I live—
 I love thee, and upon that love do live,
 And in my life and love am ever thine.

T. Why, I was bid beware of tongues, that
 twined

Such sweet inverted phrases round and round ;
 For such, they said, were like false birds, which fly
 And twitter round about their stubble homes,
 At careful distance, and with guileful roving,
 To draw off heedful eyes from prying closely.
 —But, my lord, where's the pretty page I ask'd of
 To be my late-bearer ? [you,

G. Why, Thomasine,

I love the boy, and he, I think, loves me—
 Thomasine, do not ask it ?

T. Nay, my love,
Now I protest I shall grow jealous of him—
Some lady sent him you—Or—it may be—
(Nay, Sir, you need not fear mine asking eye,)
It may be—nay, I'd lay a bet upon it—
This crucifix of jewell'd ivory,
To that great cumbersome one that you cut throats
with,
The cross upon your sword-hilt; come, 'tis a match;
I'll swear that seeming-blushing boy is some
Love-sickening girl, by your false eyes seduced,
Who—poor romantic thing—needs follow you
To hold your stirrup, brush your stained boots,
Rub down your reeking horse—Fie! fie! my lord,
It is unknighly of you!

G. My own sweeting,
On any other point I love your railery;
But this poor boy, before I came from Florence,
Brought letters from my cousin—praying me,
To take him as my page, and use him kindly,
Both for his orphan state, which she set forth
In her own moving terms—and for her sake.
Touching the first, with thee he might be better'd;
But for the last, I like not that he leaves me.
Yet, he shall choose. Gasparo!

Enter CAMILLA.

C. Here, my lord.
G. I think I've used you kindly, good Gasparo!
Nor struck thee, child thee, nor employ'd thee more
Than did besem thee years;—and you have been
Trusty, and never truant—prompt, not prying—
Quick, and yet not obtrusive in thy service—
Dutious and frank, not servile nor familiar;
Gasparo, when we part, we part good friends.

C. My lord, in what, or when have I offended?
G. In naught, Gasparo; but this gentle lady
Will be a gentle mistress, and a ready
Still to promote your service dutiful.

C. Sir, I have served you willingly, if not well:
My service has been—*is*—and shall be, if
It please you, yours till death, till martyrdom:
My service—not my slavery, good my lord;
Nor is it to be pass'd from hand to hand,
Like household stuff, or war's bloodrusted tools,
Or faithless revel-cups, which change their lords,
And sparkle as splendidly for their tenth master
As when the graver's hand had touch'd them fresh.
—Yet, if you bid me leave you, I obey;
Even though my heart should sunder with that love
Which is in servants,—but which lords ne'er fancy
Who have not eat another's daily bread—
Who have not been bedeck'd with others' fortunes—
Who have not found another's house their home—
Who have not watch'd another's will and word—
Nor had their gratitude still heap'd by smiles
Of kindness, which repay one for one's watching:—
Such love may shut the sluices of my life:—
Yet—if you bid—I leave you;—but, Sir, not
To do the bidding of a lord I've left,
In serving whom he will.—I had a hope
To have tended on the hand I loved—for life,
Through sickness, solitude, woe, war, or danger;
Nor in life only,—but in death, and whilst
My last faint breath were flitting.—Soon that hope
Is canker'd; and this heart, which with a love
Passing what ever even woman felt,
Hath loved thee,—it must eat into itself,
Rusting like a neglected sword; but never
(Pardon plain-speaking, lady) can it be

Drawn forth to love another, Sir, as thee,—
Nor serve whom so it loves not.

T. Giulio!
Look—how his eyes are watery, though his lip
Throbs hotly, and his cheek burns fiery red.—
See how he loves you, Giulio!—hast thou spells
About thee, that souls seek thee so?—Good boy,
Cleave to his gentle nature, who attach'd you,
As you would not be sunder'd, boy, from all
Your better conduct and your worldly hopes.
You are not old yet;—soon the moth will creep
Among your splendid feelings, and the world
Gnaw all their beauty and their freshness through.
Cherish such feelings, boy, and turn them often,
And let the perfume of my sprinkled praise,
Poor though it be, preserve them in some sort.
Soon—far too soon will other smiles than his
Become thine idols,—or at least thy chase:
Oh! be thou eager, but yet pure as now,—
And faithful be thou, and thine honour steadfast,
In wooing woman, as in serving man!—
But come, we must not part you.—I do wave
Mine asking of your lord.

C. Bless you—Christ bless,
Sweet lady, for these words!—and pardon me
If I not knew before, nor ever own'd
The greatness of your worth.

T. Is't worth to see
The love you bear your master?

C. Oh! if you saw.
The love I bear my master!— . . . In the rhymes
Of old romance we read how maids have clad
Them oft like men, and follow'd—all for love—
Their idol from his land:—but would they, think
you,

If he had told them lacquy some sweet lady,
Whose face was in his heart and rival'd theirs,—
Oh! would they—could they thus have done?—
Ah! no!

No less can my love make me disobey
So stern a mandate.—Let Gasparo thank you,
Lady, for this your gentleness.

G. And I too,
Thomasine, thank you that we are not parted.
Your hand, Gasparo!—Go, my boy,—and bring
The lute from the south chamber to the bower
At the end of the western terrace.—There we'll
(Thomasine, shall we not?) [sit.—

T. Thou say'st it, Giulio,—
Dearest, thou know'st what I'll say.

G. There then we
Will sit, dear,—till the sun from his noon throne
Come down—with sounds of piping winds, and song
Of nestling throbbles and waked nightingales,
And all the blazon'd pomp of heralding clouds—
To his night-chamber 'neath the slumberous sea.

CAMILLA alone.

C. Oh! how her heart must beat beside that arm
Her own is link'd with!—Happy she!—yet well
Worthy that happiness heaven so showers on her—
So bars to wretched me.— . . . Why—why—oh! I
why,

Thou mighty One, whom men have call'd the Good,
And say thou fram'd'st all creatures to be happy—
Why, thou all-ordering Spirit, must I love,
And love so purely, fondly, constantly,
So anxiously and irresistibly
As fits a child of thine,—and yet be slighted,
And in that slight be agoniz'd? . . . Ah! me!—

With thoughts of hell like those I've felt towards
Still—could they not be blessed? he with her?
And I blest too? nor know, what knowing, I
Find all thy glorious works *they* love so, are
Nought but a blank to me,—the silver sun,
The musical breezes, and the golden clouds,
The mild moon, and heaven's myriad starry tents,
The blue sky's brightness, song of streams and
birds,

SCENE IV.

G. Oh Thomasine! in such a bower as this
How could I pass my summer life, nor dream
Of thunder clouds to veil the eternal sunshine,
Nor dread them, if they did, so thou wert by me ;
So those twain flexible arms, like this rich wood-
bine,

When times, and seasons, and man's lapsing life,
Must lose their hold on being, and shall drop
To dark oblivion's bosom !—But that sigh,
Whence rises it, my love ?

G. Nay, dearest, ask not that,—but why the sun
Smiles even from out the depth of yon dark cloud
Which doth o'ergloom his setting: Why—unless
It be to cheer mine angel?

T. Ay! but, Giulio,
Yon cloud is watery : Why forbid mine eye
To be so too?—Watery—and yet, perchance,
It beareth fire within ; and though mine eyes
Be chill with tears that are not passion's hot ones,—
Yet, love, mine heart fosters a flame within.
But there's a storm towards. And there's a some-
thing

Of sinking in my breast, which makes me doubt
Lest our love want not the fierce storms, which I
Have heard do still attend all love.

G. Nay, nay!

'Tis fancy, sweet. But, if it were an omen,
Love is not the boy-god that men would have him
Of silken skin and ever-perfumed hair,
Which suns can freckle or a shower uncurl.
No! He can shoot on eagle pinions straight
Up to the eye he suns him in, though bolts
Of fire fall round him, cleaving the impious world;
Though show'rs may swell the rivers, till the lands
Lie like deep lakes for miles, and though the winds
Toss the tremendous sea, and roll the spring -tides
O'er towns depopulated;—Hoping love,
That quails not though the tropic sun glares full
Upon his gaze. He looks where lightnings leap
From their black nest, and laughs to think that he
Doth bear a charmed life; since from his sire,
The lord of lightnings, he doth emanate,
Who loved before all worlds, and shall be loved
When love and life are one through the throng'd
 heavens.

Love can bear toil, love can pass trial, dear,
Love can front frowning peril : naught to love
Is hard, if hearts be not too hard to win ;
Naught fearful, save the loss of one heart's life,
And that he trusts, (for love believes a God,)
His God, who wills our happiness, will guard.

T. The sullen clouds gather up to the central sky :
How awful is this hot, thick air !—To die—
Now to die, Giulio, 'tis too fearful ! Stern
Were the death summons now to Thomasine,
While she is loved and loves.

G. This picture, dear,
The picture of my cousin, is set round
With stones of natural virtue to ward off
The thunder-stroke; around thine innocent neck,
So doubly arm'd, come, let me hang its spell.

T. But, Giulio, *thou*—nay, take it back, I cannot—

G. My love, I'll take thine arm ; so thou shalt
The joy to guard thy Giulio. [have

CAMILLA enters.

C. Good my lord—
Ha! What! my portrait on her breast,—the one
I gave him!

G. Wherefore comest thou, my good boy?

And why shrink'st back?—See how his colour shifts,

Now whiter than even thine, my timorous love,
Now flush'd like yon red haze upon the landscape;
Boy, what's the matter? Look! how his eye rolls!—
Art ill, Gasparo?

C. Nothing, Sir.—I came
To bring this mantle for the Lady Thomasine,
To turn—to turn the coming shower.

G. Thanks, thanks
For your kind thoughts, Gasparo!—Come, my life,
Let's wrap this precious heart up.

C. Oh! would—would
It were a Nessus' mantle! Haughty lady,
To bear her spoils so openly!

G. Nay, love,
Is it too great an honour for your Ginlio
To lend a hand?

T. Well, well; but think, I pray,
Good my lord, how we pleasure you.

C. Camilla,
Lost, lost Camilla, he hath known thy love;
And it is laughter to him in his hours
Of fondling: Mid the luxury of his vows—
The drunkenness of kisses,—then to give
His cousin's last poor pledge,—and, doubtless,
descant

How dull these eyes to hers whom he adores,
How pale these lips to those he loves to taste,
How hard this hand to that he loves to palm!
Triumph, vain beauty!—not for ever though,
Nor not for long; although thy sparkling eye
Could scarcely dance more gaily,—didst thou know
The slighted one is witness to thy conquest.
Brief triumph thine!

T. Gasparo, your poor boy,
We had almost forgot him. See to him
Ere we turn homeward.

C. Lady, I am well—
Quite well: believe me thankful. (But dream not
The bitter thanks I owe you.)—Pray, go on, Sir;
'Tis with me oft thus before a storm; but passes
Quick as you see.—Sir, I await you.—Ay!
Ay!—and the vengeance hour.)

G. Come, my own love,
The heat-drops fall already.

CAMILLA, alone.

Yes! go on,
And bend and bow before those darling eyes,
That you may look up underneath their lids
As on you lead her;—and your soft, soft words
Speak with your curling lips in her small ear;
Beware lest it become deaf as this clod,
And those fond eyes as dull!—O! 'tis too
bitter,— [love,

While this poor grateful heart o'erbrimm'd with
With love towards a rival,—and for words,
For kind words which she scattereth commonly,
While swells her spirit with the exulting scorn
Of conquering beauty;—while with silly haste,
In the pure feeling of the moment, I
Sought to serve her who saps my love—my bliss,
Because, forsooth, I thought her what she seem'd
While, fool-like, I desired to shield that frail,
Too lovely form, whose frailty were the hope
Of common rivals,—then, even then, the name
Of love-sick, vain Camilla was their theme,—
Their theme of sport. But tremble! for the plank

That bears you may be pierced,—pierced by a
worm!—

Then who shall bar the up-springing waters out?
Who stop the leak that wrecks you?

SCENE V. A Forest—Night.

CAMILLA.

Now the storm maddens!—but the storm in here
Rises, and will not be outmadden'd. Night,
And solitude, and tempest, come, unwoman me,
And make me what I seem!—Nay—not this slim
And delicate form and face beseem the deeds
Camilla's doom doth point to.—Make my mind
Like the night-wandering, lonely, storm-exulting,
And ruthless ruffian's, who doth rob,—and sticks
To dare an act still ruder. His rough form [not
Hath no nerves—to revolt from blood or breath-
lessness

Of whom he will be rid of. His swart cheek
Knows not these changes; and his violent blood
Throbs ne'er the quicker when he stabs. Come,
fiends,—

My scruples die away,—come, fiends, and quench
The ashes of them, else I cannot do
My doom,—and who can say that were not impious?
Ha, ha, ha!—Camilla, is that laugh thine own?
What,—what! Save me, who strays abroad to-night
And not in haste? (*A figure wandering behind.*)

Tall is he,—and a man

Such as I spoke of:—but in his dark-cloak'd form
A grandeur, such as of a blasted oak
Or shatter'd donjon.—Courage, heart! although
He sees me, what hath my despair to fear?
He stop. Poor fool, I cannot face the glare
That gilds the hollow of his scowling brows.
Is it a fascination fixes me?

Or my mere womanish weakness?—Yet why fly?
Camilla's better nature's lost;—and what
Remains to lose? naught save my red revenge.
And, though he were the fiend, that will I lose
Never,—no! never.—Ha! I cannot shriek,
Though he comes nearer!—What! Camilla shriek
For earthly or unearthly natures!—No!
Still looks he,—and his lids fall not, like man's,
For weakness;—though my voice doth. Shame,
Camilla!

An instant—and thou must speak, not before him,
But to him. Would he would to me!—No nearer!
Oh, God! no nearer with that basilisk eye.
Is mine arm frozen, that it will not rise
To grasp and guard him?—Elements, in vain
Your frenzied threats grow supernatural:
There is a mightier by me.—Sir,—or spirit,
What seek'st thou here?

He.

Poisons.

C.

And have I poisons,

That thus thou stand'st before me face to face,
With thine high head depress'd and dark brows
knit,

And moveless eyes up-scowling into mine—
Have I then poisons?

He.

There is death in them;

And death in thee,—the seeds of it:—and thine
heart, [ing it?
Harbour'd it ne'er the thought of death, or caus-

C. Art thou the Tempter?

He.

Do I tempt thee, woman?

The preacher saith, "Man is but vanity."
The vanity of vanities is woman.

C. Woman!

He. Ay! woman. Think'st thou we do not know
A woman by her eye, and by her tongue?

C. Depart from me;—yet stay—

He. I seek my poisons:

They grow within yon old corrupted tree
Which the heavens fire this moment. See! it
flares,

How merrily, how beautifully, broadly,
Splendidly, and sublimely to the skies:—
And all to its own perdition. Now's the time
To pluck me poisons, which the leech can heal not,
And hand of man yet cull'd not. Fare thee well!

C. I dare not,—yet *will* ask him. Canst thou not,
Strange and unfathom'd stranger, canst thou not
Impart thy drugs to others?—to me?—Answer!
(My words are spoken.—God! if 'tis the fiend!
Psha! how I tremble!)—Answer,—and do not
look so,—

Mine eye-balls will be scathed; yet can I not
Turn them away. Speak! speak! speak!

He. Canst thou dare

The sulphurous fumes and red boughs crashing
round thee

Of yon yet flaring oak? Darest thou with me?

C. I do not eat my words—(nor dare turn back.)

He. Follow then, softly, lest we wake the slaves
Of Satan, who, each forester doth know,
And half will swear they've seen,—haunt these
black walks.

(*They retire into the smoke and flames of the
oak. Soon after—a crash—a burst of flame
and sparks—and a vast column of smoke.
CAMILLA runs out.*)

C. Am I mad? Is there in my cheeks more
blood—

In my full eyes more fire than fitteth man's?
In my toss'd heart more pulses than before?
In my limbs less of body? In my voice
A tone as of a demon?—So it seems:
Yet now I sink and sicken. Still I have thee,
Thou blessed sprig of death, that canst not fail:
I have thee:—But my spirits flag. Oh! was it
The eternal devil I have made my friend?
In what a giant shape the swift smoke cloud
Cleft the seared air with its fantastic curls!—
And then no more I saw him.—Sure the death
I pluck'd and placed so close unto my bosom—
Sure it was not mine own!—How my heart chokes
Sick,—sick:—Oh! for some water to— [me!]

(*Enter a Forester.*)

Dark man!

Art thou again here?—Oh! support me;—water—
I faint—for heaven's sake, water!

(*Sinks. He catches her.*)

F. Poor youth! He looks almost as he'd been
struck [worse on't!]

This cruel night:—Pray heaven there come no
I have a wild walk before I get him home.

(*Carries her off.*)

SCENE VI.—A Cottage.

A FORESTER and his WIFE.

F. The Lady Thomasine and the Lord Giulio,

To-day 'll come see our vintage, wife:—That boy
That fainted last night in the wood, I think
Said he belonged to the Lord Giulio.—
I tell you what, wife,—he was mighty close
About his doublet's being loosed:—and I
More than suspect that had it been unbutton'd,
Instead of my bringing him all the way
Just as he was,—I more than half suspect, . . .
He came to himself too soon, . . . but that you
know

Is neither here nor there:—Lords, they say, wife,
Have sometimes odd attendance 'mong their
You take me, don't you? [pages:—

W.

Yes, I see your meaning.—

The boy has white hands, and a pretty foot enough:
But, Beppo, my Lord Giulio is, you know,
None of your hairbrain'd sparks, that . . . but 'tis time
To see about tidying the house for them.—
The poor boy may as well wait till they come:—
He may be a pet, who knows?—Come, Beppo,
bustle.

SCENE VII.—Near the Cottage of Beppo.

THOMASINE, GIULIO,—BEPP0 and his WIFE attend-
ing. Peasantry in groups behind.

CHORUS.

Laugh! around the poplar's shaft,
Long the blushing grape hath laugh'd,
When the golden kiss of heaven
Ripeness to its cheek hath given.
Come laugh with me.

Laugh! and let the sweet gales waft
Why we've sung and why we've laugh'd,—
Over hamlet, hill, and heath,
Mount above, and mead beneath.
Come laugh with me.

Laugh! for lords' and ladies' draught
Long our vintage-wine hath laugh'd;
And the grapes we gather now,
Shall for such a nectar flow.
Come laugh with me.

Laugh! and pledge the ruby draught
To those with us who've sung and laugh'd;
While the dance and merry song
Whirl the rosy hours along.
Come laugh with me.

T. Giulio, how happy are these simple people!

G. And oh! how happy I, to think thy bounty
Adds to their happiness!—

L.

Oh! sure it is not

When we *from* wealth, but *in* wealth seek our
bliss,

That we do find our blisses crumble away
Like treasures dug from tombs.

G.

But not thy bounty,

My love, doth win these poor folk half so much
As do thy kindness and calm courtesy:
Else more rich men were favourites with the
poor.—

And therefore led I down the dance with thee
To their gay music yonder:—And, my love,

Therefore you must not chide me that I had
Thine harp brought down to please them.—

T. Giulio,

I am half inclined to scold you :—but to day
I cannot well.—

G. Then have me up to-morrow
Sweet, at your bar : and I'll be glad to learn
How these dark tones will pass harsh sentence.
Hark !

They come to claim your promise of a song—
And, as I live, have made our poor Gasparo
Their spokesman.—Know you of his last night's
He is a delicate boy.— [illness ?]

T. Oh ! yes : our host
And still more garrulous hostess told me all.

(CAMILLA advances with peasantry.)

Gaspar ! I am glad to see you better.

C. Thanks, lady ! oh—your hand were too great
honour

For such as I am. (I had rather touch
The bold black adder on his arrowy path,—
Or lay my hand on the loathed toad.) My lady,
I thank you—I'm quite well now. (Words are
words, [touch

And but words ; they must have them ; but to
Those fingers !—yet they do not shame mine own.
Oh Giulio ! Giulio !)

G. My dear boy, we must
Forbid your wandering at such spots and weathers,
And at such hours. I love you, boy, too well.

C. My Lord ! (bows)—Camilla, would *thou* hadst
the words

Gasparo hath. (*Aside.*) But, lady, we are come,
And these have chosen me to further here
Their wishes—to request that you the queen,
And smiling angel of our purple vintage,
Will deign to our delighted ears set forth
Some of your song's sweet sorcery. For 'tis said—
Nor I gainsay it, lady—that at times
Forth from your castle-towers is heard to stream
Such matchless music on the midnight air
As wakes the night-bird's envy ; and doth ride
O'er the slow-waving park-trees, and green slopes,
And far-protracted vistas, with such power
As stops the swain who haply crosseth there ;
Till he doth look up to the stars, and thinks
That from their pearly orbs comes down the dew
Of sounds delicious, which doth freshen so
The spirit of his brain ;—and home he goes
And tells of things mysterious that have been
And are discovered of the angelic world,
When hush'd is this of mortals.—Thus we kneel—
Thus do thee all the vintage homages :
Oh ! answer us, as oracles of old
Did their inquirers, with the song that springs
So all-spontaneous from those crimson lips.

THOMASINE—(*Sings to the harp.*

Take not back your leafy twine,
Take not back your tendriled wreath ;
Since the love it seems to breathe
Makes me wish it mine.

I'll not put back your chaplet green,
I'll not the grapes it bears refuse ;
Since your lady loved ye, choose,
I'll be your vintage queen.

Though the reveller's brow it press,
Though the brutal fray it see ;
Since 'tis love that gives it me,
I the vine wreath bless.

Though it o'er feign'd smiles hath waved,
Though false eyes have 'neath it shone,
Those are true that ye do own ;
Such my heart hath craved.

Spirits true the plant have grown,
Hands of truth its toils employ ;
Welcome to the plant of joy,
Welcome to your crown.

CHORUS.

Spirits true the plant have grown,
Hands of truth its toils employ ;
Give welcome to the fruit of joy,
Give welcome to our crown.

Peasants. Lady, we pledge you. Will you pledge
us back ?

(CAMILLA hands her a horn.)

T. You have forgot Lord Giulio.
(*Passes it to GIULIO, and receives another
from BEPPO.*)

G. Lady, thanks !
From thy sweet hands how nobler the red wine
Will Giulio's veins enrich ! To thee I lead
The pledge of these true spirits. (*drinks.*)

T. What is this ?
Gasparo, what is this ?—Nay, my boy, nay,
You seek our precedence too strictly.—Boy,
We pass'd it to Lord Giulio.

Bep. How he glares
Upon the emptied horn he would have snatch'd
From's Lord.—Good God ! he faints—Support the
Yet look unto our mistress ; for I doubt [boy—
There's treason in yon cup—or was, before
Lord Giulio quaff'd it off.

T. Give him air, good friends,
Nor ring him round so closely. Let me come
Within your circle ; 'tis oft thus with him.
Gaspar, look up.

C. I do—nay, not on thee !
I thought it was my Giulio ; but his voice
My devil hath set silence on, and set
His seal on me.

G. Give him more room, good friends.
Why, Gaspar, why—my boy ... nay ! nay—what's
this

Amidst my speech doth sicken round my—heart ?

C. Nay—off ! thou chiding spirit ! not for thee
The hellish horn was drugg'd—but . . .

T. Hush, my heart !

Oh God ! oh God !—my Giulio, wherefore thus ?
Bep. Lord Giulio . . . here ! Lord Giulio ! help
my lord here !

I doubt this boy's a devil. Two beside him
Stay and attend him—closely ! We will bear
My lord unto yon bank. Bring out some benches,
And spread my lord a couch—Nay, lady, nay !
Hold not his hand so to your precious lips ;
He will be better soon ; (which yet I doubt ;)
Look to the boy though.

Peasants. Ay ! where is he ?—where ?
Where is the murderer ?

G. Patience—patience, friends ;
Treat my boy kindly :—O, Gasparo ! now—
Now at *this moment*—yet would God I had
But mine own ruin to forgive thee.

C. Stay !
Bear not the corpse away yet.—Off ! unhold me !
(*Breaks away.*)

I am a woman :—would ye keep a woman
From loving whom it likes her ?

Peasants. How ? a woman !

C. I am a woman—ay ! a fond false woman,—
Yet to *one* true.—I have no envy now—
No jealousy, now my love is borne to his grave.—
O lady let me grovel at thy feet
Imploring pardon—pardon :—yet, oh ! yet
Let me—let me go shut up those sweet eyes,
And pour my last life on those clay-cold lips,
My life which lingereth for that dissolution :
One sugar'd kiss in dying—oh ! but one—
One from the dying to the dead !

G. What stir
Is this about me ?—and what voice is that
Whose passioning tones have not been heard for
years ?

Camilla—coz—sweet coz—art thou too come ?
Ha ! in that dress ? thou—*Thou*, Camilla ? . . . oh
(*Falls back.*)

T. Hast thou no thought for Thomasine ?

G. My love,
Use my poor cousin kindly.

C. Not thy sweet,
Nor thy dear coz, my Giulio, now ?

G. Oh yes !
Sweet coz, dear coz ;—yet, cousin, my own death
I could have well forgiven.

T. Lady, lady,
Mine I had well forgiven,—do forgive,
Since that alone was meant.—But, lady, this—
This noble ruin....

C. Oh ! angelic pair,
Thus let me, . . . no—I cannot ! . . . yes ! thus let me
Join your dear hands—Ah ! but, Camilla,—she—
What must she do ? Why weep thus—thus—oh
thus !

How sweet are bitter tears !—my Giulio, turn
Away those pitying eyes—that pierce my soul !
Nay ! nor thine, lady—fix them not on me
So chidingly—Oh ! that yon drug should be
So past all aid !—Oh, that yon eyes should be
Fired, 'mid their tears, with the sharp pangs of
pain ! [them,

Oh ! that thy cheek, sweet lady, should o'erhang
So palely passionless—passioning so purely,
As bodes too well a threefold tragedy !

Oh that my guilty breath should utter forth
These cold, calm, callous words !—Forgive me,
friends,— [God ?—

Sweet friends, I see you do.—Wilt Thou—Thou,

G. Hush up thy harrow'd heart, dear coz.—Thy
hand

Hath given me bliss down here, and, up in Heaven,
Eternal life, and love, and Thomasine.

—My love in life, my wife in a better world—
I have some breath left,—let me hear thy voice
Sing me to sleep the sleep of sweetest dreams
That knows no night-mare.—Let mine ashes die
Here in thy reglem—and my flitting soul
Soar on thy wing'd Hosanna.

C. Oh ! This—this

Of mine—oh ! could a thousand hymns from it
Its fiend exorcise !

(*The harp is brought.*)

THOMASINE, (*Sings.*)

Rest, my love, thy suffering clay,—
Soar, sweet spirit, soar to-day ;
Swiftly pass the purging fires
That shall but show the man—
Swiftly scale the heavenly stair,
Free from spot and stain—
There, mine own love, wait for me,
Nor long shall be thy staying,
Where, on Heaven's lowest orb,
God's far-light is raying.

B. How movingly her faltering voice doth fall
Its music—yet more musical doth seem
Since feeling fathers the sweet fault.—But mark—
How my Lord Giulio on her swimming eyes
Gazes as he would grow there.—But, alas !
That guilt upon yon other face, which leans
So fair over his shoulder, should have spread
Idiocy's blank expression.—Still, again,
With fuller tones, she takes up her fine strain !

THOMASINE, (*Sings.*)

Heaven from Heaven, and sphere from sphere,
Love together we shall clear ;
Both at once, shall change come o'er
Our soon refining souls,
Both at once, equal from each,
Darkness from us rolls,
And the brightness breathed in men
By God at his creation,
Shines forth brighter and more pure
Till the consummation.

C. Cousin—dear cousin Giulio—is't a spirit
You gaze on so ? Faith, she is wondrous lovely.—
Is it an angel, Giulio ?

G. My poor cousin,
God better thee ! Sweet coz—Camilla, hush.

C. How prettily the harp sounds in mine ear ;
And yet it hath no soul—as mine had once,
When my poor cousin, that is dead and gone,
Would touch it for me. Did you know him, Sir
Nay—do not tell me—for 'twere rude, you know,
To whisper now. Who can this lady be ?
She 'gins again.—Would Giulio could hear her !

THOMASINE, (*Sings.*)

Brother, bright as thou am I ?
Beams as pure love from mine eye ?

See the shining of the three,
How from the throne it plays—
And the sunbright Cross above
Would blind the fleshly gaze ;
Now our blue path softer grows,
And starry fanes flash brighter,
And we breathe the odorous air
Freelier and lighter.

C. Are you not well, sir ? Sure you feel some
pain ?

G. Sweet cousin, no—no pangs—but my breath
fails,—

I shall be rested quickly, if you place
The pillow higher, that my head may lie
A moment.

C. Ah! poor gentleman,—he calls
Me cousin. If I—*had* a cousin now,
How happy I should be. Well, well—but, Sir,
Let me just press the pillow down. 'Twill be
The softer, Sir. Nay, I don't think he breathes—
My tresses stir not by his lips. Why, sure
I know this face,—sure 'tis my cousin's corpse.
Oh! well may he not breathe. Hush! these are
monks

Coming for him I mourn for. Their song sounds
So soothingly, yet so exultingly,
He must be pleased to hear it in his death.

THOMASINE, (*Sings.*)

Nor from weakness now I faint,—
Transport hails thee, brother saint.

Hark! seraphic wires are chiming

I' the home of God and love;

And the hours of Heaven timing,

Singing sunbeams move

Now the fullest chorus thundering,

Marks the eve of Eden—

And my fixed thoughts, dear, are sunder—

My eyes with sleep are laden. [*ing—*

Beppo. She rests upon her harp, as if to wait
The inspiration of sweet song,—and end
The strain, that with such glowing eye—but weak
And quivering lip, she breathed in this last stanza:
Surely she hath not fainted!—Heaven forefend—
But it is something worse: Sped is the spirit
That was so idolized.

Blackwood's Magazine.

DREAM-CHILDREN;

A RÉVERIE.

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about
their elders, when *they* were children; to
stretch their imagination to the concep-
tion of a traditionary great-uncle, or
grandame, whom they never saw. It was
in this spirit that my little ones crept
about me the other evening to hear about
their great-grandmother Field, who lived
in a great house in Norfolk, (a hundred
times bigger than that in which they and
Papa lived,) which had been the scene—
so at least it was generally believed in
that part of the country—of the tragic in-
cidents which they had lately become
familiar with, from the ballad of the Chil-
dren in the Wood. Certain it is, that the
whole story of the children and their cruel
uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in
the wood upon the chimney-piece of the
great hall—the whole story down to the
Robin Red-breasts—till a foolish rich per-
son pulled it down to set up a marble one
of modern invention in its stead, with no

story upon it. Here Alice put out one
of her dear mother's looks, too tender to
be called upbraiding. Then I went on to
say, how religious and how good their
great-grandmother Field was, how beloved
and respected by every body, though
she was not, indeed, the mistress of this
great house, but had only the charge of it
(and yet in some respects she might be
said to be the mistress of it too) committed
to her by the owner, who preferred living
in a newer and more fashionable mansion,
which he had purchased somewhere in
the adjoining county; but still she lived in
it, in a manner as if it had been her own,
and kept up the dignity of the great house
in a sort while she lived, which after-
wards came to decay, and was nearly pulled
down, and all its old ornaments stripped
and carried away to the owner's other
house, where they were set up, and looked
as awkward as if some one were to carry
away the old tombs they had seen lately
at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady
C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here
John smiled, as much as to say, "that
would be foolish indeed." And then I
told how, when she came to die, her fun-
eral was attended by a concourse of all the
poor, and some of the gentry too, of the
neighbourhood, for many miles round, to
show their respect for her memory, be-
cause she had been such a good and religi-
ous woman; so good, indeed, that she
knew all the Psalter by heart, aye, and a
great part of the Testament besides. Here
little Alice spread her hands. Then
I told what a tall, upright, graceful per-
son, their great-grandmother Field once
was; and how in her youth she was es-
teemed the best dancer—here Alice's little
right foot played an involuntary move-
ment, till, upon my looking grave, it de-
sisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in
the county, till a cruel disease, called a
cancer, came, and bowed her down with
pain; but it could never bend her good
spirits, or make them stoop; but they
were still upright, because she was so
good and religious. Then I told how she
was used to sleep by herself in a lone
chamber of the great lone house; and
how she believed that an apparition
of two infants was to be seen at mid-
night, gliding up and down the great
staircase near where she slept; but she
said, "those innocents would do her no
harm;" and how frightened I used to be,

though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eye-brows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too, along with the oranges and the limes, in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions, than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet, in an especial manner, she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and

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spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county, in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back, when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile, when I could not walk for pain;—and how, in after life, he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and I knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him, (for we quarrelled sometimes,) rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes, with such a reality of representation, that

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I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech; "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum, father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe, millions of ages before we have existence and a name"—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side.

CHARLES LAMB.

TO THE MOON.

O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
 Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
 O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
 The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
 Thou dost bless every where, with silver lip
 Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
 Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:
 Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
 Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;
 And yet thy benediction passeth not
 One obscure hiding place, one little spot
 Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren
 Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken;
 And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
 Takes glimpses of thee: thou art a relief
 To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
 Within its pearly house. The mighty deeps,
 The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
 O Moon! far-spooming Ocean bows to thee,
 And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load.

What is there in thee, Moon! that thou should'st
 move

My heart so potently? When yet a child
 I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smiled.
 Thou seem'd'st my sister: hand in hand we went
 From eve to morn across the firmament.
 No apples would I gather from the tree,
 Till thou hadst cool'd their cheeks deliciously:
 No tumbling water ever spake romance,
 But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance:
 No woods were green enough, no bower divine,
 Until thou liftedst up thine eyelids fine:

In sowing time ne'er would I dibble take,
 Or drop a seed, till thou wast wide awake;
 And, in the summer tide of blossoming,
 No one but thee hath heard me blithely stung,
 And mesh my dewy flowers all the night.
 No melody was like a passing spright
 If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
 Yes, in my boyhood, every joy and pain
 By thee were fashioned to the self-same end;
 And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend
 With all my ardours: thou wast the deep glen
 Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage's pen—
 The poet's harp—the voice of friends—the sun;
 Thou wast the river—thou wast glory won;
 Thou wast my clarion's blast—thou wast my steed—
 My goblet full of wine—my topmost deed:—
 Thou wast the charm of women, lovely Moon
 O what a wild and harmonized tune
 My spirit struck from all the beautiful!
 On some bright essence could I lean, and lull
 Myself to immortality.

KEATS' *Endymion*.

EDINBURGH.

STILL on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
 For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
 When sated with the martial show
 That peopled all the plain below,
 The wandering eye could o'er it go,
 And mark the distant city glow
 With gloomy splendour red;
 For on the smoke wreaths, huge and slow,
 That round her sable turrets flow,
 The morning beams were shed,
 And tinged them with a lustre proud,
 Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
 Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
 Where the huge Castle holds its state,
 And all the steep slope down,
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,
 Mine own romantic town!
 But northward far, with purer blaze,
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
 And as each heathy top they kiss'd,
 It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
 Here Preston-Pay, and Berwick-Law;
 And, broad between them roll'd,
 The gallant Frith the eye might note,
 Whose islands on its bosom float,
 Like emeralds chased in gold.
 Fitz-Eustace's heart felt closely pent;
 As if to give his rapture vent,
 The spur he to his charger lent,
 And raised his bridle hand,
 And, making demi-volte in air,
 Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare
 To fight for such a land!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

STORY OF A PARRICIDE.*

'I WAS desired to attach myself to a young monk of distinguished family, who had lately taken the vows, and who performed his duties with that heartless punctuality that intimated to the community that his heart was elsewhere. I was soon put in possession of the business; from their ordering me to *attach* myself to him, I instantly conceived I was bound to the most deadly hostility against him. The friendship of convents is always a treacherous league—we watch, suspect, and torment each other, for the love of God. This young monk's only crime was, that he was suspected of cherishing an earthly passion. He was, in fact, the son of a distinguished family, who (from the fear of his contracting what is called a degrading marriage, *i. e.* of marrying a woman of inferior rank whom he loved, and who would have made him happy, as fools, that is, half mankind, estimate happiness) forced him to take the vows. He appeared at times broken-hearted, but at times there was a light of hope in his eye, that looked somewhat ominous in the eyes of the community. It is certain, that hope not being an indigenous plant in the parterre of a convent, must excite suspicion with regard both to its origin and its growth.

'Some time after, a young novice entered the convent. From the moment he did so, a change the most striking took place in the young monk. He and the novice became inseparable companions—there was something suspicious in that. My eyes were on the watch in a moment. Eyes are particularly sharpened in discovering misery when they can hope to aggravate it. The attachment between the young monk and the novice went on. They were for ever in the garden together

—they inhaled the odours of the flowers—they cultivated the same cluster of carnations—they entwined themselves as they walked together—when they were in the choir, their voices were like mixed incense. Friendship is often carried to excess in conventual life, but this friendship was too like love. For instance, the psalms sung in the choir sometimes breathe a certain language; at these words, the young monk and the novice would direct their voices to each other in sounds that could not be misunderstood. If the least correction was inflicted, one would intreat to undergo it for the other. If a day of relaxation was allowed, whatever presents were sent to the cell of one, were sure to be found in the cell of the other. This was enough for me. I saw that secret of mysterious happiness, which is the greatest misery to those who never can share it. My vigilance was redoubled, and it was rewarded by the discovery of a secret—a secret that I had to communicate and raise my consequence by. You cannot guess the importance attached to the discovery of a secret in a convent, (particularly when the remission of our own offences depends on the discovery of those of others).

'One evening as the young monk and his darling novice were in the garden, the former plucked a peach which he immediately offered to his favourite; the latter accepted it with a movement I thought rather awkward—it seemed like what I imagined would be the reverence of a female. The young monk divided the peach with a knife; in doing so, the knife grazed the finger of the novice, and the monk, in agitation inexpressible, tore his habit to bind up the wound. I saw it all—my mind was made up on the business—I went to the Superior that very night. The result may be conceived. They were watched, but cautiously at first. They were probably on their guard; for, for some time, it defied even my vigilance to make the slightest discovery. It is a situation incomparably tantalizing, when suspicion is satisfied of her own suggestions, as of the truth of the gospel, but still wants the *little fact* to make them credible to others. One night that I had, by direction of the Superior, taken my station in the gallery, (where I was contented to remain hour after hour, and night after night, amid solitude, darkness,

* The above was told a noble Spaniard, by a parricide, as they lay in a subterraneous passage, waiting the fall of evening, on purpose to make their escape from a monastery. The parricide, after the commission of his dreadful crime, had found shelter in this monastery, and by the most depraved services had endeavoured to recommend himself to his Superior, and at the same time to glut his fiendish passions by making others as miserable as himself. This is a relation from his own mouth of one of his deeds, while a servant in the monastery.

and cold, for the chance of the power of retaliating on others the misery inflicted on myself)—One night I thought I heard a step in the gallery—I have told you that I was in the dark—a light step passed me. I could hear the broken and palpitating respiration of the person. A few moments after, I heard a door open, and knew it to be the door of the young monk. I knew it; for by long watching in the dark, and accustoming myself to number the cells, by the groan from one, the prayer from another, the faint shriek of restless dreams from a third, my ear had become so finely graduated, that I could instantly distinguish the opening of *that door* from which (to my sorrow) no sound had ever before issued. I was provided with a small chain, by which I fastened the handle of the door to a contiguous one, in such a manner, that it was impossible to open either of them from the inside. I then hastened to the Superior, with a pride of which none but the successful tracer of a guilty secret in convents can have any conception. I believe the Superior was himself agitated by the luxury of the same feelings, for he was awake and up in his apartment, attended by four monks. I communicated my intelligence with a voluble eagerness, not only unsuited to the respect I owed these persons, but which must have rendered me almost unintelligible, yet they were good enough not only to overlook this violation of decorum, which would in any other case have been severely punished, but even to supply certain pauses in my narrative, with a condescension and facility truly miraculous. I felt what it was to acquire importance in the eyes of a Superior, and gloried in all the dignified depravity of an informer. We set out without losing a moment, we arrived at the door of the cell, and I pointed out with triumph the chain unremoved, though a slight vibration, perceptible at our approach, showed the wretches within were already apprized of their danger. I unfastened the door,—how they must have shuddered! The Superior and his satellites burst into the cell, and I held the light. You tremble,—why? I was guilty, and I wished to witness guilt that palliated mine, at least in the opinion of the convent. I had only violated the laws of nature, but they had outraged the decorum of a convent, and, of course, in the

creed of a convent, there was no proportion between our offences. Besides, I was anxious to witness misery that might perhaps equal or exceed my own, and this is a curiosity not easily satisfied. It is actually possible to become *amateurs in suffering*. I have heard of men who have travelled into countries where horrible executions were to be daily witnessed, for the sake of that excitement which the sight of suffering never fails to give, from the spectacle of a tragedy, or an *auto da fe*, down to the writhings of the meanest reptile on whom you can inflict torture, and feel that torture is the result of your own power. It is a species of feeling of which we never can divest ourselves,—a triumph over those whose sufferings have placed them below us—and no wonder: suffering is always an indication of weakness,—we glory in our impenetrability. I did, as we burst into the cell. The wretched husband and wife were locked in each other's arms. You may imagine the scene that followed. Here I must do the Superior reluctant justice. He was a man (of course from his conventual feelings) who had no more idea of the intercourse between the sexes, than between two beings of a different species. The scene that he beheld could not have revolted him more, than if he had seen the horrible loves of the baboons and the Hottentot women, at the Cape of Good Hope; or those still more loathsome unions between the serpents of South America and their human victims, when they can catch them, and twine round them in folds of unnatural and ineffable union. He really stood as much astonished and appalled, to see two human beings of different sexes, who dared to love each other in spite of monastic ties, as if he had witnessed the horrible conjunctions I have alluded to. Had he seen vipers engendering in that frightful knot which seems the pledge of mortal hostility, instead of love, he could not have testified more horror,—and I do him the justice to believe he felt all he testified. Whatever affectation he might employ on points of conventual austerity, there was none here. Love was a thing he always believed connected with sin, even though consecrated by the name of a sacrament, and called marriage, as it is in our church. But, love in a convent!—Oh, there is no conceiving his rage; still

less is it possible to conceive the majestic and overwhelming extent of that rage, when strengthened by principle, and sanctified by religion. I enjoyed the scene beyond all power of description. I saw those wretches, who had triumphed over me, reduced to my level in a moment,—their passions all displayed, and the display placing me a hero triumphant above all. I had crawled to the shelter of their walls, a wretched degraded outcast, and what was my crime? Well,—you shudder: I have done with that. I can only say want drove me to it. And here were beings whom, a few months before, I would have knelt to as to the images round the shrine,—to whom, in the moments of my desperate penitence, I would have clung as to the ‘horns of the altar,’ all brought as low, and lower than myself. ‘Sons of the morning,’ as I deemed them in the agonies of my humiliation, ‘how were they fallen!’ I feasted on the degradation of the apostate monk and novice,—I enjoyed, to the core of my ulcerated heart, the passion of the Superior,—I felt that they were all men like myself. Angels, as I had thought them, they had all proved themselves mortal; and by watching their motions, and flattering their passions, and promoting their interest, or setting up my own in opposition to them all, while I made them believe it was only theirs I was intent on, I might make shift to contrive as much misery to others, and to carve out as much occupation to myself, as if I were actually living in the world. Cutting my father’s throat was a noble feat certainly, (I ask your pardon, I did not mean to extort that groan from you,) but here were hearts to be cut,—and to the core, every day, and all day long, so I never could want employment.

‘I do not quite like to go through the details by which this wretched pair were deluded into the hope of effecting their escape from the convent. It is enough that I was the principal agent,—that the Superior connived at it,—that I led them through the very passages you have traversed to-night, they trembling and blessing me at every step.

‘They were conducted *here*. I had suggested the plan, and the Superior consented to it. He would not be present, but his dumb nod was enough. I was the conductor of their (intended) escape; they believed they were departing with the

connivance of the Superior. I led them through those very passages that you and I have trod. I had a map of this subterranean region, but my blood ran cold as I traversed it; and it was not at all inclined to resume its usual temperament, as I felt what was to be the destination of my attendants. Once I turned the lamp, on pretence of trimming it, to catch a glimpse of the devoted wretches. They were embracing each other,—the light of joy trembled in their eyes. They were whispering to each other hopes of liberation and happiness, and blending my name in the interval they could spare from their prayers for each other. That sight extinguished the last remains of compunction with which my horrible task had inspired me. They dared to be happy in the sight of one who must be for ever miserable,—could there be a greater insult? I resolved to punish it on the spot. This very apartment was near,—I knew it, and the map of their wanderings no longer trembled in my hand. I urged them to enter this recess, (the door was then entire,) while I went to examine the passage. They entered it, thanking me for my precaution,—they knew not they were never to quit it alive. But what were their lives for the agony their happiness cost me? The moment they were inclosed, and clasping each other, (a sight that made me grind my teeth,) I closed and locked the door. This movement gave them no immediate uneasiness,—they thought it a friendly precaution. The moment they were secured, I hastened to the Superior, who was on fire at the insult offered to the sanctity of his convent, and still more to the purity of his penetration, on which the worthy Superior piqued himself as much as if it had ever been possible for him to acquire the smallest share of it. He descended with me to the passage,—the monks followed with eyes on fire. In the agitation of their rage, it was with difficulty they could discover the door after I had repeatedly pointed it out to them. The Superior, with his own hands, drove several nails, which the monks eagerly supplied, into the door, that effectually joined it to the staple, *never to be disjoined*; and every blow he gave, doubtless he felt as if it was a reminiscence to the accusing angel, to strike out a sin from the catalogue of his accusations. The work was soon

done,—the work never to be undone. At the first sound of steps in the passage, and blows on the door, the victims uttered a shriek of terror. They imagined they were detected, and that an incensed party of monks were breaking open the door. These terrors were soon exchanged for others,—and worse,—as they heard the door nailed up, and listened to our departing steps. They uttered another shriek, but O how different was the accent of its despair!—they knew their doom.

It was my penance (no,—my delight) to watch at the door, under the pretence of precluding the possibility of their escape, (of which they knew there was no possibility); but, in reality, not only to inflict on me the indignity of being the convent jailer, but of teaching me that callosity of heart, and induration of nerve, and stubbornness of eye, and apathy of ear, that were best suited to my office. But they might have saved themselves the trouble, —I had them all before ever I entered the convent. Had I been the Superior of the community, I should have undertaken the office of watching the door. You will call this cruelty, I call it curiosity—that curiosity that brings thousands to witness a tragedy, and makes the most delicate female feast on groans and agonies. I had an advantage over them,—the groan, the agony I feasted on, were real. I took my station at *the door*—that door which, like that of Dante's hell, might have borne the inscription, 'Here is no hope,'—with a face of mock penitence, and genuine, cordial delectation. I could hear every word that transpired. For the first hours they tried to comfort each other,—they suggested to each other hopes of liberation,—and as my shadow, crossing the threshold, darkened or restored the light, they said, 'That is he;—' then, when this occurred repeatedly, without any effect, they said, 'No,—no it is not he,' and swallowed down the sick sob of despair, to hide it from each other. Towards night a monk came to take my place, and to offer me food. I would not have quitted my place for worlds; but I talked to the monk in his own language, and told him I would make a merit with God of my sacrifices, and was resolved to remain there all night, with the permission of the Superior. The monk was glad of having a substitute on such easy terms, and I was glad of the food he left me,

for I was hungry now, but I reserved the appetite of my soul for richer luxuries. I heard them talking within. While I was eating, I actually lived on the famine that was devouring them, but of which they did not dare to say a word to each other. They debated, deliberated, and, as misery grows ingenious in its own defence, they at last assured each other that it was impossible the Superior had locked them in there to perish by hunger. At these words I could not help laughing. This laugh reached their ears, and they became silent in a moment. All that night, however, I heard their groans,—those groans of physical suffering, that laugh to scorn all the sentimental sighs that are exhaled from the hearts of the most intoxicated lovers that ever breathed. I heard them all that night. I had read French romances, and all their unimaginable nonsense. Madame Sevigné herself says she would have been tired of her daughter in a long *tete-a-tete* journey, but clap me two lovers into a dungeon, without food, light, or hope, and I will be damned (that I am already, by the bye) if they do not grow sick of each other within the first twelve hours. The second day hunger and darkness had their usual influence. They shrieked for liberation, and knocked loud and long at their dungeon door. They exclaimed they were ready to submit to any punishment; and the approach of the monks, which they would have dreaded so much the preceding night, they now solicited on their knees. What a jest, after all, are the most awful vicissitudes of human life!—they supplicated now for what they would have sacrificed their souls to avert four-and-twenty hours before. Then the agony of hunger increased, they shrunk from the door, and grovelled apart from each other. *Apart!*—how I watched that. They were rapidly becoming objects of hostility to each other,—Oh, what a feast to me! They could not disguise from each other the revolting circumstances of their mutual sufferings. It is one thing for lovers to sit down to a feast magnificently spread, and another for lovers to couch in darkness and famine,—to exchange that appetite which cannot be supported without dainties and flattery, for that which would barter a descended Venus for a morsel of food. The second night they raved and groaned, (as occurred); and, amid their





Drawn by D. Scott

Eng^d on Steel by R. Scott Edm^d

THE PARRICIDE .

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agonies (I must do justice to women, whom I hate as well as men), the man often accused the female as the cause of all his sufferings, but the woman never,—never reproached him. Her groans might indeed have reproached him bitterly; but she never uttered a word that could have caused him pain. There was a change which I well could mark, however, in their physical feelings. The first day they clung together, and every movement I felt was like that of one person. The next the man alone struggled, and the woman moaned in helplessness. The third night,—how shall I tell it?—but you have bid me go on. All the horrible and loathsome excruciations of famine had been undergone; the disunion of every tie of the heart, of passion, of nature, had commenced. In the agonies of their famished sickness they loathed each other,—they could have cursed each other, if they had had breath to curse. It was on the fourth night that I heard the shriek of the wretched female,—her lover, in the agony of hunger, had fastened his teeth in her shoulder;—that bosom on which he had so often luxuriated, became a meal to him now.—‘Monster! and you laugh?’—‘Yes, I laugh at all mankind, and the imposition they dare to practise when they talk of hearts. I laugh at human passions and human cares,—vice and virtue, religion and impiety; they are all the result of petty localities, and artificial situation. One physical want, one severe and abrupt lesson from the tintless and shrivelled lip of necessity, is worth all the logic of the empty wretches who have presumed to prate it, from Zeno down to Burgersdicius. Oh! it silences in a second all the feeble sophistry of *conventional* life, and ascetic passion. Here were a pair who would not have believed all the world on their knees, even though angels had descended to join in the attestation, that it was possible for them to exist without each other. They had risked every thing, trampled on every thing human and divine, to be in each other’s sight and arms. One hour of hunger undeceived them. A trivial and ordinary want, whose claims at another time they would have regarded as a vulgar interruption of their spiritualized intercourse, not only, by its natural operation, sundered it for ever, but, before it ceased, converted that intercourse into a source of torment and

hostility inconceivable, except among cannibals. The bitterest enemies on earth could not have regarded each other with more abhorrence than *these lovers*. Deluded wretches! you boasted of having hearts, I boast I have none, and which of us gained most by the vaunt, let life decide. My story is nearly finished. When I was last here I had something to excite me;—talking of those things is poor employment to one who has been a witness to them. On the *sixth* day all was still. The door was unnailed; we entered,—they were no more. They lay far from each other, farther than on that voluptuous couch into which their passions had converted the mat of a convent bed. She lay contracted in a heap, a lock of her long hair in her mouth. There was a slight scar on her shoulder,—the rabid despair of famine had produced no farther outrage. He lay extended at his length.—his hand was between his lips; it seemed as if he had not strength to execute the purpose for which he had brought it there. The bodies were brought out for interment. As we removed them into the light, the long hair of the female, falling over a face no longer disguised by the novice’s dress, recalled a likeness I thought I could remember. I looked closer; she was my own *sister*,—my only one,—and I had heard her voice grow fainter and fainter. I had heard—’ And his own voice grew fainter—it ceased.

MATURIN.

THREE SONNETS.

I.

THAT learned Grecian, who did so excel
In knowledge passing sense, that he is named
Of all the after-worlds *Divine*, doth tell,
That all the time when first our souls are framed,
Ere in these mansions blind they come to dwell,
They live bright rays of that eternal light,
And others see, know, love, in heaven’s great
height;
Not toil’d with ought to Reason doth rebel.
It is most true! for straight at the first sight
My mind me told, that, in some other place,
It elsewhere saw the *idea* of that face,
And loved a love of heavenly pure delight.
What wonder now I feel so fair a flame,
Since I her loved ere on this earth she came?

II.

My lute! be as thou wert when thou did'st grow
 With thy green mother in some shady grove,
 When immelodious winds but made thee move,
 And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
 Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
 Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
 Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
 What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
 Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
 But orphan's wailings to their fainting ear,
 Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,
 For which be silent as in woods before;
 Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
 Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

III.

What doth it serve to see the sun's bright face,
 And skies enamell'd with the Indian gold?
 Or jetty moon at night in chariot roll'd,
 And all the glory of that starry place?
 What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold?
 The mountain's pride—the meadow's flowery
 The stately comeliness of fores: old— [grace—
 The sport of floods, which would themselves embrace?
 What doth it serve to hear the sylvan's song—
 The cheerful thrush—the nightingale's sad strains,
 Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs?
 For what doth serve all that this world contains,
 Since she, for whom those once to me were dear,
 Can have no part of them now with me here?

DRUMMOND of Hawthornden.

THE AWFU' NIGHT.

(From *Mansie Wauch's Autobiography*.)

In the course of a fortnight from the time I parted wi' Maister Glen, the Lauder carrier, limping Jamie, brought his callant to our shop-door in his hand. He was a tall slender laddie, some fourteen year auld, and sair grown away frae his claes. There was something genty and delicate-like about him, having a pale sharp face, blue een, a nose like a hawk's, and lang yellow hair hinging about his haffets, as if barbers were unco scarce cattle among the howes of the Lammermuir hills. Having a general experience of human nature, I saw that I wad hae something to do towards bringing him into a state of rational civilization; but, considering his opportunities, he had been weil educated, and I liked his appearance on the hail no that ill. To divert him a while, as I didna intend yoking him to wark the first day, I sent out Benjie wi' him, after

gieing him some refresliment of bread and milk, to let him see the town, and all the uncos about it. I telt Benjie first to take him to the auld kirk, which is ane wonderful auncient building; and as for mason-wark, far before onything to be seen or heard tell o' in our day—syne to Lugton brig, which is ane grand affair, hinging owre the muckle water like a rainbow—syne to the Tolbooth, which is a terror to evil-doers, and from which the Lord preserve us a'!—syne to the Market, where ye'll see lamb, beef, mutton, and veal, hinging up on cleeks, in roasting and boiling pieces—spar-rib, jigget, shoulder and heukbane in the greatest prodigality of abundance;—and syne down to the Duke's gate, by looking through the bonny white-painted iron stanchels of which ye'll see the deer running aneath the green trees; and the palace itself, in the inside of which dwells ane that needna be proud to ca' the king his cousin. Brawly did I ken, that it is a wee after a laddie's being loos-ed frae his mither's apron string, and hurried frae hame, till the mind can mak itself up to stay amang fremit folk; or that the attention can be roused to onything said or dune, however simple in the uptak. So after Benjie brought Mungo hame again, gey forfaughten and wearied-out like, I bad the wife gie him his four-hours, and tell't him he might gang to his bed as sune as he liket. Jalousing also, at the same time, that creatures brought up in the country have strange notions about them—with respect to supernaturals, such as ghaists, brownies, fairies, and bogles—to say naething o' witches, warlocks, and evil speerits, I made Benjie tak aff his claes and lie down beside him, as I said, to keep him warm; but, in plain matter of fact (between friends), that the callant might sleep sounder, finding himself in a strange bed, and no very sure as to hoo the house stood as to the matter of a guid name. Kenning by my own common sense, and from lang experience of the ways of a wicked world, that there is naething like industry, I gaed to Mungo's bedside in the morning, and waukened him betimes. Indeed I'm leeing there—I needna ca' it waukening him—for Benjie tell't me, whan he was supping his parritch out of his luggie at breakfast-time, that he never winket an ee all night, and that sometimes he heard him greeting to himsell in

the dark—such and so powerful is our love of hame, and the force of natural affection. Howsomever, as I was saying, I took him ben the house wi' me, doun to the wark-shop, where I had begun to cut out a pair of nankeen trousers for a young lad, that was to be married the week after to a servant maid of Maister Wiggie's,—a trig quean, that afterwards made him a guid wife, and the father of a numerous small family. Speaking of nankeen, I would advise every ane, as a freend, to buy the Indian, and no the British kind—the expense of outlay being ill-hained, even at sixpence a-yard—the latter no standing the washing, but making a man's legs, at a distance, look like those of a yellow yorline.

It behooved me now as a maister, bent on the improvement of his prentice, to commence learning Mungo some few of the mysteries of our trade; so having showed him the way to creuk his hough, (example is better than precept, as James Batter observes,) I taught him the plan of holding the needle; and having fitted his middle finger with a bottomless thumble of our ain sort, I set him to sewing the cotton-lining into one leg, knowing that it was a pairt no very particular, and no very likely to be seen; so that the matter was not great, whether the stitching was exactly regular, or rather in the zig-zag line. As is customary wi' all new beginners, he made a desperate awkward hand at it, and of which I wad of course have said naething, but that he chanced to brogue his thumb, and completely soiled the hail piece of wark wi' the stains of bluid; which, for ae thing, couldna wash out without being seen; and, for anither, was an unlucky omen to happen to a marriage garment.

Every man should be on his guard. This was a lesson I learned when I was in the volunteers, at the time Buonaparte was expectit to land doun at Dumbar. Luckily for me in this case, I had, by some foolish mistake or anither, made an allowance of a half yard, over and aboon what I fund I could manage to shape on; so I boldly made up my mind to cut out the piece altogether, it being in the back seam. In that business I trust I showed the art of a guid tradesman, having managed to do it so neatly, that it could not be noticed without the narrowest inspection; and having the advantage of a cov-

ering by the coat-flaps, had indeed no chance of being so, except on desperate windy days.

On the day succeeding that on which this unlucky mischance happened, an accident amais: as bad befell, though not to me, farther than that every one is bound, by the Creed and the Ten Commandments, to say naething of his ain conscience, to take a pairt in the afflictions that befall their door-neibours.

When the voice of man was wheisht, and all was sunk in the sound sleep of midnight, it chanced that I was busy dreaming that I was sitting ane of the spectawtors, looking at anither playacting piece of business. Before coming this length, howsomever, I should by right have observed, that afore going to bed, I had eaten for my supper pairt of a black pudding, and twa sausengers, that widow Grassie had sent in a compliment to my wife, being a genteel woman, and mindful of her friends—so that I must have had some sort of night-mare, and no been exactly in my seven senses—else I couldna hae been even dreaming of siccan a place. Weel, as I was saying, in the playhouse I thought I was; and, a' at ance, I heard Maister Wiggie, like ane crying in the wilderness, halloing with a loud voice through the window, bidding me flee from the snares, traps, and gin-nets of the Evil One; and from the terrors of the wrath to come. I was in a terrible funk; and just as I was trying to rise from the seat, that seemed somehow glued to my body and wadna let me; to reach doun my hat, which with its glazed cover, was hanging on a pin to ae side, my face all red, and glowing like a fiery furnace, for shame of being a second time caught in deady sin, I heard the kirk-bell jow-jowing, as if it was the last trump, summoning sinners to their lang and black account; and Maister Wiggie thrust in his arm in his desperation, in a whirlwind of passion, claugthing hold of my hand like a vice, to drag me out head foremost. Even in my sleep, howsomever, it appears that I like free-will, and ken that there are nae slaves in our blessed country, so I tried with all my might to pull against him, and gied his arm siccan a drive back, that he seemed to bleach ower on his side, and raised a hullabulloo of a yell, that not only waukened me, but made me start upright in my bed. For all the world such a

scene! My wife was roaring, "Murder, murder! Mansie Wauch, will ye no wauken? Murder, murder! ye've felled me wi' ye're nieve—ye've felled me outright—I'm gone for evermair—my hail teeth are down my throat. Will ye no wauken?—Murder, murder!—I say Murder, murder, murder, murder!!!" "Wha's murdering us?" cried I, throwing my cowl back on the pillow, and rubbing my een in the hurry of a tremendous fright.—"Wha's murdering us?—where's the rubbers?—send for the town-officer!" "Oh, Mansie!—oh, Mansie!" said Nanse, in a kind of greeting tone, "I daursay ye've felled me—but nae matter, now I've gotten ye roused. Do ye no see the hail street in a bleeze of flames? Bad is the best; we maun either be burned to death, or out of house and hall, without a rag to cover our nakedness. Where's my son?—where's my dear bairn, Benjie?" In a most awful consternation, I jumped at this out to the middle of the floor, hearing the causeway all in an uproar of voices; and seeing the flichtering of the flames glancing on the houses in the opposite side of the street, all the windows of which were filled wi' the heads of half-naked folks, in round-eared mutches, or kilmarnocks; their mouths open, and their een staring wi' fright; while the sound of the fire-engine, rattling through the streets like thunder, seemed like the dead cart of the plague, come to hurry away the corpses of the deceased, for interment in the kirkyard.

Never such a spectacle was witnessed since the creation of Adam. I pulled up the window, and lookit out—and lo and behold! the very next house to our ain was a' in a low from cellar to garret; the burning joists hissing and cracking like mad; and the very wind that blew along, as warm as if it had been out of the mouth o' a baker's oven!! It was a most awfu' spectacle! mair betoken to me, who was likely to be intimately concerned wi't; and, beating my brow with my clenched nieve, like a distracted creature, I saw that the labour of my hail life was likely to gang for nought, and me to be a ruined man, all the earnings of my industry being laid out on my stock in trade, and on the plenishing of our bit house. The darkness of the latter days came ower my speerit, like a vision before the prophet Isaiah; and I could see naething in the

years to come but beggary and starvation; mysell a fallen-back auld man, with an out-at-the-elbows coat, a greasy hat, and a bell pow, hirpling ower a staff, requesthing an awmous—Nanse a broken-hearted beggar wife, torn down to tatters, and weeping like Rachel when she thought on better days, and puir wee Benjie, ganging frae door to door wi' a meal pock on his back. The thought first dung me stupid, and then drave me to desperation; and not even minding the dear wife of my bosom, that had fainted away as dead as a herring, I pulled on my trowsers like mad, and rushed out into the street, bareheaded and barefoot as the day that Lucky Bringthereout brought me into the world.

The crowd saw, in the twinkling of an eyeball, that I was a desperate man, fierce as Sir William Wallace, and no to be withstood by gentle or semple. So maist o' them made way for me; them that tried to stop me finding it a bad job, being heeled ower from right to left, on the braid of their backs, like flounders, without respect of age or person; some auld women, that were obstrapulous, being gey sair hurt, and ane o' them with a pain in her hainch even to this day. When I had got almost to the door-cheek of the burning house, I fand ane gruppung me by the back like grim death; and, in looking ower my shouther, wha was it but Nanse hersell, that, rising up from her feint, had pursued me like a whirlwind. It was a heavy trial, but my duty to mysell in the first place, and to my neibours in the second, roused me up to withstand it; so, making a spend like a greyhound, I left the hindside of my sark in her grasp, like Joseph's garment in the nieve of Potiphar's wife; and up the stairs head foremost among the flames. Mercy keep us a'! what a sight for mortal man to glour at wi' his living een. The bells were tolling amid the dark, like a summons from aboon, for the parish of Dalkeith to pack aff to anither world; the drums were beat, beating as if the French were coming, thousand on thousand, to kill, slay, and devour every maid and mother's son of us; the fire-engine pump—pump—pumping like daft, showering the water like rainbows, as if the windows of Heaven were opened, and the days of auld Noah come back again; and the rabble throwing the good furniture ower the

windows like ingan peelings, where it either felled the folk below, or was dung to a thousand shivers on the causeway. I cried to them, for the love o' gudeness, to mak search in the beds, in case there might be ony weans there, human life being still more precious than human means, but no a living soul was seen but a cat, which, being raised and wild with the din, wad on nae consideration allow itself to be catched. Jacob Dribble fand that to his cost; for, right or wrang, having a drapple in his head, he swore like a trooper that he wad catch her, and carry her down aneath his oter; so forrit he wearied her into a corner, crouching down on his hunkers. He had muckle better have let it alane; for it fuffed ower his shoulder like wullfire, and scarting his back all the way down, jumped like a lamp-lighter head foremost through the flames, where, in the raging and roaring of the devouring element, its pitiful cries were soon hushed to silence for ever and ever, Amen!

At lang and last, a woman's cry was heard on the street, lamenting, like Hagar over young Ishmael in the wilderness of Beersheba, and crying that her auld grannie, that was a lamiter, and had been bedridden for four years come the Martinmas following, was burning to a cinder in the fore garret. My heart was like to burst within me, when I heard this dismal news, remembering that I mysell had ance an auld mither, that was now in the mools; so I brushed up the stair like a hatter, and burst open the door of the fore-garret, for in the hurry I could not find the sneck, and didna like to stand on ceremony; I couldna see my finger afore me, and didna ken my right hand from my left for the smoke; but I grapit round and round, though the reek maistly cuttit my breath, and made me cough at no allowance, till at lang and last I catched hold of something cauld and clammy, which I gaed a pull, not knowing what it was, but fand out to be the auld wife's nose. I cried out as loud as I was able for the puir creature to hoize hersell up intil my arms; but, receiving nae answer, I perceived in a moment that she was suffocated, the foul air having gone down her wrang hause; and, though I had aye a terror at looking at, far less handling a dead corpse, there was something brave within me at the momient, my bluid being

up; so I claught hold of her by the shoulders and harling her wi' all my might out of her bed, got her lifted on my back, heads and thraws, in the manner of a bow of meal, and away as fast as my legs could carry me.

There was a providence in this haste; for, ere I was half way down the stair, the floor fell with a thud like thunder, and such a combustion of soot, stoure, and sparks arose, as was never seen or heard tell of in the memory of man, since the day that Sampson pulled ower the pillars in the house of Dagon, and smooed all the mocking Philistines as flat as flounders. For the space of a minute, I was as blind as a beetle, and was like to be choked for want of breath; however, as the dust began to clear up, I saw an open window, and halloed down to the crowd for the sake of merey to bring a ladder, to save the lives of twa perishing fellow-creatures, for now my ain was also in imminent jeopardy. They were lang of coming, and I didna ken what to do; so thinking that the auld wife as she hadna spoken, was maybe dead already, I was ance determined just to let her drop down upon the street; but I kenn'd that the so doing wad have crackit every bane in her body, and the glory of my bravery wad thus have been worse than lost. I persevered, therefore, though I was fit to fall down under the dead weight, she no being able to help hersell, and having a deal of beef in her skin for an auld woman of aughty; and I got a lean, by squeezing her a wee, between me and the wa'.

I thoct they wald never have come, for my shoeless feet were all bruised, and bluiding from the crunched lime and the splinters of broken stanes; but, at lang and last, a ladder was hoisted up, and having fastened a kinch of ropes aneath her oters, I let her slide down ower the upper step, by way of a pillyshee, having the satisfaction of seeing her safely landit in the arms of seven auld wives, that were waiting with a cosey warm blanket below. Having accomplished this grand manœuvre, wherein I succeeded in saving the precious life of a woman of aughty, that had been four lang years bedridden, I trippit down the staps mysel, like a nine-year-auld; and had the pleasure, when the roof fell in, to ken, that I, for ane, had done my duty; and that, to the best of my knowledge, nae leeving crea-

ture, except the pair cat, had perished within the jaws of the devouring element.

But, bide a wee; the wark was, as yet, only half done. The fire was still roaring and raging, every puff of wind that blew through the black armament, driving the red sparks high into the air, where they died away like the tail of a comet, or the train of a skyracket, the joisting, crazing, cracking, and tumbling down; and now and then the bursting cans, playing flee in a hundred flinders from the chumley-heads. One would have naturally eneuch thocht that our engine could have drowned out a fire of any kind whatsoever in half a second, scores of folks driving about with pitcherfu's of water, and scaling half o't on ane anither and the causeway in their hurry; but, wae's me! it didna play puh on the red-het stanes, that whizzed like iron in a smiddy trough; so, as soon as it was darkness and smoke in ae place, it was fire and fury in anither. My anxiety was now great: seeing that I had done my best for my neibours, it behoved me now, in my turn, to try and see what I could do for mysel; so, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my friend James Batter, whom Nanse, kennin I had bare feet, had sent out to seek me, with a pair of shoon in his hand; and who, in scarting his head, mostly ruggit out every hair of his wig with sheer vexation, I ran off, and mounted the ladder a second time, and succeeded, after muckle speeling, in getting upon the top of the wa', where, having a bucket slung up to me by means of a rope, I swashed down such showers on the top of the flames, that I soon did mair good, in the space of five minutes, than the engine and the ten men, that were all in a broth of perspiration with pumping it, did the haill night ower, to say nothing of the multitude of drawers of water, men, wives, and weans, with their cudies, leglins, pitchers, pails, and water stoups; having the satisfaction, in a short time, to observe every thing getting as black as the crown of my hat, and the gable of my ain house growing as cool as a cucumber.

Being a man of method, and acquent with business, I could have likit to have finished my wark before coming down; but, losh me! sic a whinging, girning, greeting, and roaring, got up, all of a sudden, as was never seen or heard o' since Jeremiah raised his lamentations; and,

looking down, I saw Benjie, the bairn of my ain heart, and the callant Glen, my apprentice on trial, that had baith been as sound as taps till this blessed moment, standing in their night-gowns and their little red cowls, rubbing their een, cowering wi' cauld and fright, and making an awfu' uproar, crying on me to come down, and no be killed. The voice of Benjie especially pierced through and through my heart, like a two-edged sword, and I could, on no manner of account, suffer myself to bear them ony langer, as I jealous-ed the bairn wad have gane into convulsion fits if I hadna heeded him; so, making a sign to them to be quiet, I cam my ways down, taking haud o' ane in ilka hand, which must have been a faitherly sight to the spectawtors that saw us. After waiting on the crown of the causeway for half an hour, to make sure that the fire was extinguished, and all tight and right, I saw the crowd scaling, and thocht it best to gang in too, carrying the twa youngsters alang wi' me. When I began to move aff, however, siccan a cheering o' the multitude got up, as wad hae deafened a cannon; and, though I say it mysel wha sudna say't, they seemed struck with a sore amazement at my heroic behaviour, following me with loud cheers, even to the threshold of my ain door.

From this folk should condescend to take a lesson, seeing that, though the world is a bitter bad world, yet that good deeds are not only a reward to themselves, but call forth the applause of Jew and Gentile; for the sweet savour of my conduct on this memorable night, remained in my nostrils for gudeness kens the length of time, many praising my brave humanity, in public companies, and assemblies of the people, such as strawberry ploys, council meetings, denner parties, and sae forth; and mony in private conversation at their ain ingle-cheek by way of twa-handed crack, in stage-coach confab, and in causeway talk i' the forenoon, afore going in to take their meridiums. Indeed, between freen's, the business proved in the upshot of nae sma' advantage to me, bringing to me a sowl of strange faces, by way of customers, baith gentle and semple, that, I verily believe, hadna sae muckle as ever heard o' my name afore, and gieing me mony a coat to cut, and claith to shape, that, but for my gallant behaviour on the fearsome

nicht aforesaid, wad have been cut, sewed, and shapit by ithier hands. Indeed, considering the great noise the thing made in the world, it is nae wonder that every ane was anxious to hae a garment of wearing apparel made by the individual same hands that had succeeded, under Providence, in saving the precious life of an auld woman of aughty, that had been bedridden, some say, four years come Yule, and ithers, come Martinmas.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(At Inversneyde, upon Loch Lomond.)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head :
And these gray Rocks ; this household Lawn ;
These Trees, a vell just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent Lake ;
This little Bay, a quiet Road
That hold in shelter thy Abode ;
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashioned in a dream ;
Such Forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep !
Yet, dream and vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart :
God shield thee to thy latest years !
I neither know thee nor thy peers ;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away :
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here, scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness :
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer.
A face with gladness overspread !
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred !
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech :
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful ?

L

O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess !
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality :
Thou art to me but as a grave
Of the wild sea : and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see I
Thy elder Brother I would be,
Thy Father, any thing to thee !

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes :
Then, why should I be loath to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her ;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the Cabin small,
The Lake, the Bay, the Waterfall ;
And thee, the Spirit of them all !

WORDSWORTH.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one house with glee—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea !

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One midst the forests of the west
By a dark stream is laid ;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain,
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd,
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, they rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree,

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Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, on earth!

MRS. HEMANS.

NICOLAS PEDROSA.

NICOLAS PEDROSA, a busy little being, who followed the trades of shaver, surgeon, and man-midwife, in the town of Madrid, mounted his mule at the door of his shop in the Plazuela de los Affligidos, and pushed through the gate of San Bernardino, being called to a patient in the neighbouring village of Foncarral, upon a pressing occasion. Every body knows that the ladies in Spain, in certain cases, do not give long warning to practitioners of a certain description, and nobody knew it better than Nicolas, who was resolved not to lose an inch of his way, nor of his mule's best speed by the way, if cudgelling could beat it out of her. It was plain to Nicolas's conviction, as plain could be, that his road lay straight forward to the little convent in front; the mule was of opinion, that the turning on the left down the hill towards the Prado was the road of all roads most familiar and agreeable to herself, and accordingly began to dispute the point of topography with Nicolas, by fixing her fore feet resolutely in the ground, dipping her head at the same time between them, and launching heels and crupper furiously into the air, in the way of argument. Little Pedrosa, who was armed at heel with one massy silver spur of stout, though ancient workmanship, resolutely applied the rusty rowel to the shoulder of his beast, driving it with all the good-will in the world to the very butt, and at the same time adroitly tucking his blue cloth capa under his right arm, and flinging the skirt over the left shoulder *en cavalier*, began to lay about him with a stout ashen sapling upon the ears, pole, and cheeks of the recreant mule. The fire now flashed from a pair of Andalusian eyes, as black as charcoal and not less inflammable, and taking the segara from his mouth, with which he had vainly hoped to have regaled his nostrils in a sharp winter's evening by the way, raised such a

thundering troop of angels, saints, and martyrs from St. Michael downwards, not forgetting his own namesake Saint Nicolas de Tolentino by the way, that if curses could have made the mule to go, the dispute would have been soon ended, but not a saint could make her stir any other ways than upwards and downwards at a stand. A small troop of mendicant friars were at this moment conducting the host of a dying man.—“Nicolas Pedrosa,” says an old friar, “be patient with your beast, and spare your blasphemies: remember Balaam.”—“Ah, father,” replied Pedrosa, “Balaam cudgelled his beast till she spoke, so will I mine till she roars.”—“Fie, fie, profane fellow,” cries another of the fraternity. “Go about your work, friend,” quoth Nicolas, “and let me go about mine; I warrant it is the more pressing of the two; your patient is going out of the world, mine is coming into it.”—“Hear him,” cries a third, “hear the vile wretch, how he blasphemes the body of God!”—and then the troop past slowly on to the tinkling of the bell.

A man must know nothing of a mule's ears who does not know what a passion they have for the tinkling of a bell, and no sooner had the jingling chords vibrated in the sympathetic organs of Pedrosa's beast, than bolting forward with a sudden spring she ran roaring into the throng of friars, trampling on some and shouldering others at a most profane rate; when Nicolas, availing himself of the impetus, and perhaps not able to control it, broke away, and was out of sight in a moment. “All the devils in hell blow fire into thy tail, thou beast of Babylon,” muttered Nicolas to himself, as he scampered along, never once looking behind him or stopping to apologize for the mischief he had done to the bare feet and shirtless ribs of the holy brotherhood.

Whether Nicolas saved his distance, as likewise, if he did, whether it was a male or female Castilian he ushered into the world, we shall not just now inquire, contented to await his return in the first of the morning next day, when he had no sooner dismounted at his shop and delivered his mule to a sturdy Arragonese wench, than Don Ignacio de Santos Aparacio, alguazil mayor of the supreme and general inquisition, put an order into his laud, signed and sealed by the inquisidor general, for the conveying his body to the

Casa, whose formidable door presents itself into the street adjoining to the square in which Nicolas's brazen basin hung forth the emblem of his trade.

The poor little fellow, trembling in every joint, and with a face as yellow as saffron, dropt a knee to the altar, which fronts the entrance, and crossed himself most devoutly; as soon as he had ascended the first flight of stairs, a porter habited in black opened the tremendous barricade, and Nicolas with horror heard the grating of the heavy bolts that shut him in. He was led through passages and vaults and melancholy cells, till he was delivered into the dungeon, where he was finally left to his solitary meditations. Hapless being! what a scene of horror. Nicolas felt all the terrors of his condition, but being an Andalusian, and, like his countrymen, of a lively imagination, he began to turn over all the resources of his invention for some happy fetch, if any such might occur, for helping him out of the dismal limbo he was in: he was not long to seek for the cause of his misfortune: his adventure with the barefooted friars was a ready solution of all difficulties of that nature, had there been any; there was, however, another thing, which might have troubled a stouter heart than Nicolas's—he was a Jew.—This of a certain would have been a staggering item in a poor devil's confession, but then it was a secret to all the world but Nicolas, and Nicolas's conscience did not just then urge him to reveal it; he now began to overhaul the inventory of his personals about him, and with some satisfaction counted three little medals of the Blessed Virgin, two Agnus Deis, a Saint Nicolas de Tolentino, and a formidable string of beads all pendant from his neck and within his shirt; in his pockets he had a paper of dried figs, a small bundle of segars, a case of lancets, squirt, and forceps, and two old razors in a leathern envelope; these he had delivered one by one to the alguazil, who first arrested him,—“and let him make the most of them,” said he to himself, “they can never prove me an Israelite by a case of razors.”—Upon a closer rummage, however, he discovered in a secret pocket a letter, which the alguazil had overlooked, and which his patient Donna Leonora de Casafonda had given him in charge to deliver as directed. “Well, well,” cried he, “let it pass; there can be no mystery in this harmless

scrawl; a letter of advice to some friend or relation, I'll not break the seal; let the fathers read it, if they like, 'twill prove the truth of my deposition, and help out my excuse for the hurry of my errand, and the unfortunate adventure of my damned refractory mule.”—And now no sooner had the recollection of the wayward mule crossed the brain of poor Nicolas Pedrosa, than he began to blast her at a furious rate. “The scratches and the scab to boot confound thy scurvy hide,” quoth he, “thou ass-begotten bastard, whom Noah never let into his ark! The vengeance take thee for an uncreated barren beast of promiscuous generation! What devil's crotchet got into thy capricious noddle, that thou shouldst fall in love with that Nazaritish bell, and run bellowing like Lucifer into the midst of those barefooted vermin, who are more malicious and more greedy than the locusts of Egypt? Oh! that I had the art of Simon Magus to conjure thee into this dungeon in my stead; but I warrant thou art chewing thy barley straw without any pity for thy wretched master, whom thy jade's tricks have delivered bodily to the tormentors, to be the sport of these uncircumcised sons of Dagon.” And now the cell door opened, when a savage figure entered, carrying a huge parcel of clanking fetters, with a collar of iron, which he put round the neck of poor Pedrosa, telling him, with a truly diabolic grin, whilst he was rivetting it on, that it was a proper cravat for the throat of a blasphemer. —“Jesu-Maria,” quoth Pedrosa, “is all this fallen upon me for only cudgelling a restive mule?” “Aye,” cried the demon, “and this is only a taste of what is to come,” at the same time slipping his pincers from the screw he was forcing to the head, he caught a piece of flesh in the forceps and wrenched it out of his cheek, laughing at poor Nicolas, whilst he roared aloud with the pain, telling him it was a just reward for the torture he had put him to awhile ago, when he tugged at a tooth till he broke it in his jaw. “Ah, for the love of Heaven,” cried Pedrosa, “have more pity on me; for the sake of Saint Nicolas de Tolentino, my holy patron, be not so unmerciful to a poor barber-surgeon, and I will shave your worship's beard for nothing as long as I have life. One of the messengers of the auditory now came in, and bade the fellow

strike off the prisoner's fetters, for that the holy fathers were in council and demanded him for examination. "This is something extraordinary," quoth the tormentor, "I should not have expected it this twelve-month to come." Pedrosa's fetters were struck off; some brandy was applied to staunch the bleeding of his cheeks; his hands and face were washed, and a short jacket of coarse ticking thrown over him, and the messenger, with an assistant, taking him each under an arm, led him into a spacious chamber, where, at the head of a long table, sat his excellency the inquisidor general, with six of his assessors, three on each side the chair of state: the alguazil mayor, a secretary, and two notaries, with other officers of the holy council, were attending in their places.

The prisoner was placed behind a bar at the foot of the table, between the messengers who brought him in, and having made him obeisance to the awful presence in the most supplicating manner, he was called upon, according to the usual form of questions, by one of the junior judges, to declare his name, parentage, profession, age, place of abode, and to answer various interrogatories of the like trifling nature: his excellency the inquisidor general now opened his reverend lips, and, in a solemn tone of voice, that penetrated to the heart of the poor trembling prisoner, interrogated him as follows:—"Nicolas Pedrosa, we have listened to the account you give of yourself, your business, and connections, now tell us for what offence, or offences, you are here standing a prisoner before us: examine your own heart, and speak the truth from your conscience without prevarication or disguise." "May it please your excellency," replied Pedrosa, "with all due submission to your holiness and this reverend assembly, my most equitable judges, I conceive I stand here before you for no worse a crime than that of cudgelling a refractory mule; an animal so restive in its nature, under correction of your holiness be it spoken, that although I were blest with the forbearance of holy Job, for like him too I am married, and my patience hath been exercised by a wife, yet could I not forbear to smite my beast for her obstinacy, and the rather because I was summoned in the way of my profession, as I have already made known to your most merciful ears,

upon a certain crying occasion, which would not admit of a moment's delay." "Recollect yourself, Nicolas," said his excellency the inquisidor general, "was there nothing else you did, save smiting your beast?" "I take Saint Nicolas de Tolentino to witness," replied he, "that I know of no other crime, for which I can be responsible at this righteous tribunal, save smiting my unruly beast." "Take notice, brethren," exclaimed the inquisidor, "this unholy wretch holds trampling over friars to be no crime." "Pardon me, holy father," replied Nicolas, "I hold it for the worst of crimes, and therefore willingly surrender my refractory mule to be dealt with as you see fit, and if you impale her alive, it will not be more than she deserves." "Your wits are too nimble, Nicolas," cried the judge; "have a care they do not run away with your discretion: recollect the blasphemies you uttered in the hearing of those pious people." "I humbly pray your excellency," answered the prisoner, "to recollect that anger is a short madness, and I hope allowances will be made by your holy council for words spoken in haste to a rebellious mule: the prophet Balaam was thrown off his guard with a simple ass, and what is an ass compared to a mule: if your excellency had seen the lovely creature that was screaming in agony till I came to her relief, and how fine a boy I ushered into the world, which would have been lost but for my assistance, I am sure I should not be condemned for a few hasty words spoke in passion." "Sirrah!" cried one of the puisne judges, "respect the decency of the court." "Produce the contents of this fellow's pockets before the court," said the president; "lay them on the table." "Monster," resumed the aforesaid puisne judge, taking up the forceps, "what is the use of this diabolical machine?" "Unnatural wretch! you have murdered the mother." "The mother of God forbid!" exclaimed Pedrosa, "I believe I have a proof in my pocket, that will acquit me of that charge," and so saying he tendered the letter we have before made mention of: the secretary took it, and, by command of the court, read as follows:

"Senor Don Manuel de Herrera.

"When this letter, which I send by Nicolas Pedrosa, shall reach your hands,

you shall know that I am safely delivered of a lovely boy after a dangerous labour, in consideration of which I pray you to pay to the said Nicolas Pedrosa the sum of twenty gold pistoles, which sum his excellency"—

"Hold!" cried the inquisidor general, starting hastily from his seat, and snatching away the letter, "there is more in this than meets the eye: break up the court; I must take an examination of this prisoner in private."

As soon as the room was cleared, the inquisidor general, beckoning to the prisoner to follow him, retired into a private closet, where, throwing himself carelessly into an arm chair, he turned a gracious countenance upon the poor affrighted accoucheur, and bidding him sit down upon a low stool by his side thus accosted him:—"Take heart, senor Pedrosa, your imprisonment is not likely to be very tedious, for I have a commission you must execute without loss of time: you have too much consideration for yourself to betray a trust, the violation of which must involve you in inevitable ruin, and can in no degree at- taint my character, which is far enough beyond the reach of malice: be attentive, therefore, to my orders; execute them punctually, and keep my secret as you tender your own life: dost thou know the name and condition of the lady whom thou hast delivered?" Nicolas assured him he did not, and his excellency proceeded as follows:—"Then I tell thee, Nicolas, it is the illustrious Donna Leonora de Casafonda: her husband is the president of Quito, and daily expected with the next arrivals from the South Seas; now, though measures have been taken for detaining him at the port wherever he shall land, till he shall receive further orders, yet you must be sensible Donna Leonora's situation is somewhat delicate: it will be your business to take the speediest measures for her recovery; but as it seems she has had a dangerous and painful labour, this may be a work of more time than could be wished, unless some medicines more efficacious than common are administered: art thou acquainted with any such, friend Nicolas?"—"So please your excellency," quoth Nicolas, "my processes have been tolerably successful."—"Thou talkest like a fool, friend, Nicolas," interrupting him,

said the inquisidor; "quick work must be wrought by quick medicines. Hast thou none such in thy botica? I'll answer for it thou hast not; therefore look you, sirrah, here is a little vial compounded by a chemist; see that you mix it in the next apozem you administer to Donna Leonora; it is the most capital sedative in nature; give her the whole of it, and let her husband return when he will, depend upon it he will make no discoveries from her."—"Humph!" quoth Nicolas within himself, "Well said, inquisidor!" He took the vial with all possible respect, and was not wanting in professions of the most inviolable fidelity and secrecy—"No more words, friend Nicolas," quoth the inquisidor, "upon that score; I do not believe thee one jot the more for all thy promises; my dependence is upon thy fears and not on thy faith; I fancy thou hast seen enough of this place not to be willing to return to it once for all."—Having so said, he rang a bell, and ordered Nicolas to be forthwith liberated, bidding the messenger return his clothes instantly to him, with all that belonged to him, and having slipped a purse into his hand well filled with doubloons, he bade him begone about his business, and not to see his face again till he had executed his commands.

Nicolas bolted out of the porch without taking leave of the altar, and never checked his speed till he found himself fairly housed under shelter of his own beloved brass basin.—"Aha!" quoth Nicolas, "my lord inquisidor, I see the king is not likely to gain a subject more by your intrigues: a pretty job you have set me about: and so, when I have put the poor lady to rest with your danned sedative, my tongue must be stopt next to prevent its babbling; but I'll show you I was not born in Andalusia for nothing." Nicolas now opened a secret drawer and took out a few pieces of money, which in fact was his whole stock of cash in the world; he loaded and primed his pistols, and carefully lodged them in the holsters of his saddle, he buckled to his side his trusty spada, and hastened to caparison his mule. "Ah, thou imp of the old one," quoth he, as he entered the stable, "art not ashamed to look me in the face? But come, hussy, thou owest me a good turn methinks, stand by me this once, and be friends for ever! thou art in good case, and if thou wilt put thy best foot foremost, like a

faithful beast, thou shalt not want for barley by the way." The bargain was soon struck between Nicolas and his mule, he mounted her in the happy moment, and pointing his course towards the bridge of Toledo, which proudly strides with half a dozen lofty arches over a stream scarce three feet wide, he found himself as completely in a desert in half a mile's riding, as if he had been dropt in the centre of Arabia Petræa. As Nicolas's journey was not a tour of curiosity, he did not amuse himself with a peep at Toledo, or Talavera, or even Merida, by the way; for the same reason he took a *circumbendibus* round the frontier town of Badajoz, and crossing a little brook refreshed his mule with the last draught of Spanish water, and instantly congratulated himself upon entering the territory of Portugal. "Brava!" quoth he, patting the neck of his mule, "thou shalt have a supper this night of the best sieve meat that Estramadura can furnish: we are now in a country where the scattered flock of Israel fold thick and fare well." He now began to chant the Song of Solomon, and gently ambled on in the joy of his heart.

When Nicolas at length reached the city of Lisbon, he hugged himself in his good fortune; still he recollected that the inquisition has long arms, and he was yet in a place of no perfect security. Our adventurer had in early life acted as assistant-surgeon in a Spanish frigate bound to Buenos Ayres, and being captured by a British man-of-war, and carried into Jamaica, had very quietly passed some years in that place as journeyman apothecary, in which time he had acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the English language; no sooner then did he discover the British ensign flying on the poop of an English frigate then lying in the Tagus, than he eagerly caught the opportunity of paying a visit to the surgeon, and finding he was in want of a mate, offered himself, and was entered in that capacity for a cruise against the French and Spaniards, with whom Great Britain was then at war. In this secure asylum Nicolas enjoyed the first happy moments he had experienced for a long time past, and being a lively good-humoured little fellow, and one that touched the guitar and sung seguidillas with a tolerable grace, he soon recommended himself to his ship-mates, and grew in favour with every body

on board from the captain to the cook's mate.

When they were out upon the cruise hovering on the Spanish coast, it occurred to Nicolas that the inquisidor general of Madrid had told him of the expected arrival of the president of Quito, and having imparted this to one of the lieutenants, he reported it to the captain, and as the intelligence seemed of importance, he availed himself of it by hauling into the track of the homeward bound galleons, and great was the joy when, at the break of the morning, the man at the mast-head announced a square-rigged vessel in view: the ardour of a chase now set all hands at work, and a few hours brought them near enough to discern that she was a Spanish frigate, and seemingly from a long voyage; little Pedrosa, as alert as the rest, stript himself for his work, and repaired to his post in the cock-pit, whilst the thunder of the guns rolled incessantly overhead; three cheers from the whole crew at length announced the moment of victory, and a few more minutes ascertained the good news that the prize was a frigate richly laden from the South Seas, with the governor of Quito and his suite on board.

Pedrosa was now called upon deck, and sent on board the prize as interpreter to the first lieutenant, who was to take possession of her. He found every thing in confusion, a deck covered with the slain, and the whole crew in consternation at an event they were in no degree prepared for, not having received any intimation of a war. He found the officers in general, and the passengers without exception, under the most horrid impressions of the English, and expecting to be plundered, and perhaps butchered without mercy. Don Manuel de Casafonda the governor, whose countenance bespoke a constitution far gone in a decline, had thrown himself on a sofa in the last state of despair, and given way to an effusion of tears; when the lieutenant entered the cabin he rose trembling from his couch, and with the most supplicating action presented to him his sword, and with it a casket which he carried in his other hand; as he tendered these spoils to his conqueror, whether through weakness or of his own will, he made a motion of bending his knee: the generous Briton, shocked at the unmanly overture, caught him suddenly with both

hands, and turning to Pedrosa, said aloud—"Convince this gentleman he is fallen into the hands of an honourable enemy."—"Is it possible!" cried Don Manuel, and lifting up his streaming eyes to the countenance of the British officer, saw humanity, valour, and generous pity so strongly characterised in his youthful features, that the conviction was irresistible. "Will he not accept my sword?" cried the Spaniard. "He desires you to wear it, till he has the honour of presenting you to his captain."—"Ah, then he has a captain," exclaimed Don Manuel, "his superior will be of another way of thinking; tell him this casket contains my jewels; they are valuable; let him present them as a lawful prize, which will enrich the captor; his superior will not hesitate to take them from me."—"If they are your excellency's private property," replied Pedrosa, "I am ordered to assure you, that if your ship was loaded with jewels, no British officer, in the service of his king, will take them at your hands; the ship and effects of his Catholic Majesty are the only prize of the captors; the personals of the passengers are inviolate."—"Generous nation!" exclaimed Don Manuel, "how greatly have I wronged thee!"—The boats of the British frigate now came alongside, and part of the crew was shifted out of the prize, taking their clothes and trunks along with them, in which they were very cordially assisted by their conquerors. The barge soon after came aboard with an officer in the stern-sheets, and the crew in their white shirts and velvet caps, to escort the governor and the ship's captain on board the frigate, which lay with her sails to the mast awaiting their arrival; the accommodation ladder was slung over the side, and manned for the prisoners, who were received on the gang-way by the second lieutenant, whilst perfect silence and the strictest discipline reigned in the ship, where all were under the decks, and no inquisitive curious eyes were suffered to wound the feelings of the conquered even with a glance; in the door of his cabin stood the captain, who received them with that modest complaisance, which does not revolt the unfortunate by an overstrained politeness; he was a man of high birth and elegant manners, with a heart as benevolent as it was brave: such an address, set off with a person fine-

ly formed and perfectly engaging, could not fail to impress the prisoners with the most favourable ideas; and as Don Manuel spoke French fluently, he could converse with the British captain without the help of an interpreter. As he expressed an impatient desire of being admitted to his parole, that he might revisit friends and connections, from which he had been long separated, he was overjoyed to hear that the English ship would carry her prize into Lisbon; and that he would there be set on shore, and permitted to make the best of his way from thence to Madrid; he talked of his wife with all the ardour of the most impassioned lover, and apologized for his tears, by imputing them to the agony of his mind, and the infirmity of his health, under the dread of being longer separated from an object so dear to his heart, and on whom he doated with the fondest affection. The generous captor indulged him in these conversations, and, being a husband himself, knew how to allow for all the tenderness of his sensations. "Ah, Sir," cried Don Manuel, "would to Heaven it were in my power to have the honour of presenting my beloved Leonora to you on our landing at Lisbon.—Perhaps," added he, turning to Pedrosa, who at that moment entered the cabin, "this gentleman, whom I take to be a Spaniard, may have heard the name of Donna Leonora de Casafonda; if he has been at Madrid, it is possible he may have seen her; should that be the case, he can testify to her external charms; I alone can witness to the exquisite perfection of her mind."—"Senor Don Manuel," replied Pedrosa, "I have seen Donna Leonora, and your excellency is warranted in all you can say in her praise; she is of incomparable beauty." These words threw the uxorious Spaniard into raptures; his eyes sparkled with delight; the blood rushed into his emaciated cheeks, and every feature glowed with unutterable joy: he pressed Pedrosa with a variety of rapid inquiries all which he evaded by pleading ignorance, saying that he only had a casual glance of her, as she passed along the Prado. The embarrassment, however, which accompanied these answers, did not escape the English captain, who shortly after drawing Pedrosa aside into the surgeon's cabin, was by him made acquainted with the melancholy situation of that unfortunate lady, and every par-

ticular of the story as before related: nay, the very vial was produced with its contents, as put into the hands of Pedrosa by the inquisidor.

"Can there be such villany in man!" cried the British captain, when Pedrosa had concluded his detail: "Alas! my heart bleeds for this unhappy husband: assuredly that monster has destroyed Leonora: as for thee, Pedrosa, whilst the British flag flies over thy head, neither Spain nor Portugal, nor inquisitors, nor devils, shall annoy thee under its protection; but if thou ever venturest over the side of this ship, and rashly settest one foot upon catholic soil, when we arrive at Lisbon, thou art a lost man."—"I were worse than a madman," replied Nicolas, "should I attempt it."—"Keep close in this asylum then," resumed the captain, "and fear nothing. Had it been our fate to have been captured by the Spaniard, what would have become of thee?"—"In the worst of extremities," replied Nicolas, "I should have applied to the inquisitor's vial; but I confess I had no fears of that sort; a ship so commanded and so manned is in little danger of being carried into a Spanish port."—"I hope not," said the captain, "and I promise thee thou shalt take thy chance in her, so long as she is afloat under my command, and if we live to conduct her to England, thou shalt have thy proper share of prize-money, which, if the galleon breaks up according to her entries, will be something towards enabling thee to shift, and if thou art as diligent in thy duty, as I am persuaded thou wilt be, whilst I live thou shalt never want a seaman's friend."—At these cheering words, little Nicolas threw himself at the feet of his generous preserver, and with streaming eyes poured out his thanks from a heart animated with joy and gratitude.—The captain raising him by the hand, forbade him, as he prized his friendship, ever to address him in that posture any more: "Thank me, if you will," added he, "but thank me as one man should another; let no knees bend in this ship but to the name of God.—But now," continued he, "let us turn our thoughts to the situation of our unhappy Casafonda: we are now drawing near to Lisbon, where he will look to be liberated on his parole."—"By no means let him venture into Spain," said Pedrosa; "I am well assured there are orders to arrest him in

every port or frontier town, where he may present himself."—"I can well believe it," replied the captain. "This piteous case will require further deliberation; in the mean time let nothing transpire on your part, and keep yourself out of his sight as carefully as you can."—This said, the captain left the cabin, and both parties repaired to their several occupations.

As soon as the frigate and her prize cast anchor in the Tagus, Don Manuel de Casafonda impatiently reminded our captain of his promised parole. The painful moment was now come, when an explanation of some sort became unavoidable. The generous Englishman, with a countenance expressive of the tenderest pity, took the Spaniard's hand in his, and seating him on a couch beside him, ordered the sentinel to keep the cabin private, and delivered himself as follows:

"Senor Don Manuel, I must now impart to you an anxiety which I labour under on your account; I have strong reason to suspect you have enemies in your own country, who are upon the watch to arrest you on your landing: when I have told you this, I expect you will repose such trust in my honour, and the sincerity of my regard for you, as not to demand a further explanation of the particulars on which my intelligence is founded."

"Heaven and earth!" cried the astonished Spaniard, "who can be those enemies I have to fear, and what can I have done to deserve them?"—"So far I will open myself to you," answered the captain, "as to point out the principal to you, the inquisidor general."—"The best friend I have in Spain," exclaimed the governor, "my sworn protector, the patron of my fortune. He my enemy? impossible."—"Well, Sir," replied the captain, "if my advice does not meet belief, I must so far exert my authority for your sake, as to make this ship your prison till I have waited on our minister at Lisbon, and made the inquiries necessary for your safety; suspend your judgment upon the seeming harshness of this measure till I return to you again;" and at the same time, rising from his seat, he gave orders for the barge, and leaving strict injunctions with the first lieutenant not to allow of the governor's quitting the frigate, he put off for the shore, and left the melan-

choly Spaniard buried in profound and silent meditation.

The emissaries of the inquisition having at last traced Pedrosa to Lisbon, and there gained intelligence of his having entered on board the frigate, our captain had no sooner turned into the porch of the hotel at Buenos-Ayres, than he was accosted by a messenger of state, with a requisition from the prime minister's office for the surrender of one Nicolas Pedrosa, a subject of Spain, and a criminal, who had escaped out of the prison of the inquisition in Madrid, where he stood charged with high crimes and misdemeanors.—As soon as this requisition was explained to our worthy captain, without condescending to a word in reply, he called for pen and ink, and writing a short order to the officer commanding on board, instantly dispatched the midshipman, who attended him, to the barge, with directions, to make the best of his way back to the frigate and deliver it to the lieutenant. Then turning to the messenger, he said to him in a resolute tone—"That Spaniard is now borne on my books, and before you shall take him out of the service of my king, you must sink his ship."—Not waiting for a reply, he immediately proceeded without stopping to the house of the British minister at the further end of the city. Here he found Pedrosa's intelligence, with regard to the governor of Quito, expressly verified, for the order had come down even to Lisbon, upon the chance of the Spanish frigate's taking shelter in that port. To this minister he related the horrid tale which Pedrosa had delivered to him, and with his concurrence it was determined to forward letters into Spain, which Don Manuel should be advised to write to his lady and friends at Madrid, and to wait their answer before any further discoveries were imparted to him respecting the blacker circumstances of the case. In the mean time it was resolved to keep the prisoner safe in his asylum.

The generous captain lost no time in returning to his frigate, where he immediately imparted to Don Manuel the intelligence he had obtained at the British minister's.—"This indeed," cried the afflicted Spaniard, "is a stroke I was in no respect prepared for; I had fondly persuaded myself there was not in the whole empire of Spain a more friendly heart

than that of the inquisitor's; to my beloved Leonora he had ever shown the tenderness of a paternal affection from her very childhood; by him our hands were joined; his lips pronounced the nuptial benediction, and through his favour I was promoted to my government. Grant, Heaven, no misfortune hath befallen my Leonora; surely she cannot have offended him, and forfeited his favour."—"As I know him not," replied the captain, "I can form no judgment of his motives; but this I know, that if a man's heart is capable of cruelty, the fittest school to learn it in must be the inquisition." The proposal was now suggested of sending letters into Spain, and the governor retired to his desk for the purpose of writing them; in the afternoon of the same day the minister paid a visit to the captain, and receiving a packet from the hands of Don Manuel, promised to get it forwarded, by a safe conveyance, according to direction.

In due course of time this fatal letter from Leonora opened all the horrible transaction to the wretched husband:—

"The guilty hand of an expiring wife, under the agonizing operation of a mortal poison, traces these few trembling lines to an injured wretched husband. If thou hast any pity for my parting spirit fly the ruin that awaits thee, and avoid this scene of villany and horror. When I tell thee I have born a child to the monster whose poison runs in my veins, thou wilt abhor thy faithless Leonora: had I strength to relate to thee the subtle machinations which betrayed me to disgrace, thou wouldst pity and perhaps forgive me. Oh agony! can I write his name? The inquisitor is my murderer—My pen falls from my hand—Farewell for ever."

Had a shot passed through the heart of Don Manuel, it could not more effectually have stopt its motions than the perusal of this fatal writing. He dropped lifeless on the couch, and but for the care and assistance of the captain and Pedrosa, in that posture he had probably expired. Grief like his will not be described by words, for to words it gave no utterance; 'twas suffocating, silent woe.

Let us drop the curtain over this melancholy pause in our narration, and attend upon the mournful widower now landed upon English ground, and conveyed by his humane and generous preserver

to the house of a noble earl, the father of our amiable captain, and a man by his virtues still more conspicuous than by his rank. Here, amidst the gentle solitudes of a benevolent family, in one of the most enchanting spots on earth, in a climate most salubrious and restorative to a constitution exhausted by heat, and a heart nearly broken with sorrow, the reviving spirits of the unfortunate Don Manuel gave the first symptoms of a possible recovery. At the period of a few tranquilizing weeks here passed in the bosom of humanity, letters came to hand from the British minister at Lisbon, in answer to a memorial, that I should have stated to have been drawn up by the friendly captain before his departure from that port, with a detail of facts deposed and sworn to by Nicolas Pedrosa, which memorial, with the documents attached to it, was forwarded to the Spanish court by special express from the Portuguese premier. By these letters it appeared, that the high dignity of the person impeached by this statement of facts, had not been sufficient to screen him from a very serious and complete investigation: in the course of which facts had been so clearly brought home to him by the confession of his several agents, and the testimony of the deceased Leonora's attendants, together with her own written declarations, whilst the poison was in operation, that though no public sentence had been executed upon the criminal, it was generally understood he was either no longer in existence, or in a situation never to be heard of any more, till roused by the awakening trump he shall be summoned to his tremendous last account. As for the unhappy widower, it was fully signified to him from authority, that his return to Spain, whether upon exchange or parole, would be no longer opposed, nor had he any thing to apprehend on the part of the government when he should there arrive. The same was signified in fewer words to the exculpated Pedrosa.

Whether Don Manuel de Casafonda will in time to come avail himself of these overtures time alone can prove. As for Nicolas, whose prize-money has set him up in a comfortable little shop in Duke's-place, where he breathes the veins and cleanses the bowels of his Israelitish brethren, in a land of freedom and toleration, his merry heart is at rest, save only

when, with fire in his eyes, and vengeance on his tongue, he anathematizes the inquisition, and struts into the synagogue every sabbath with as bold a step and as erect a look as if he was himself high priest of the temple, going to perform sacrifice upon the re-assembling of the scattered tribes.

CUMBERLAND.

THE WYFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTIE.

In Auchtermuchtie thair wond ane man,
A rach husband, as I hard tauld,
Quha weill could tippill out a cann,
And naithir luvit hungir nor cauld:
Quhill ance it fell upon a day,
He yokkit his pleuch vpon the plaine;
Gif it be trew, as I heard say,
The day was foull for wind and raine.

He lousit the pleuch at the landis end,
And draife his oxen hame at evin;
Quhen he came in he lukit ben,
And saw the wif baith dry and clene
Sittand at ane fyre beik and bould,
With ane fat sowp, as I hard say:
The man being very weit and cauld.
Between thay twa it was na play.

Quoth he, Quhair is my horsis corne?
My ox hes naithir hay nor stray;
Dame, ye maun to the pleuch the morn,
I sall be hussy, gif I may.
Gudeman, quoth scho, content am I
To take the pleuch my day about,
Sa ye will rewll baith calvis and ky,
And all the house baith in and out.

Bot sen that ye will hussyskep ken,
First ye maun sift and syne maun kned
And ay as ye gang but and ben,
Luk that the hairnis fyle not the bed;
And ay as ye gang furth and in,
Kelp weill the gaizlines fra the gled;
And lay ane saft wysp to the kill;
We haif ane deir ferme on our held.

The wyfe scho sat vp late at evin,
(I pray God gif hir evill to fare),
Scho kind the kirne, and skum it clene,
And left the gudeman but the bledoch baire,
Than in the morning vp scho gat,
And on hir hairt laid hir disjune,
And preind als meikle in hir lap
Micht serve thrie honest men at nune.

Says—Jok, will thou be maister of wark,
And thou sall haud, and I sall kall;
I've promise the ane gude new sark,
Outhir of round claith or of small.

Scho lowsit the oxin aucht or nine,
And hynt ane gad-staff in hir hand:
Vp the gudeman raise afir syne,
And saw the wyf had done command.

He cawd the gaizlines furth to feid,
Thair wes bot sevensum of them a';
And by thair cumis the greedie gled,
And cleikit vp fyve, left him bot twa.
Than out he ran in all his mane,
Sune as he hard the gaizles cry;
Bot than, or he came in againe,
The calves brak louse and soukit the ky.

The calves and ky met in the lone,
The man ran with ane rung to red;
Than thair comes ane ill-willie kow
And brodit his buttok quhill that it bled.
Than up he tuik ane rok of tow,
And he satt down to sey the spinning;
I trow he loutit owre neir the lowe;
Quo he, this wark hes an ill beginning.

Than to the kirm he nixt did stoure,
And jumlit at it quhill he swat;
Quhen he had rumblit a full lang hour,
The sorrow scrap of butter he gatt.
Albeit na butter he could gett,
Yit he wes cummerit with the kirne;
And syne he het the milk owre het,
And sorrow a drap of it wald yirne.

Then ben thair cam ane greidie sow,
I trow he kund hir littill thank,
For in scho schot hir ill-fard mow,
And ay scho winkit and ay scho drank.
He cleikit vp ane crukit club,
And thoct to hitt hir on the snout;
The twa gazlines the glaidis had left,
That straik dang baith thair harnis out.

He set his foot vpon the spyre,
To have gotten the fleshe down to the pat,
Bot he fell backward into the fyre,
And clourd his croun on the keming stock.
He hang the meikle pat on the cruk,
And with twa cannis ran to the spout,
Or he wan back againe (alaik)
The fyre brunt all the boddom out.

Than he laid kindling to the kill,
Bot scho start all vp in ane low;
Quhat evir he heard, quhat evir he saw,
That day he had na will to wow.
Than he gaid to take vp the balrals,
Thoct to haif fund thame fair and clene;
The first that he gat in his armis
Was all bedirtin to the eyne.

The first that he gat in his armis,
It was all dirt up to the eyne;
The de'll cut aff thair hands, quo he,
That fill'd yow all sa fow yestrein.
He traillit the foull sheetis down the gait,
Thoct to haif wascht thame on ane stane.
The burne was risin grit of spait,
Away fra him the sheetis hes tane.

Than up he gat on ane know head,
On the gudewyfe to cry and schout;
Scho hard him as scho hard him nocht,
Bot stoutlie steird the stottis about.

Scho draif the day unto the night,
Scho lowsit the pleuch; and syne cam hame;
Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt,
I trow the man thoct richt grit schame.

Quoth he, My office I forsalk,
For all the dayis of my lyfe;
For I wald put ane house to wraik
Gin I war twentle dayis gudewyfe.
Quoth scho, Weill mot ye bruke your place,
For trewlie I sall neir accept it;
Quoth he, Fiend fall the lyaris face,
Bot yit ye may be blyth to gett it.

Than up scho gat ane meikle rung,
And the gudeman mald to the doir;
Quoth he, Deme, I sall hald my tung,
For an we fecht I'll gett the waur.
Quoth he, quhan I forsauk my pleuch,
I trow I bot forsauk my seill,
Sa I will to my pleuch agane
For this house and I will nevir do weill.

FACT AND FICTION.

"HERE BE TRUTHS."

"WHEN the Heathen philosopher had a mind to eat a grape, he would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning, thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open." These are "Facts;" and as such are detailed by Monsieur Touchstone the clown, "a great lover of the same." "Shepherd," quoth he, "learn of me: To have is to have;" another sage maxim, and much acted upon in these enlightened times. Touchstone's relish, however, for "matter of Fact," is but the substratum of a vein of humour, which puts him a little out of the pale of your true and veritable matter-of-fact people. They—God help them!—don't understand jokes. They would no more think of disguising a fact under a covering of fun, than an unsophisticated Costar Pearmain or Tummus Apple-tree would of metamorphosing a piece of fat bacon into a sandwich. They deal in simples, and love what's what for its own sake, as a patron of the "pure disinterestedness" system does virtue. In their vocabulary, "whatever is, is right." "*Quicquid agunt homines, nostri est farrago libelli*," might be their motto. They are of Sir Isaac Newton's opinion, who thought all poetry only "ingenious nonsense." They ask, with the Professor of

the Mathematics who read Homer, "what does the Iliad *prove*?" They are the precise antipodes to the lady who doated on Plutarch's Lives until she unluckily discovered, that, instead of being romances, they were all true. With the Irish Bishop, they think Gulliver's Travels a pack of improbable lies, and won't believe a word of them! Some of their favourite authors are David Hume, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, Pepys, Sir John Carr, Bubb Doddington, Sir John Mandeville, and John Wesley. While they eschew, as downright fables, the Waverley Novels, The History of John Bull, Robinson Crusoe, The Annals of the Parish, Sinbad the Sailor, Adam Blair, and Humphrey Clinker. If they meet with a book that is dull, "it is useful, for it contains matter-of-fact." If they happen to meet with one that is not dull, they say the same thing. They never, for a moment, as other worthies sometimes do, mistake their imagination for their memory; for which there is perhaps a sufficient reason, "if philosophy could find it out." In short, all imaginative literature they call "*light reading*;" at the same time they are unaccountably shy of calling their own peculiar favourites *heavy*, which is odd enough, considering that they seem to estimate usefulness (upon which they lay mighty stress) a good deal by weight, and prefer, as in duty bound, "a pound of lead to a pound of feathers." They are most grieved by the metaphysics, of which they are rather at a loss what to make. They contrive, however, to avoid studying them, as being something "not tangible." To conclude—they write themselves under the style and title of "Lovers of Fact," and are yclept "matter-of-fact people" by the rest of Europe.

That

"Facts are chieils wha winna ding,
An' downa be disputed,"

is a truth which Burns has, after his own manner, long ago asserted, and which will not be readily controverted. But still this is no more a reason for loving them, than it is for a henpecked husband to love his better half, because he dare not contradict her. "Facts are indisputable things," quoth Doctor Dryasdust. Very true; but so much the worse; for, in that case, there is an end of the conversation.

Rosalind knew better when she recommended "kissing" as "the cleanliest shift for a lover lacking matter;" for if it be resisted, argues she, "this breeds more matter"—a result the very reverse of the Doctor's definition. It is a strange thing, but in all ages, divers potent, grave, and reverend Signors, seem to have got it into their heads that "a fact," as they call it, has a sort of intrinsic value, as a fact, *per se*. They attach a mystical and peculiar value to it, as mortals (before the new birth of the political economists) used to do to *gold*, without reference to its uses, its origin, or its adjuncts. Adam Smith and Peter Macculloch have put the gold-doctrine to flight; but the other, its twin brother, remains there still, "unbated and envenomed." "Facts," say they, triumphantly, "are true; now Fiction is untrue." Very well, Doctor; and suppose it were the reverse. Suppose the "Fact" was untrue, and the Fiction true—what then? This is a sort of query that sometimes makes a man's head spin like a teetotum; and what an effect were this to befall a head that never spun anything but Almanacks during life? "Tilly Vally!"—The value of a Fact lies not in its being what it is, but in the effect it produces. A historical series is valuable, not because it is true, but because, being true, it, in consequence, produces certain effects upon the human mind. Could that same effect be produced by a fictitious narrative, it would be just as good. The same-effect cannot be so produced, to be sure; and what does this prove? It proves that truth is capable of producing certain effects, of which fiction is incapable. This is all very well; but it happens to be true also of fiction, and to a much greater extent. This is no joke; but of it more by and by.

If we take a series of historical or other truths, its value seems to lie in this, that, being true, it forms, as it were, an extended experience. It serves as a rule of action for those who read it. To do this, the truth of the series is no doubt absolutely necessary. It is essential to the process. But it is in the effect upon the mind that the value really resides; and the truth of the record is only one aid, amongst others, to the production of that end. The sagacious personages who are, for the most part, accustomed to dogmatize upon this subject, take it broadly for

granted that Fiction is something directly the opposite of Fact. They make them out at once to be as light and darkness, virtue and vice, or heat and cold. This is short-sighted work. There are no Fictions absolute. None which do not in their essence partake of Fact. For all Fiction is, and must be, more or less, built upon nature. Nor have the most extravagant any very distant resemblance to it. We can only combine. It is beyond the power of man to invent anything which shall have no smack and admixture of reality throughout its whole. If it were possible, it would be incomprehensible. The wildest inventions are only partial departures from the order of nature. But to nature they always look back, and must ultimately be referred. They are no more independent of her, than a balloon is of the earth, although it may mount for a while above its surface. The connection between them may not be so obvious, but it is no less certain.

Fact, then, is the primary substratum—the primitive granite—upon which all Fiction is formed. And this being so, Fiction has always more or less of the advantages of truth, besides superadded advantages peculiar to itself. In its employment we have this privilege. We can, at will, produce such a concatenation of supposed and yet natural events, as may be requisite to bring about the effect, and teach the lesson we wish. We can always do *poetical* justice. We need never want an instructive catastrophe. We escape that want of result to which accidental series are so liable; nor do we bring it about, as sometimes it happens in real life, through an unworthy instrument. The murderer who escapes at Newgate, is punished upon the stage. Historical ruffians become heroes in an epic; and love, sometimes selfish in its origin, is ever pure in its poetry. The effect arising out of a good tragic or epic poem, springs from the same principle as if it were from history. The experience we derive from it, though nominally artificial, is essentially, and to all intents, real. Fiction only enables us to render the effect more direct and complete than events might have done. We *conduct* the lightning where we want it; but it is not the less lightning. The “vantage ground” gained by this faculty is unquestionably enormous. We can not only command

the sequence of incident and the tides of passion, but we can exhibit them, again and again, as often as we please. A century might have elapsed before the gradual progress of wickedness, and the torments of guilty ambition, were exhibited as fully and as much to the life, as they are in Macbeth and Richard. A million of Italian intrigues might have been concocted and enacted, before treachery and jealousy were so completely anatomised as in Othello. But this is not all. In real life, be the series of events what they will, they are rarely manifested to any in their completeness. Dark deeds and intricacies of passion have few witnesses; and even these seldom witness the entire detail. They are only seen in their integrity, in newspaper narratives and judicial reports; and then the passions of the actors are buried and lost in the verbiage of an editor, or the dry technicality of legal inquiry. Now, in a theatre, Macbeth murders and repents three times a-week. Boxes, pit, and galleries are witnesses to the subtle poison of his ambition, and the terrible shrinkings of his remorse. The LESSON which in nature would have been imprinted but once, is *stereotyped* by the art of the poet, and diffused amidst thousands who else had never known either its import or its name.

In the circle of the sciences, the reign of Fact would, at the first blush, seem to be fully established. Fiction, there, would either seem to be an open usurper, or at best a sort of Perkin Warbeck—a pretender who can only hope to succeed by counterfeiting the appearance of another. They, however, who acquiesce in this, see a short way into the question. The exact sciences, beautiful and invaluable as they are, seldom embrace the whole, even of the subjects of which they profess to treat.

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your—*Philosophy*.

The simplest natural objects have bearings which calculation does not touch, and appearances and relations which definition fails to include. They must have a poor conception of “this goodly frame the earth,”—of “this brave overhanging firmament, this majestic roof, fretted

with golden fire," who think that these, in all their infinitude of variety and beauty, can be ranged in categories, and ticketed and labelled in definitions. Can we get an idea of the splendour and odour of the flower by looking out genus and species in Linnæus? Do we hear the roar of the waterfall, or behold the tints of the rainbow, in the theory of acoustics, the law of falling bodies, and the prismatic decomposition of the solar ray? Can we strain an idea of a storm at sea, out of an analysis of salt water, and the theories of the tides and winds? Can we compass the sublimity of the heavenly vault, by knowing every constellation, and every star of every magnitude, of every name, and of every character, Latin or Greek, upon the celestial globe? Can geography or geology show us Mont Blanc in his unapproachable majesty, or Chamouni in her beauty? It is in vain to ask these questions. Of the sublimer qualities of objects, science (so called) affords no ideas. It gives us substance and measurement, but for the aggregate intellectual effect, we must resort to imaginative description, and the painting of the poet. He who never saw Dover-cliff, will find it in King Lear, and not in the County History, or the Transactions of the Geological Society. To him who never beheld a shipwreck, Falconer and Alexander Stevens are better helps than the best calculation of the strength of timber, as opposed to the weight of a column of water multiplied into its velocity. If we want a full perception of the power of the beautiful, Professor Camper's facial angle, and Sir Joshua's waving line, sink to nothing before Shakespeare's Imogen or Cleopatra, or Kit Marlowe's description of Helen, in the play of Faustus. All the topographical quartos that ever were written, afford no such prospects as the *Lady of the Lake*, or Thomson's *Seasons*. The true lover of flowers had rather read Lycidas, or Perdita's description of her garden, than hunt for "habitats" in *Herbals* or *Botanists' Guides*,—and whether Glencoe and Borrodale be primary or secondary formations, their sublimity and grandeur remain the same, in freedom and in contempt of systems, and scientific arrangements.

All this, however, is still not directly to the question. The point is—has Fact or Fiction produced the most important

changes in society? This is the real gist of the matter, and as this is answered, so must the dispute terminate. It sounds perhaps somewhat like a paradox, yet the reply must be given in favour of the latter. Let us look at it. The exact sciences have, without doubt, most changed the outward and bodily frame and condition of society. But the great mutations of the world have not their origin in these things. They spring from those causes, whatever they may be, which soften the manners, modify the passions, and at once enlarge and purify the current of public thought. The Spartan legislator who punished the poet for adding another string to his lyre, well knew this. A people are the most quickly affected through their imaginative literature. A few ballads have altered the character and destiny of a nation. The Troubadours were amongst the most early and most successful civilizers of Europe. The obscure writers of romances, fabliaux, and metrical legends, were the most potent changers of the face of society. Upon a barbarous and treacherous brutality, they gradually engrafted an overstrained courtesy, and the most romantic maxims of love and honour. Romance, the mother of Chivalry, at length devoured her own offspring. Don Quixote, and the Knight of the Burning Pestle, put down the errant knights and the Paladins; and what Archbishop Turpin and the author of *Amadis* began, Cervantes and Fletcher ended. Looking at the literature of England, it is certain that the plays of Shakespeare and his fellows have produced a greater effect upon the English mind than the *Principia* of Newton. Had the laws of attraction never been demonstrated, and the planetary system of Ptolemy remained uncontroverted, the general intellect would have been much as it is. These great truths come little into common use. They do not mix themselves with our daily concerns. We love, hate, hope, fear, and revenge, without once considering, or caring, whether the earth revolves from west to east, or from east to west. Whatever stimulates or purges our passions; whatever gives a higher pulse to generosity, or a deeper blush to villany; whatever has enriched Pity with tears, or Love with sighs; whatever has exalted patriotism and laid bare ambition; *that it is* which

ferments and works in the mind of a nation, until it has brought it to the relish of its own vintage, be it good or evil. Such were the writings of Shakespeare and his great contemporaries, Spenser, Marlow, Fletcher, Chapman, Decker, and "the immortal and forgotten Webster." In all ages, the imaginative writers, when they had scope, have exhibited the same powers of changing and moulding the habits of a nation. The puritanical authors of the Commonwealth turned England into a penitentiary; and the wits and poets of Charles the Second, by way of revenge, next turned it into a brothel—until the poetical satires of Pope, and the moral wit of Addison, Steele, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay, again helped to "purge it to a sound and pristine health." Look over the page of history where we will, and the footsteps of the poet, the dramatist, and the essayist, may be traced as plainly as those of the lawgiver and the philosopher. Amongst the light stores of the playright, the novelist, and the ballad-maker, must the historian and the antiquary look for materials, as well as amidst the graver annals of their predecessors. He who wishes to ascertain Hannibal's route across the Alps, must read Silius Italicus as well as Polybius. He who wishes to behold the true features of the Rebellion of Forty-five, must read the "Jacobite Relics," as well as the "Cludon Papers." The antiquary who would illustrate the idiom, manners, and dress of Queen Elizabeth's reign, must go to Shakespeare, Lyly, and Heywood. Nay, even the politician who would construct a perfect commonwealth, must read Plato, More, Sir John Harrington, Swift, and Lord Erskine, as well as Montesquieu or Locke.

There is yet another view to be taken of this question, and that perhaps the most decisive. It is this—that Fiction has probably contributed in a double proportion to the sum of human delight. If then rational and innocent enjoyment be the end of life—(and if it be not, what is?)—there is little more to be said. There are, to be sure, certain worthy, and, upon the whole, well-meaning persons, who make a loud outcry about what they exclusively call "*Utility*." If, however, you happen to ask them of what use is utility, excepting to administer to the pleasure and comfort of mankind, they

("bless their five wits") are at a non-plus. They have confounded themselves and others with a notion, that things necessary, or which cannot be done without, are, therefore, more useful than things which can. This they take to be an axiom. It happens only to be a mistake. It arises out of a confused perception of the real scope and meaning of the term *Usefulness*. They forget that their sort of usefulness is negative and collateral, not positive and intrinsic. It is only a consequence of the imperfection and infirmity of human nature, which requires certain things to enable it to enjoy certain other things. This, however, only is a negative merit, being the filling up a defect, and not the addition of a positive good. Necessaries are better than superfluities, *quoad* the infirmity of our nature—but *not in the abstract*. To supply, or rather avoid a defect, is a negation, as far as enjoyment is concerned. To obtain a positive pleasure, is "the very *Entelechia* and soul" of our being. Were this not so, we might as well assert that the child's A, B, C, are better than all the learning to the acquisition of which they are necessary—that the foundation is better than the house, water than wine, oaten-cake than ambrosia, a jakes than a summer-house. That the sum of intellectual pleasure afforded by Fiction is beyond that obtained from other sources, is tolerably plain. It is evident in this, that imaginative compositions will bear almost infinite repetition, whilst other descriptions of writing hardly endure repeating at all. We make ourselves acquainted with a series of facts, and having done so, are contented, excepting in as far as we may make them the means of arriving at other facts. The only passion to be gratified is curiosity, and that can only be *once* gratified. We take a pursuit, and having got as far as we can, the delight is for the most part at an end. Not so with works of the imagination. They address themselves, in turn, to every feeling and passion of our nature; and as long as we retain those feelings, so long are we enchained by them. There are few minds by which they cannot more or less be felt and appreciated, and, once felt, they never fail us. Poetry may be said to be the only thing of this world which is at once universal and immortal. Time obscures every other monument of human thought. His-

tory becomes obsolete, doubtful, and forgotten. Sciences are changed. But poetry, never fading, never dies. The events of Homer's life are in irrecoverable oblivion. His very birth-place is unknown; and of his heroes and his wars, not a trace remains to prove that such have ever been. Yet he and they live, breathe, and act as freshly in his poetry at this hour, as they did two thousand years ago. The hearts that have leapt at the tale of his Achilles, would march ten thousand such armies; and the tears that have dropt over the parting of his Hector and Andromache, might almost make up another Scamander. Well may we exclaim with a living bard,—

— " Blessings be on them, and eternal praise,
The Poets"—

They whose courtesies come without being sought, who mingle themselves like friends amid our everyday pursuits, and sweeten them we scarcely know how—Who enhance prosperity and alleviate adversity; who people solitude, and charm away occupation—Who, like flowers, can equally adorn the humblest cottage or the proudest palace—Who can delight without the aid of selfishness, and soothe without the opiate of vanity—Please when ambition has ceased to charm, and enrich when Fortune has refused to smile.

If we glance over the everyday literature of the time, it is amusing to observe how the imaginative and metaphysical have gone on predominating. Turn to a popular treatise, or an essay in a popular periodical, and ten to one it contains reflections on the modifications of character, inquiries into the changes of the human mind, or an analysis of some one or other habit, mood, or passion. The tangible has given way to the abstract. Dry details of Druidical monuments, and openings of barrows and cromlechs; queries as to whether fairy rings are caused by lightning or mushrooms—Histories of old churches and market-crosses; annals of water-spouts and land-floods; heights of mountains and depths of lakes; meteors, fire-balls, and falling stars; lunar rainbows; *lusus nature*; elopements; deaths, births, and marriages—have all yielded to compositions in which the feelings such objects produce, form as large a portion of the

subject as the things themselves; and what has been felt and thought is treated of as fully as what has been seen and done. This is the progress of the mind. Facts are only the precursors of abstractions; and thus may it proceed until, in the fullness of time, our very children may prefer setting afloat a metaphysical paradox to blowing an air bubble.

Blackwood's Mag.

FLOWERS.

WHERE are now the dreaming flowers,
Which of old were wont to lie,
Looking upwards at the Hours,
In the pale blue sky ?

Where's the once red regal rose ?
And the lily love-enchanted ?
And the pensee, which arose
Like a thought earth-planted ?

Some are wither'd—some are dead—
Others now have no perfume ;
This doth hang its sullen head,
That hath lost its bloom.

Passions, such as nourish strife
In our blood, and quick decay,
Hang upon the flower's life,
Till it fades away.

Anon.

ON PARTING WITH MY MOTHER.

BY TORENTIO TASSO.

ME from my mother's breast, a child
Did cruel fortune tear ;
The tears she shed, the kisses wild
She pressed in her despair
On my pale cheek—and, oh ! the zeal
Of her most passionate appeal
To heaven for me, in air
Alone recorded—with regret
I yet remember, weep for yet !

Never ! oh, never more ! was I
To meet her face to face,
And feel my full heart beat more high
In her beloved embrace.
I left her—O, the pang severe,
Like young Camilla ; or more dear,
Asmanus-like, to trace
O'er hill and dale, through bush and brier,
The footsteps of my wandering sire.

J. H. WISSEN.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PADUA.

IN the end of the fifteenth century, when the cities of Italy were rendered rich by their trades to the Indies, Padua was one of the most flourishing of its towns, and possessed a body of merchants, and particularly goldsmiths, jewellers, and dealers in silk, with whom Venice itself could scarcely bear a comparison. Amongst these goldsmiths and jewellers there was one more eminent than his brethren. His dwelling was upon the bridge, and Padua was scarcely more universally known in Italy than Jeronimo Vincente was known for one of its citizens. "It never rains but it pours," says a northern proverb; "riches beget riches," says an Italian one. Jeronimo found the truth of both these sayings. He was already rich enough to satisfy a dozen merchants, and to make a score of German princes. Fortune, however, did not yet think that she had done enough for him; every day some traveller was arriving at Padua, in the exchange of whose foreign money for the coin of Padua, he obtained some good bargains, and added to his overflowing coffers. Few died without relatives but that he was appointed their executor. Many paid tribute to his wealth and reputation by leaving him their heir. The city of Padua gave him all their public contracts; and he almost sank under the weight of trusts, offices, &c. not merely offered, but obtruded and imposed on him.

Who could be more happy than Jeronimo Vincente? So he thought himself as he walked on the bridge of Padua one beautiful summer's evening. A coach of one of the nobles passed at the same moment: no one noticed it. On the other hand, every one who passed him saluted him.—"Such have been the effects of my industry, my dexterity of business, and my assiduous application. Yes, Jeronimo, others have to thank their ancestors; you have to thank only yourself. It is all your own merit." And with these reflections his stature, as it were, increased some inches higher, and assuming a peculiar port, and a self-satisfied step, he walked in vanity, and almost in defiance of every thing and every one, to his own house. He fell asleep in the same mood, and dreamt that the ancient fable of Jupiter was repeated in his house, and that the heavens opened,

and descended upon him in a shower of ducats and pistoles. In all this soliloquy of Jeronimo, the reader will observe, there was not a word or thought of any one but himself; he did not attribute his plenty to the blessing of God; he felt no gratitude to him who had showered down upon him his abundance; his mind, his spirit, and his vanity were that of Nebuchadnezzar; and the fate of Nebuchadnezzar was nearer to him than he imagined. It is a part of the wise economy of Providence to vindicate the honour and duty which belong to him; it is a part of his mercy to humble those who in forgetting him are about to lose themselves. He sends them prosperity as a blessing; they abuse it, and convert it to a curse. He recalls the abused gift, and sends them adversity to bring them to their duty. Such was the course of divine government in the early ages of the world, such it is to the present day, and such did Jeronimo find it much sooner than he expected.

On a sudden, without any apparent cause, he saw, to his astonishment, the universal respect to his wealth and reputation on a manifest decrease. Some who had before nearly kissed the ground on his presence, now looked erectly in his face, and kept their straight forward course, without giving him the honourable side of the path; others kept their bonnets as if they were nailed to their heads, two or three recalled their trusts, others happening to call for accounts of such trusts, when he was not at home or busy, spoke in a peremptory tone, dropped hints of the laws of the country, and the duty of guardians. In plain words, he gradually discovered himself to be as much avoided as he had heretofore been sought. No one was punctual in their attendance but those to whom he paid their weekly or monthly pensions. If there could be any doubt that something extraordinary had happened, Jeronimo had at length sufficient proof; for having put himself in nomination for one of the offices of parochial intendant, and of the great church and treasury of Padua, a competitor was preferred, less wealthy than himself by some thousands.

Jeronimo returned home much confounded at this unexpected defeat. In vain he examined himself and his situation for the cause. "Am I not as rich as

ever?" said he. "Have I defrauded any one?—No. Have I suffered any one to demand their payment of me twice?—No. What then can be the cause of all this?" This was a question he could not answer, but the fact became daily and hourly so much more evident, that he shortly found himself as much avoided, and apparently condemned in every respectable company, as he had formerly been courted and honoured.

It is time, however, to give the reader some information as to the actual cause. A whisper was suddenly circulated that Jeronimo had not acquired his wealth by honest means. It was reported, and gradually universally believed, that he was an utterer, if not a coiner, of base money. He had the reputation, as has been before said, of being the most able workman in Padua, in gold, silver, and lace; "And surely," said the gossips of Padua, "he does not wear his talent in a napkin. He employs his dexterity to some purpose."—"Are you not speaking too fast," said another neighbour; "I have always held Jeronimo to be an honest man."—"And so have I hitherto," said the other. "But do you see this ducat?"—"Yes; and a very good one it is."—"So I thought," said the other; "till I assayed it: this ducat I received from Jeronimo; let us prove it at your assay, and you will allow that I did not speak without some good foundation." The proposal was accepted, the trial made, and the ducat found to be base in the proportion of one-third copper, to two-thirds silver.

The name of this neighbour of Jeronimo, who had defended him, was Guiseppe Cognigero, a very worthy and honest man; not one of those who found a triumph in the downfall of another, though above him in wealth and honour. Guiseppe, as he had said, had always held Jeronimo to be a respectable worthy citizen. He had many dealings with him, and had always found him just and punctual to the lowest coin. "Is it possible," said he to himself, "that after such a long course of honesty and reputation, he has so far forgotten himself as to become a common cheat? I will not believe it. But this fact of the base ducat? Well; but my friend may be mistaken, he might not have received this ducat from Jeronimo. I am resolved I will make a trial of him myself, before I give in to the belief of

these reports in the teeth of so fair a character for so many years. Guiseppe was a shrewd man, and never fixed on a purpose but when he had the ingenuity to find the means of executing it. He went immediately to his home, and taking a hundred ducats from his private store, went with them to the house of Jeronimo. "Signor Jeronimo," said he, "here are a hundred ducats which I wish to keep secret for a certain purpose. I have just embarked in a speculation of great extent, the result of which no one can foresee. I wish to keep this sum as a deposit, in the event of the failure of my hopes, if you will do me the favour to take the custody of it." Jeronimo, pleased at a confidence to which he was now not much accustomed, very willingly accepted the charge, and Guiseppe took his leave in the full persuasion that the trial would correspond with his expectations, and that report would be proved to be false and malicious.

In the course of a few days, Guiseppe, according to the plan concerted in his own mind, called suddenly on Jeronimo.—"My dear friend," said he, "I sincerely rejoice that I have found you at home, a sudden demand has fallen upon me, and I have an expected occasion for the hundred ducats which I deposited with you."—"My good friend," said Jeronimo, "do not preface such a trifle with such a serious apology. The money is yours." And at the same time opening a private drawer:—"You see here it is, just as I deposited it. Take your money my friend, and you may always have the same or any other service from me." Saying this, he gave Guiseppe the same bag in which he had brought the ducats to him.

Guiseppe hastened home, counted and examined the ducats. Their number was right, their appearance seemed good; he sounded them singly. One sounded suspiciously, he assayed it, it was base.—"Well," said he, "this may be an accident; I could almost swear, indeed, that every ducat I gave him was good; but this I might perhaps have overlooked." He sounded another, his suspicious increased; another—he was now determined to assay them all. He did so; and to his confusion (for the honest man was truly grieved and confounded at the detection of his neighbour's dishonesty), he found thirty bad ducats out of the hundred.

He now hastened back to Jeronimo.—“These are not the ducats, Sir, I deposited with you ; here are thirty bad ducats out of the hundred.”—“Bad or good,” replied Jeronimo, indignantly, “they are the same which you deposited ; I took them from your hands, put them in the drawer, and they were not moved from thence till you re-demanded them.” Guiseppe insisted, and at length severely reproached Jeronimo. Jeronimo commanded him to leave his house. “Can you suspect me of such a pitiful fraud ?” said he.—“Indeed, I never should,” replied he, “unless upon this absolute evidence. But there must be a fraud somewhere. Either I am attempting to defraud you, or you to cheat me. It is incumbent upon both our reputations that this matter should be cleared up. I shall go to the magistrates.”—“Go where you please,” said Jeronimo ; “but go without delay.”

Guiseppe immediately hastened to the president of justice. He demanded a summons for Jeronimo. It was granted. He complained, without reciting the particulars, that Jeronimo had paid him back a deposit, and, in a hundred ducats, had given him thirty bad. Jeronimo denied it.—“I gave him back the same which he deposited with me.” There was a law at Padua termed the ‘law of wager.’ The substance of this was, that the party accused had it in his option to clear himself by an oath of his innocence. “Will you take your wager ?” said Guiseppe. “Yes,” replied Jeronimo. The holy evangelists were accordingly presented to him, and Jeronimo swore upon them that he had not touched, still less changed, the ducats, since they were deposited with him. The president accordingly gave judgment in his favour, being compelled thereto by the laws of Padua. And Guiseppe, with horror at the united fraud and perjury of the man whom he had hitherto deemed honest and respectable, left the court and withdrew to his own house.

This trial excited a universal interest and rumour in Padua. The president of the law had acquitted Jeronimo ; not so, however, public reputation. Guiseppe was a man of established character, Jeronimo’s fame had been long blemished. The previous reports, therefore, were now considered as fully confirmed into certainty. The magistrates accordingly

deemed it necessary to point the attention of the police to him and to his future dealings ; and Jeronimo thereafter became a marked character. The police of Padua was administered with that discreet cunning for which the Italians are celebrated. Some of its officers very shortly contrived, in the disguise of foreign merchants, to make a deposit of good and marked money with Jeronimo, and shortly after redeemed it back. The money was restored as required. It was immediately carried, as before, in the case of Guiseppe, to the public assay, and the result was, that the greatest part of the number of the coins was found to be base.

Jeronimo was next day arrested and thrown into prison. His house was searched in the same instant. The search most fully confirmed what indeed now required but little confirmation. In the secret drawers were found all the instruments of coining, as well as all the materials of adulteration. An immense quantity of base coin was likewise found in different parts of the house. All Padua was now in arms. They clamorously demanded justice on a man who had not the temptation of poverty to commit crimes ; here is a man, said they, who has raised his head above all of us, and lived in luxury and splendour, year after year, upon the fruit of his crimes. He has even sat on the public bench of magistrates, and administered the laws of Padua ; if justice be not made for the rich, if its object be the defence of all, let him now be brought to trial, and meet with the punishment which he so well merits. The magistrates, in obedience to this popular clamour, and at the same time acknowledging its justice, somewhat hastened the trial of Jeronimo. He was brought forward, accused, and the witnesses examined ; he had nothing to allege which could weigh a single grain against the mass of evidence produced against him. He was accordingly unanimously condemned. The trial was holden on the Monday ; he was found guilty the same day, and ordered for execution in the public square on Friday following ; the interval being granted for religious preparations.

Who was now so unhappy as Jeronimo de Vincente, and what a vicissitude in his fortune and reputation had a very short time produced ! Within those few months he had been the wealthiest and most res-

pected man in Padua. The noblest families sought his only daughter in marriage; his wife was the pattern and exemplar of all the ladies of the city and neighbourhood; his house was full of the richest furniture and paintings in Italy. Now the officers of justice were in possession of it, and performed the vilest offices in the most magnificent chambers; whilst, with the ordinary insolence of such ruffians, they scarcely allowed a corner of the house to his unhappy wife and daughter. And where was Jeronimo himself? In the public prison of the city; in a cell not four feet square, and under orders for execution on the next following day. Was not this enough to reduce Jeronimo to his senses? It was; he humbled himself before God, and implored his pity; and it pleased the infinite Goodness to hear his prayers, and to send him relief where he least expected it.

Jeronimo had a confidential clerk, or managing man, of the name of Jacobo. On the day preceding that ordered for his master's execution, he was going up stairs to attend some message from his unhappy mistress, when his foot slipped, and he fell from the top to the bottom. His neck was dislocated by the fall, and he died without uttering a word. This miserable man had a wife in the last month of her pregnancy; the intelligence of this disaster being carried to her, occasioned an immediate labour, and she was pronounced to be in the most imminent danger. She repeatedly requested, during the night, that Jeronimo's wife might be sent for to her, as she had something very heavy at her heart to communicate to her. Jeronimo's wife accordingly came very early on the following morning. The unhappy woman, after having summoned up the small remnant of her strength, and requested Jeronimo's wife to hear what she had to say, but not to interrupt her till she had concluded, thus addressed her:—"Your husband is innocent, mine was guilty. Fly to the magistrates, inform them of this, and save my husband's soul from adding to his other crimes the guilt of innocent blood. Thy husband—." She was about to proceed, but death arrested her words. Jeronimo's wife, thinking that her husband was now effectually saved, flew to the president of the magistracy, and demanded immediate admission, and related the confession she had just re-

ceived. The president shook his head. "Where is the woman that made the confession?" "She is dead."—"Then where is the party accused instead of Jeronimo?" "He is dead likewise."—"Have you any witnesses of the conversation of the dying woman?" "None; she requested every one to leave the chamber, that she might communicate to me alone."—"Then the confession, good woman, can avail you nothing; the law must have its course." Jeronimo's wife could make no reply; she was carried senseless out of the court, and the president, from a due sense of humanity, ordered her to be taken to the house of one of his officers, and kept there till after the execution of her husband.

The finishing of this catastrophe was now at hand. Already the great bell of the city was tolling. The hour at length arrived, and Jeronimo was led forth. He was desired to add any thing which he had to say, without loss of time. He satisfied himself with the declaration of his innocence, and with recommending his soul to his Maker, then knelt down to receive the destined blow, but scarcely was he on his knees, before the whole crowd was thrown into motion, by some of the marshals of justice rushing forward and exclaiming to stop the execution. The marshal at length made his way to the scaffold, and delivered a paper with which he was charged, to the presiding officer. The officer, upon reading it, immediately stayed the farther progress of the execution, and Jeronimo was led back to his prison. "What is all this?" exclaimed the crowd. "Have the friends of Jeronimo at length raised a sum of money which our just judges have required of them; and is his punishment thus bought off? Happy inhabitants of Padua, where to be rich is to be able to commit any crime with impunity."

It is time, however, to inform the reader of the true cause. Jeronimo was scarcely led to execution, when the confessor of the prison demanded access to the president, and immediately laid before him the confession of a prisoner who had died under a fever the preceding night. The wretched malefactor hereupon acknowledged that he was one of a party of coiners, who had carried on the trade of making false money to a very great extent; that Jeronimo's clerk was at the

head of the gang ; that all the false money was delivered to this clerk, who immediately exchanged it for good money from his master's coffers, to all of which he had private keys, and in which coffers, on the apprehension of Jeronimo, he had deposited the instruments of coining, lest they should be found in his own possession. The confession terminated with enumerating such of the gang as were yet living, and pointing out their places of asylum and concealment.

The execution of Jeronimo, as has been related, was in its actual operation. The first step of the president, therefore, was to hurry one of the officers to stop its progress, and in the same moment to send off two or three detachments of the city guard to seize the accused parties, before they should learn from public report the death of their comrade. The guards executed their purpose successfully ; the malefactors were all taken and brought to the tribunal the same evening. The result was, that one of them became evidence against his comrades, and thus confirmed the truth of the confession, and the innocence of Jeronimo.

The president, in order to make all possible atonement, ordered a public meeting of all the citizens of Padua to be summoned on the following day. Jeronimo was then produced, upon which the president, descending from his tribunal, took him by the hand, and led him up to a seat by the side of him, on the bench of justice ; the crier then proclaimed silence. Upon which the president rose, and read the confession of the malefactor who died in the prison, and the transactions of the others ; concluding the whole by declaring the innocence of Jeronimo, and restoring him to his credit, his fortune, and the good opinion of his fellow-citizens.

Thus ended the misfortunes of a man who had provoked the chastisement of heaven by his vanity and self-glory.—The course of Providence is uniform in all ages of the world ; when blessings are contemned, they are withdrawn—when the man unduly elevates himself, the moment of his humiliation is at hand.

THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forests green,
With bended bow and blood-hound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing ;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forests through,
And homeward wend with evening dew,
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wings of glee,—
That life is lost to love and me !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE SEVEN SISTERS.

SEVEN daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother :
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland of seven lilies wrought !
Seven sisters that together dwell ;
But he—bold knight as ever fought—
Their father—took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a Rover brave
To Binnorie is steering :
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne ;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark ! the leader of the Band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The Seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,

Away they fly to left, to right—
Of your fair household, Father Knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorle.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud,
The Irish rovers follow.
Cried they, "your father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!"
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorle.

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run, and cry, "Nay let us die,
And let us die together."
A lake was near, the shore was steep,
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plunged into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorle.

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The fishers say, those sisters fair
By fairies are all buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorle.

WORDSWORTH.

JAMES ELPHINSTONE.

IN that sweet sequestered village vernacularly called Lessalry, there stand the remains of a little priory, in a state of great dilapidation. The spot is quiet and lonely now-a-days, but it once witnessed many bright and stirring congregations. Instead of undergoing the almost general destruction which befell buildings, similarly appropriated as it was, at the Reformation, it was changed into a protestant house of worship, where figured, for many years, several distinguished Ministers of the Kirk. Among these, there was one of the name of James Elphinstone, who was the second protestant preacher, I believe, in that parish. He

was a young man, and *married*,—from the reason (it may be supposed) that in those days men of his profession were anxious to give practical examples of the contempt in which they held the popish doctrine of celibacy. Elphinstone stood not among the most popular of his contemporaries, yet he held a respectable name, and those who attended him regularly were much attached to him. He was a man of a melancholy temperament—possessed rather of deep sensibility than enthusiasm, and his preaching, accordingly, though not without animation and high-toned feeling, had little of the fire and outrageous eloquence that was peculiar to the age.

It was a church-going period, and more so (I may venture to say) from proper feeling, and a real thirst for religion, than from what actuates so many at the present day—custom, curiosity, and a wish to see and be seen. Yet I do not affirm, that the little congregation of Lessalry was altogether free of any impure motives to its assembling. There would be gossip in those days as well as in ours—and young men and maidens, with whom it would be too much to suppose that they felt indifferently for every thing but the ostensible cause of their meeting. Among the latter class was a beautiful girl named Esther Nesbit, on whom old and young could not look without interest. She was young—gay—sprightly—and her beauty of the most attractive and unequivocal kind. Since a mere girl, she had held the paramount place among the belles of the village—had been caressed by the old—gazed at and admired by the young; and now that she had reached her twentieth year, her charms and her admirers had increased proportionably. Her character naturally lively, had received a most overwhelming impetus from the universal admiration in which she was held, and her conduct, accordingly, was that of one in a continual state of joyous spirits—an effervescence of exhilaration—a dance of intoxicating delight. So bright and happy looked she, that it was impossible to cherish an angry feeling in her presence: even those girls whom she so far outrivalled, forgot their jealousy when they saw her, and yielded her the triumphant palm, without a hesitating or cankering thought. Her reign was, so to speak, one of unquestionable

right,—there was no usurpation in it,—it was a glorious fascination, which nobody tried or wished to dissolve. In church, she was to the young the ruling magnet—their eyes were almost continually fixed upon her; and the old might have been observed, ever and anon, throwing a quiet look in the direction where she sat, and then reverting to the worship or discourse in hand, as if satisfied with the knowledge that she was among them. The only individual who never bestowed a look on this interesting girl was the minister himself. His eyes were ever downcast while in the pulpit, and never, under any circumstance, was he seen to raise them. He read—prayed—preached, as if he had no knowledge that he was doing so to a large audience: he felt ashamed, as it were, to confront his hearers by look; and while retiring from the pulpit maintained the same unacknowledging aspect, until he was fairly out of the place of worship. This did not pass unnoticed by his congregation: it was often handled as a great objection to his preaching; and even some of his more familiar friends would occasionally banter him upon it.

"I would like," said an elder to him one day, "to see you get a little easier in the pulpit. I'm shure ye needna' think shame o' what ye say, or wha hears ye; they a' like ye sae weel; an' were it for naething but to get a keek o' that blythe and bonny lassie Esther, it would be worth while looking up. Ye're no sae auld yet—he, he!"—"Are you sure," said Elphinstone, "that *all* my congregation like me. There may be dislikes and evil tongues that never reach me!"—"Haud swa," answered the old elder, "ye maunna think that. There's no ane in a' the kirk but likes ye, and wad dae ony thing to serve ye."—"Not one!" returned the minister, "alas, Daniel, you cannot know the feelings of every body."—"Hoots!" said Daniel, "what's in will come out; and I never hear an ill word said o' ye, nor an objection made to ye, excepting that ye dinna look up an' appear a hie blyther."—"It is a pity," said the minister, "that there should be an objection against me which I have in my power to remedy.—Yes, I have it in my power, and I shall do away with it, be the consequences what they may."—"There's nae doubt about the conse-

quences," returned the elder, "it'll be a sight for sair e'en, I'se warrant. But was ye no hearin' o' that fine new gallant, Bob Pearson, that was in the kirk last Sunday?—A dashing chiel is he, and a' the folk are saying he'll tak' awa' the lassie Esther. She seems unco' fond o' him—but that's naething, for she laughs and speaks wi' ony body."—"Pearson!" said the minister, "Pearson,—who is he?"—"O," answered Daniel, "a gentleman's son, that has been attendin' the college, but to nae great gude, I jealousy, frae his daffin. It's no sae lang syn he happen'd to stammer into the kirk, just in ane o' his sabbath-day rambles, and frae that day, I houp, my gentleman has never been out o't. But it's no the Word that brings him here, I wis! He's under anither yoke than that o' the Speerit, as may be seen by his junketings. There's no a day passes but he has some garavidgings wi' the lassie:—nae langer gane than yesterday he had her owre the water—and Gude kens what'll be the upshot o't a'."—"And thus it is," said the minister, energetically, "we are to be borne down by such fellows!—thus it is the house of God is converted into a house of worldly plots and stratagems—the centre of love meetings, and the scene of reciprocal favors! Let us shut it up, Daniel,—in God's name, let us shut it up, and put an end to these heart-withering transactions. But it is the same," he continued, "it would not change their wooing;—there is no hope of that—the young man, forsooth, must have her, and that with a vengeance."—"Nae doubt, nae doubt," said the Elder, consolingly, for he was somewhat startled at the minister's vehemence; "every Jack mairn hae his Gill—the daftest days are aye before buckling time. And really, Sir, I wad like to see the lassie weel buckled and awa, for she's sae glaikit that I'm sometimes frightened there's a fay before her."—"I tell you, Daniel Dumwhistle, you know not what you say," said Elphinstone. "Hold, for mercy's sake, and do not lead me to speak distractedly. Alas, there are times when reason wanders, and the fair fabric which God has created within us totters to its foundation. I would have you leave me, Daniel, while yet there remains one stronghold to struggle with the tempter;—leave me—leave me."—The old Elder gazed for some time with a mixture of surprise and

pity at his respected pastor, as he walked to and fro through the apartment, not wisting what to do or say, until, by a wave or two of the hand signifying that his departure was desired, he slowly placed his bonnet on his head, and with a melancholy step retired.

It might be two months after the above dialogue occurred before the union of Robert Pearson and Esther Nesbit could be positively speculated upon. Young, giddy, and kindhearted as the latter was, Pearson found it no easy task to get her to renounce for ever the happy state which she held—to end the glorious and dizzy career of youth and beauty—and become his wife. He had to practise every art which an ardent love could suggest, before he could make an impression on his fair one, or hear her confess a preference. Even after he had attained this point, he felt not so satisfied as might have been imagined; for she—still retaining all her buoyancy and gayety—allowed not anything like seriousness to mingle in the courtship, but practised every tantalizing art that could qualify the confession of an attachment, and made her lover doubt whether he had really gained that ascendancy over her heart, which all men desire ere they involve themselves in the important tie of matrimony.—“My dearest Esther,” he would say, “be not so untoward. Leap not so from the most interesting of all conversations, but allow the subject the importance it merits. In a few days you shall be my wife, yet you act as if no such thing were to happen, or rather as if you were making me the mere plaything of your caprice. The ceremony of marriage is not enough to assure an impassioned lover that his attachment is reciprocally felt.”—“Now, Bob,” Esther would say, “I see what you would be at. You would have me to throw myself into your embraces, and whinge and babble about love as deep as the sea—love unbounded, unquenchable, eternal—which no other passion could or can ever surpass—no circumstance diminish—and so forth. But away with such fooleries! I have no stomach for them. Is it not enough, you unconscionable thing, that I am willing to become your wedded wife—to yoke myself under your discipline—to renounce my name and my importance—to be no longer called the flower of all the country—no longer pursued by a thousand ad-

mirers:—Is not this enough to do for you, if you were not the most unreasonable suitor that ever plagued poor maiden?”—“Oh, it is all more than I deserve,” Pearson would say, “I know it is. Still, my dearest love,”—“My dearest angel—my pearl above all price—my enchanting girl—my divinest maiden—my loveliest of all loves—my wife to be!—Give me a string of them, Bob, at once, or I will be angry. Oh! you are far too sparing in your compliments.—There is plump Isaac, the gardener, would give me as many in half an hour as you have done in all your courtship. He would call me his Lily of the Valley—his Wild Roe of the Wilderness—his Dish of Delectable Sweets—his Bed of Roses—his Bunch of Grapes—his sweet little Hothouse—his Pipkin—and I know not what. How can you expect protestations from me, when you are so sparing in your epithets?”—“This is mere foolery, Esther, and waywardness. But I will give you no more scope for it, and be as cold and matter-of-fact as yourself. *On Wednesday next you promise to be a loving and leal wife before the minister?*”—“What minister?”—“Elphinstone, I suppose.”—“No,—not Elphinstone, or there will be a cloud over us at the very commencement of our union. He is more fitted for a funeral service than a matrimonial one. Dear me! I shall not be able to laugh at all if *he* marry us.”—“There is surely little laughter connected with the subject. I have seen the tears of grief trickle down the cheek of the most joyous bride—I have heard the sobbings of a beloved and loving maiden, as she joined her hand even to the man of her choice.”—“Well, you have seen and heard most unaccountable things,” returned the tantalizing girl. “What! a girl cry to get married, and then cry because she has obtained her wish! Whip me back to my father again if I act such a contradictory part. Rest assured, I shall laugh and dance to your heart’s delight.”

It was thus that Esther trifled and talked with her lover until the day of their marriage was just at hand. It is difficult to say whether she really felt the ease which she assumed—whether she really loved Pearson, or merely preferred him among the many of her admirers, and looked upon marriage as a matter of course. The day previous to her marriage she was invited to take her last din-

ner as a maiden in a friend's house at some distance from the place where she resided. The company was pretty large, and consisted chiefly of her own relations. Pearson was not present, being under a similar engagement elsewhere. Much good humour, mirth, and jollity prevailed; but none among them all was so gay and vivacious as the young bride. The circumstance in which she stood made her the general point of attraction, and the butt of many a stale and a few good jokes; yet, nothing daunted, she repelled them with the utmost spirit, and, at length, necessitated those who were desirous of saying something very witty to consider with themselves before they ventured to crack the jest that was hatching. But all their gayety was at once interrupted and spoiled by the arrival of an unexpected guest. It was James Elphinstone, the minister, who demanded admittance not long after the dinner was over. There was nothing very singular in this circumstance; for he was accustomed occasionally to visit any of his parishioners who might reside in the direction where he was travelling; but there was enough of singularity in the manner in which he introduced himself. He made no apology—returned no answer to the common salutes that were bestowed upon him—but simply stalked forward, and took possession of a vacant seat at the board. All eyes were immediately turned upon him; and for some time after he had sat down a universal silence prevailed. His look was disordered and wild—different quite from his usual appearance, which had always been, and especially of late, melancholy and calm. The master of the house, desirous to break the spell which his arrival had rivetted upon the company, said—with an attempt at the spirit previously predominant in all—“You are welcome, Mr Elphinstone, though, I doubt not, ye will be welcomer to-morrow, to somebody not far off, when you come to tie the knot that only ae Grim Man can unloose.” The minister returned no answer to this, but merely looked up in the landlord's face, and made a smile so hideous and sepulchral, that the landlord's blood curdled to the core. Another dead silence ensued, which all seemed anxious to break, but were afraid or knew not how to do so. At length, one of the company succeeded in this; but

he took care to address himself to a more *sensible* oracle than the poor landlord had done.—“Miss Nesbit,” he said, “you are surely now beginning to bethink yourself of the evils of to-morrow; for not since I knew you have I seen you hold such a grave countenance.”—“You are mistaken,” answered Esther, with something of her former vivacity, though mellowed by seriousness, “‘sufficient for the day are the evils thereof’—a text which I am persuaded Mr Elphinstone could confirm and illustrate.”—Elphinstone, who had hung down his head the moment Esther began to speak, no sooner heard her use his own name than he raised it, and, with a countenance in which joy was expressively delineated, said eagerly—“Esther, Esther, what said you of me?”—“I was quoting a text, Mr. Elphinstone,” answered Esther, “which I wished you to confirm and illustrate:—‘Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.’”—“True—true—most true!” exclaimed Elphinstone. “Is it not so, good folks? Esther, is it not? Yet what evil have we here? All is joy—joy and harmony! Is it not, Esther? I know it is. And you get married to-morrow? That is joyful. Is it not? And the good company here will be at the wedding? That is also well. All is well, I know. Here is every thing happy—every face is bright—every one joyful—joyful—and I am joyful too! Am I not, Esther?”

These words, which were delivered with great rapidity, and with looks that quite confirmed their import, relieved the whole company at once, and rekindled the spirit that was formerly among them. The song, the story, and the laugh again prevailed; and James Elphinstone laughed loudest and longest of them all. The glass also circulated, and he also drank deeper than them all. Yet upon him the liquor *told* not:—while the others were gradually exhibiting its effects, the lustre of his eye was not in the slightest diminished, or the balance of his tongue in the slightest unhinged. Half stupified, as most of the men soon became, they saw not without surprise this strange conduct in their minister. Some of the graver sort looked rather grieved, but the greater part were glad, and felt, in the unlooked for countenance of such a man in their debauchery, an apology and an excitement for themselves. Still, somehow or

other, they could not use that familiarity with him which the conduct of any other man who abandons all his dignity might naturally have occasioned: there was a sprinkling of awe mingled with their most joyous exhilarations, and it was remarked, that those who sat nearest to Elphinstone could not join his laugh so heartily as those who held the further end of the table.

When men become obstreperously joyful, women generally become sad. Esther's vivacity had lessened, just in proportion as that of the male party had heightened, till at length it was altogether extinguished. The same had happened to all the other females in the company, and, with one assent, they rose to break up a rioting which seemed momentarily to increase. Elphinstone no sooner saw Esther arise, than he stopped, even in the midst of one of his loud laughs, and assumed the deportment which he had previously held before this unprecedented exception to it. Nor did he bear the slightest mark of inebriety. He was sober,—calm,—sedate,—and the cloud of melancholy again resumed its seat on his brow. It was quite different with all the others who had been partaking so liberally of the bowl. Several of them rose, and endeavoured to offer their company and assistance to Esther on her way home; but Elphinstone, with a dignified wave of his hand, repulsed them, and said emphatically—"I shall conduct her, and I alone. Must it not be so, Esther?" Esther assented with an almost inaudible—"Yes:"—and after some slight leave-taking, they both departed, and proceeded on their way to the village of Lessalry.

The road to Lessalry was a rugged and solitary one—a great part of it being nothing else than a shepherd's footpath over a barren hill, one side of which presented a fearful range of steep cliffs and yawning crevices. A full moon, however, was at present hanging over it, and flinging its luxuriant light all around. The night, besides, was clear and calm, excepting the lonely howl of a passing breeze, that was, at intervals, heard far away in the firmament. To Elphinstone and Esther the road was familiar as home, and they could, in safety, have traversed it even without the aid of the blessed light that was now shed around them. Not a word

was exchanged until they reached the summit of the hill, when Elphinstone of a sudden stopped short, and, looking eagerly in Esther's face, asked what she was thinking of? Esther was silent. "I can tell you," said Elphinstone,—"*I know your thoughts, but you know not mine. Let us sit down here, Esther—on this old grey stone—and weigh for a moment the destiny that surrounds us. It was here—on this very spot—where we had our last interview, and it shall be here where my final fate is fixed. It was here—four years ago—when you—a young and giddy girl—refused the hand (and heart) of the poor student James Elphinstone: and here, once more he stands, with you by his side! You tremble, Esther: I am calm and cool! Four years of misery have humbled my rebellious heart, and little remains in life or in death that can touch it. I accused you of pride, Esther, but I was then prouder than you. I panted for revenge—I married another, in mine indignation—and the vengeance has fallen on my own head! You have been gay and heedless ever since, and amidst all the worldly prosperity that has come upon me, you have not felt a single repentant thought. If you had done so, could you have concealed that it was your own fault you were not the wife of your minister? I have borne all this—and more. I have hid, under a calm face, the anguish of a tormented soul—the agony of a corroding heart. I have lived in unison with one whom I hate—hate as intensely as ever I loved you. And I might have continued to do so, until this mortal frame had gone to the grave—a withered monument of the hidden passions that burned within it—had you, Esther, continued to live the same single-hearted and unplighted maiden. It was one balm—the only one—to my unutterable misery, that, though you rejected me, you accepted none else; and this slender circumstance alone kept madness itself in subjection. That prop—on which the anchor of my life was rivetted—has given way: to-morrow, you become the wedded wife of another;—and here I stand, in the clear face of heaven, a very desolate and distracted man! The dignity of human nature has no longer control over me—nor the scorn of a world in which I have now no interest. What I have thought—and said—and done, since I left my home—left it*

for the last time and for ever—I know not, nor care to know. I am dead to all and every thing but *you*. You alone I sought, in my frenzy, among your merry-making relations; and I am calm *now*—now that we are together on this high and lonely spot! But it is only a lightning gleam, soon to be buried in the darkness of storm.—Let me but ask one question, and fill up, at once, my cup of misery!—Do you, Esther, in very truth, love him to whom you are betrothed? Tell me *this* as your own heart within tells you it—answer it as the last, solemn appeal of one who will soon stand before the living God!”

He waited Esther's answer, but she was strongly agitated, and seemed unable to give utterance to her thoughts.—“Why tremble you so, Esther?” continued he, soothingly. “There is nothing to fear. Speak out: I am prepared for the worst. One word—and one farewell,—and then you may think of me only as a troubled vision that crossed your path long ago.”

—“Alas, Mr. Elphinstone,” said she, at length, in a low and tremulous tone, “how can I hear you and not be afraid? Heaven is my witness, I knew not till this moment that I had been the cause of misery to any one.”—“We are sinful creatures, Esther,” returned Elphinstone, “and the blessings showered on us from our beneficent Creator we oftentimes turn into curses. You have been an unceasing source of delight to the eye of thousands, and if I am miserable, with me alone rests the fault. I was unworthy of you, yet I sought you—and my ambition is alone the cause of my sufferings.”

—“You flatter me,” said Esther, still in a low-toned voice, “else it became not a simple maiden to say how far you stand above her.”—“What!” cried Elphinstone, eagerly—“and am I not then despised? Am I not held as unworthy of you?”—“The world, that knows you, respects you,” answered Esther:—“and how can I despise you, who are my minister?”—“That is but the cold respect of a parishioner,” returned he:—“I care not for it! When the world knew me not—when I was free—and poor—you rejected me, and wherefore should I seek to know more?”

—“Alas the day!” said Esther, “I was then young and heedless—and heedless and ignorant I have been till now of what pain my folly may have caused.”—“Life

is in your words!” exclaimed Elphinstone, vehemently, “speak on, Esther—for mercy's sake, speak on.”—“What can I say, Mr. Elphinstone?”—“Much—much! Death and ruin recede from my sight: a world of bliss is before me! Say that you have still a heart to bestow—that you do not hold me unworthy—say but one word, and crown my unbounded felicity!”—“Alas, what would it avail even though I were still unbetrothed?”—“Oh, Esther, you know not the splendid vision that is before my eyes! It may be a delusion of the Evil One, but it is beautiful beyond description. If our hearts were the same—our attachment reciprocal—what should we care for the world's law, or the world's scorn? This spot of earth is not the world:—a great globe is before us:—and far away, beyond the mighty seas, lie lands more rich and lovely than those we now look upon. Thither we could go:—I have youth, strength, and money to support you:—and in some delightful retirement, where the palm and the orange trees and the vine spring around, we could shelter ourselves in blessed contentment, and make life one long summer day of peaceful enjoyment. Say, shall we not do so? Speak!—life and death hang on your word!”—“Then hear me, Mr. Elphinstone—hear me as a man and a Christian—and pardon an honest maiden if she say boldly, that, even were she unbetrothed, she could not think of such wickedness, as to give her hand to one who had pledged himself before heaven to another.”—“For that wickedness I alone am answerable,” cried Elphinstone, in distracted impatience.—“But I am also betrothed,” continued Esther, looking tremblingly at him.—“Betrothed! You may have pledged yourself—as I have done—to one whom you do not love—one whom you hate?”—“Oh, no!” said Esther, forgetting, in the sincerity of her attachment, the importance of its present disclosure, “I do in verity love him who to-morrow claims me as his wife.”

These words had an instantaneous effect on Elphinstone. He stared in her face, as if his eye-balls would have left their sockets, and, tossing his arms in passionate impotency, exclaimed—“Merciful God! support me in *this* the hour of my trial, and make not my thoughts a terror to myself!—Leave me, Esther,” he added

—"leave me, for temptations assail me!—leave me, while yet one resolution holds—while yet my haud is unstained with blood!"

Esther shrunk back with fear—hesitated a moment, until her perturbation overcame all other thoughts—and then began to descend the hill with hurried steps. Lessalry lay at no great distance. She reached her home in safety, and, locking herself up in her room, gave vent to those feelings which the scene she had witnessed was calculated to raise.

By this time the night was far advanced, and all the villagers were fast asleep. Esther sat long by her fire in anxious and melancholy musings; and when she betook herself to bed, her sleep was disturbed by fearful visions. She dreamed she stood on the top of a steep precipice, at the bottom of which she saw figures, muffled in winding sheets, stalking to and fro—and among them was Elphinstone, with a ghastly grin on his countenance. She then thought the stone upon which she stood gave way—and she started awake with a gasping shriek. She gazed, in terror, round the room, and endeavoured to recollect herself. She saw, by the lurid light of a feeble fire, that all things stood as she had left them; yet an indefinite fear came over her, and she could not again trust herself to sleep. She rose, therefore—lighted a small cruise—and taking up her Bible, began to read it with fervent spirit.

The night had become stormy: a heavy rain pattered upon the window, and the cry of winds rushed incessantly in the chimney-vent. Esther thought she heard a voice mingling with the storm. She listened in fearful anxiety—and was not deceived: for she distinctly heard her own name repeated, in a low and melancholy cadence. She rose, and, with a desperate fortitude, opened her window-shuts,—and before her stood, in wild disorder, the figure of Elphinstone!—"Pray for me, Esther!" said the apparition—and was instantly lost in the darkness.

Next morning the bridegroom entered softly his bride's apartment. She was on her knees—she had been so all night long.—"Pearson," said she, "you are pale. You have woful tidings. Hide them not. I am prepared to hear all. What of Elphinstone?"—"Esther! How is this? Have you already heard?"—"No, no—

but last night—last night! Something has happened him, I know. Tell me at once, I implore you!"—"All the village, Esther, is in consternation. A shepherd, in the grey dawn, found him at the foot of the rock."—"Dead, alas! dead, say you?"—"Quite dead. He had fallen from the top."—"No more!" cried Esther, springing upon Pearson's neck, and sobbing in his bosom: "I have been a sinful creature, and thoughtless. I have rejoiced in adulation, and trifled with affection. You shall know all, soon: only—for his sake—let not this be a bridal day. And do not hate me, Pearson; for you only have I loved of all who sought me—and never more shall my heart leap at praise from any lips but yours!"

Anon.

SERVIAN LYRIC.*

Was it a vine, with clusters white,
That clung round Buda's stateliest tower?
O no: it was a lady bright,
That hung upon an armed knight—
It was their parting hour.

They had been wedded in their youth;
Together they had spent their bloom;
That hearts so long entwined in truth
Asunder should be torn in ruth,
It was a cruel doom.

"Go forth," she said, "pursue thy way;
But some fair garden shouldst thou see,
Alone among the arbours stray,
And pluck a rose leaf from the spray,
The freshest there may be;

Unclasp thy mail, when none is by,
That leaf upon thy breast to lay,
How soon 'twill wither, fade, and die,
Observe—for that poor leaf am I,
From thee, my stem, away."

"And thou, my soul," the Soldier said,
"When I am wandering faint and far,
Go thou to our own greenwood shade,
Where I the marble fountain made,
And placed the golden jar.

At noon I filled my jar with wine,
And dropp'd therein a ball of snow,
Lay that on this warm heart of thine,
And while it melts behold me pine
In solitary woe."

* From "Translations from the Servian Minstrelsy," &c. London, 1826, 4to.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fata pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past;
But you may stay here yet a while,
To blush and gently smile;
And go at last.

What were ye born to be,
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride
Like you a while, they glide
Into the grave.

HERRICK.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

OH WHEN I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blythe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear drop from mine eye,
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing;—
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipt his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
And harnessed to the law!

My kite,—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote,—my present dreams
Will never soar so high.

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
My flights soon find a fall;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;—
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro,—
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship's an endless task,
My head's ne'er out of school,—
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake
It makes me shrink and sigh,—
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue, or so serene
As then;—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the play-ground tree!
All things I loved are altered so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy,—
The trowsers made of corduroy,
Well inked with black and red;—
The crownless hat,—ne'er deemed an ill,—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

Oh for the ribbon round the neck!
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
That washed my sweet meals down;
The master even!—and that small Turk
That fagged me!—worse is now my work—
A fag for all the town!

Oh for the lessons learned by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned
Beneath the stroke,—and even find
Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
The angel form that always walked
In all my dreams, and looked and talked
Exactly like Miss Brown!

The "omne bene"—Christmas come!
The prize of merit, won for home,—
Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,—
For fame—a deal of empty praise
Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach!—
The joyous shout,—the loud approach,—
The winding horns like rams'!
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,—
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
No "satis" to the "jams!"
N 3

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blythe and kind,—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind !—

THOMAS HOOD.

TO THE GENIUS OF AFRICA.

O THOU, who from the mountain's height
Rollest down thy clouds with all their weight
Of waters to old Nile's majestic tide ;
Or o'er the dark sepulchral plain
Recallest Carthage in her ancient pride,
The Mistress of the Main ;
Hear, Genius, hear thy children's cry !
Not always should'st thou love to brood
Stern o'er the desert solitude
Where seas of sand toss their hot surges high ;
Nor, Genius, should the midnight song
Detain thee in some milder mood
The palmy plains among,
Where Gambra to the torches' light
Flows radiant through the awakened night.

Ah, linger not to hear the song !
Genius, avenge thy children's wrong !
The demon Commerce on your shore
Pours all the horrors of his train,
And hark ! where from the fields of gore
Howls the hyena o'er the slain ;
Lo ! where the flaming village fires the skies !
Avenging Power, awake ! arise !

Arise, thy children's wrongs redress !
Ah, heed the mother's wretchedness,
When in the hot infectious air
O'er her sick babe she bows oppress'd—
Ah, hear her when the Christians tear
The drooping infant from her breast ;
Whelmed in the waters, he shall rest !
Hear thou the wretched mother's cries,
Avenging Power, awake ! arise !

By the rank infected air
That taints those dungeons of despair,
By those who there imprisoned die
Where the black herd promiscuous lie,
By the scourges blackened o'er
And stiff and hard with human gore,
By every groan of deep distress,
By every curse of wretchedness,
By all the train of crimes that flow
From the hopelessness of woe,
By every drop of blood bespilt,
By Afric's wrongs and Europe's guilt,
Awake ! arise ! avenge !

SOUTHEY.

ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION,

*Seen at Star-Cross, in Devonshire, the 23d
of July, 1823.*

" 'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, though dead, retains
Part of himself ; th' immortal mind remains :
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aerial semblance and an empty shade."

POPE.

I AM perfectly aware of the predicament in which I am placing myself, when, in the present age of incredulity, I venture to commit to paper, in all sincerity of spirit and fulness of conviction, a deliberate and circumstantial account of an Apparition. Impostor and visionary, knave and fool—these are the alternate horns of the dilemma on which I shall be tossed with sneers of contempt, or smiles of derision ; every delusion practised by fraud or credulity, from the Cocklane Ghost down to the Reverend Mr. Colton and the Sampford Spectre, will be faithfully registered against me, and I shall be finally dismissed, according to the temperament of the reader, either with a petulant rebuke for attempting to impose such exploded superstition upon an enlightened public, or with a sober and friendly recommendation to get my head shaved, and betake myself to some place of safe custody with as little delay as may be. In the arrogance of my supposed wisdom, I should myself, only a few weeks ago, have probably adopted one of these courses towards any other similar delinquent, which will secure me from any splenetic feeling, however boisterous may be the mirth, or bitter the irony, with which I may be twitted and taunted for the following narration. I have no sinister purposes to answer, no particular creed to advocate, no theory to establish ; and writing with the perfect conviction of truth, and the full possession of my faculties, I am determined not to suppress what I conscientiously believe to be facts, merely because they may militate against received opinions, or happen to be inconsistent with the ordinary course of human experience.

The author of the Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, represents Berkeley as teaching us, "that external objects are nothing but ideas in our minds ; that matter exists not but in our minds ;

and that, independent of us and our faculties, the earth, the sun, and the starry heavens, have no existence at all; that a lighted candle is not white, nor luminous, nor round, nor divisible, nor extended; but that, for any thing we know, or can ever know to the contrary, it may be an Egyptian pyramid, the King of Prussia, a mad dog, the island of Madagascar, Saturn's ring, one of the Pleiades, or nothing at all." If this be a faithful representation of Berkeley's theory, it may be adduced as a striking illustration of the perversity of human reason, that such a man should be deemed a philosopher, and persuade bishops and divines, in spite of the evidence of their senses, to adopt his notions and deny the existence of matter; while the poor wight who, in conformity to the evidence of *his* senses, maintains the existence of a disembodied spirit, is hooted and run down as a driveller and a dotard. Dr. Johnson's argument, that the universal belief in ghosts, in all ages and among all nations, confirms the fact of their apparition, is futile and inconclusive; for the same reasoning would establish the truth of necromancy, witchcraft, idolatry, and other superstitions: but the opposers of this belief not only brand as impostors all those who relate their own experiences of its confirmation; they not only repudiate the Agatho-dæmon of Socrates, and slight the averment of Scripture, that Saul desired the Witch of Endor to raise up the spirits of those whom he should name; but they deny even the possibility of the fact. To admit a posthumous existence in the next world, and reject the competency of nature to accomplish a similar mystery in *this*, is surely an unwarranted limitation of her powers. Who shall circumscribe the metamorphoses of our being? When we start from the antenatal void into existence, the change is certainly wonderful; but it is still more strange, startling, and incomprehensible when we quit life in the fulness of intellect and return into the invisible world. In the first case, we advance from nonentity to a very confined state of consciousness, to an animal existence, for an infant has no mind. That celestial portion of our system is evolved by the painful elaboration of time and of our own efforts; it requires a series of years to perfect its inscrutable developement; and is this sublime image and emanation

of the Deity to be suddenly, instantly degraded into a clod of earth, an inert lump of matter, without undergoing any intermediate state of existence between death and final resurrection? Abstract theory sanctions the supposition of ghosts; and by what authority do we gainsay those who solemnly declare that they have beheld them? They never appear, it is urged, to more than one person at a time, which is a strong presumption of individual falsehood or delusion. How so?—this may be the law of their manifestation. If I press the corners of my eyes, I see consecutive circles of light, like a rainbow; nobody else can discern them—but will it be therefore maintained that I do not? It is notorious, that in dreams objects are presented to us with even a more vivid distinctness than they assume to the visual organ; but it would be idle to assert that those configurations were not presented to us, because they were invisible to others. Our waking eyes may indeed be made the "fools of our other senses, or else worth all the rest;"—granted; but still you may give us credit for the sincerity of our relation, for we pretend not to describe apparitions that other men have seen, but those which we ourselves have witnessed.

It may not be unimportant to remark, that so far from my being subject to the blue devils and vapours with which hypochondriacs and invalids are haunted, I possess that happy physical organization, which ensures almost uninterrupted health of body and mind, and which, in the elasticity and buoyancy of my spirit, renders the sensation of mere existence an enjoyment. Though I reside in the country, winter has for me no gloom: Nature has prepared herself for its rigours; they are customary, and every thing seems to harmonise with their infliction: but for the same reason that the solitude of a town is desolating and oppressive, while the loneliness of the country is soothing and grateful, I do feel the sadness of perpetual fogs and rains in July, although they excite no melancholy feeling at the season of their natural occurrence. To see one's favourite flowers laying down their heads to die; one's plantations strewn with leaves not shaken off in the fulness of age, but beaten to earth in the bloom of youth; here a noble tree laid prostrate, and there a valuable

field of corn lodged in the swampy soil, (which were familiar objects in July last) is sufficient to excite melancholy associations in the most cheerful temperament. Confessing that mine was not altogether proof against their influence, and leaving to the caviller and the sceptic the full benefit of this admission, I proceed to a simple statement of the fact which has elicited these preliminary observations.

Actuated by the disheartening dullness of the scene to which I have alluded, I had written to my friend Mr. George Staples, of Exeter, requesting him to walk over some day and dine with me, as I well knew his presence was an instant antidote to mental depression; not so much from the possession of any wit or humour, as from his unaffected kindness and amiability, the exuberance of his animal spirits, the inexhaustible fund of his laughter, which was perpetually waiting for the smallest excuse to burst out of his heart, and the contagion of his hilarity, which had an instant faculty of communicating itself to others. On the day following the transmission of this letter, as I was sitting in an alcove to indulge my afternoon meditation, I found myself disturbed by what I imagined to be the ticking of my repeater; but recollecting that I had left it in the house, I discovered the noise proceeded from that little insect of inauspicious augury, the death-watch. Despising the puerile superstitions connected with this pulsation, I gave it no farther notice, and proceeded towards the house, when, as I passed an umbrageous plantation, I was startled by a loud wailing shriek, and presently a screech-owl flew out immediately before me. It was the first time one of those ill-omened birds had ever crossed my path; I combined it with the *memento mori* I had just heard, although I blushed at my own weakness in thinking them worthy of an association; and as I walked forward, I encountered my servant, who put a letter into my hand, which I observed to be sealed with black wax. It was from the clerk of my poor friend, informing me that he had been that morning struck by an apoplectic fit, which had occasioned his almost instantaneous death! The reader may spare the sneer that is flickering upon his features: I draw no inference whatever from the omens that preceded this intelligence; I am willing to consider them as

curious coincidences, totally unconnected with the startling apparition which shortly afterwards assailed me.

Indifferent as to death myself, I am little affected by it in others. The doom is so inevitable; it is so doubtful whether the parties be not generally gainers by the change; it is so certain that we enter not at all into this calculation, but bewail our deprivation, whether of society, protection, or emolument, with a grief purely selfish, that I run no risk of placing myself in the predicament of the inconsolable widow, who was reproached by Franklin with not having yet forgiven God Almighty. Still, however, there was something so awful in the manner of my friend's death, the hilarity I had anticipated from his presence formed so appalling a contrast with his actual condition, that my mind naturally sunk into a mood of deep sadness and solemnity. Reaching the house in this frame of thought, I closed the library window-shutters as I passed, and entering the room by a glass-door, seated myself in a chair that fronted the garden. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, when I was thrilled by the strange wailing howl of my favourite spaniel, who had followed me into the apartment, and came trembling and crouching to my feet, occasionally turning his eyes to the back of the chamber, and again instantly reverting them with every demonstration of terror and agony: mine instinctively took the same direction, when, notwithstanding the dimness of the light, I plainly and indisputably recognised the apparition of my friend sitting motionless in the great arm-chair!! It is easy to be courageous in theory, not difficult to be bold in practice, when the mind has time to collect its energies; but, taken as I was by surprise, I confess that astonishment and terror so far mastered all my faculties, that, without daring to cast a second glance towards the vision, I walked rapidly back into the garden, followed by the dog, who still testified the same agitation and alarm.

Here I had leisure to recover from my first perturbation; and, as my thoughts rallied, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been deluded by some conjuration of the mind, or some spectral deception of the visual organ. But, in either case, how account for the terror of the dog? He could neither be influenced by

superstition, nor could his unerring sight betray him into groundless alarm, yet it was incontestible that we had both been appalled by the same object. Soon recovering my natural fortitude of spirit, I resolved, whatever might be the consequences, to return and address the apparition. I even began to fear it might have vanished; for Glanville, who has written largely on ghosts, expressly says—"that it is a very hard and painful thing for them to force their thin and tenuous bodies into a visible consistence; that their bodies must needs be exceedingly compressed, and that therefore they must be in haste to be delivered from their unnatural pressure." I returned, therefore, with some rapidity towards the library; and although the dog stood immovably still at some distance, in spite of my solicitations, and kept earnestly gazing upon me, as if in apprehension of an approaching catastrophe, I proceeded onward, and turned back the shutters which I had closed, determined not to be imposed upon by any dubiousness of the light. Thus fortified against deception, I re-entered the room with a firm step, and there, in the full glare of day, did I again clearly and vividly behold the identical apparition, sitting in the same posture as before, and having its eyes closed!!

My heart somewhat failed me under this sensible confirmation of the vision; but, summoning all my courage, I walked up to the chair, exclaiming with a desperate energy—"In the name of heaven and of all its angels, what dost thou seek here?"—when the figure, slowly rising up, opening its eyes, and stretching out its arms, replied—"A leg of mutton and caper-sauce, with a bottle of prime old port, for such is the dinner you promised me."—"Good God!" I ejaculated, "what can this mean? Are you not really dead?"—"No more than you are," replied the figure: "some open-mouthed fool told my clerk that I was, and he instantly wrote to tell you of it; but it was my namesake, George Staples of Castle-street, not me, nor even one of my relations,—so let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

The promised dinner being soon upon the table, my friend informed me, in the intervals of his ever-ready laughter, that as soon as he had undeceived his clerk, he walked over to Star Cross to do me

the same favour; that he had fallen asleep in the arm-chair while waiting my return from the grounds; and as to the dog, he reminded me that he had severely punished him at his last visit for killing a chicken, which explained his terror, and his crouching to me for protection, when he recognised his chastiser.

SMITH.

THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

I SAW, from yonder silent cave,
Two fountains running side by side;
The one was Memory's limpid wave,
The other cold Oblivion's tide.
"O Love!" said I, in thoughtless dream,
As o'er my lips the Lethe pass'd,
"Here in this dark and chilly stream,
Be all my pains forgot at last."

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain?
Quickly of Memory's fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again;
And said, "O Love! whate'er my lot
Still let this soul to thee be true—
Rather than have one bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remember'd too!"

THOMAS MOORE.

ENGLISH MARRIAGES.

BY A PARISH CLERK.

It would not, perhaps, be unamusing to describe the vast changes in fashion which have taken place during the forty years that I have officiated as parish clerk; but though I am not an inattentive observer of dress, I have looked beyond the bridal robes, and my chief delight has been to scrutinize, I hope not impertinently, the conduct of the parties. I was much interested by the appearance of a lady who came in a splendid carriage, and attended by her friends, to our church. She was richly and elegantly attired, in white lace and white satin; but no one who looked upon her countenance would ever cast a thought upon her dress again; her form was so thin and fragile, it seemed a mere shadow; her face was of lily paleness, and she wore a look of such deep and touching melancholy, that the heart

melted at the piteous sight. There was, however, no violence in her grief; her eyes were tearless, and her manner was calm. I understood that she was a great heiress, who had lately changed her name for a large fortune, and that she was of age, and her own mistress; therefore there could be no constraint employed in inducing her to approach the altar. My ears are rather quick, and I could not help overhearing a part of this lady's conversation with her bride's-maid, as they walked up and down the aisle together. "I was wrong to come here," she said, in a mournful tone, "wrong to allow any persuasion to tempt me to violate the faith I have plighted to the dead. Can an oath, so sacred as that which I have sworn, ever be cancelled? I scarcely dare glance my eyes towards those dark and distant corners, lest I should encounter his reproaching shade: it seems as though he *must* rise from the grave to upbraid me with my broken vow."

The friend endeavoured to combat these fantastical notions, urged the duty she owed to the living, and the various excellencies of the man who now claimed her hand. "I know it all," returned the fair mourner, "but still I cannot be persuaded that I have not acted lightly in accepting the addresses of another. My faith should be buried in the tomb with my heart and my affections. I fear me that he who now receives my vows, will repent those solicitations which have induced me to break that solemn promise which made me the bride of the dead." Pulling down her veil, she passed her hand across her eyes, and sighed heavily. Not wishing to appear intrusive, I withdrew to the vestry-room; and shortly afterwards the bridegroom entered, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as a stranger, saying that the relative who was to have attended him as the groom's-man had been suddenly taken ill, and his place unexpectedly supplied by a friend newly arrived from the Continent. He then inquired for the bride, entered the church, and led her to the altar. The clergyman opened his book—the ceremony commenced—and the lady, raising her drooping downcast head, fixed her eyes upon the stranger who stood by her intended husband's side, and uttering a wild scream, fell lifeless on the ground! We carried her immediately

into the vestry, and, after many applications of harts-horn and water, she at length revived. In the interim an explanation had taken place; and I learned that in early life the bride had been engaged to the gentleman whose appearance had caused so much agitation, and whom she had long mourned as one numbered with the dead. The bridegroom did not urge the conclusion of the ceremony; and indeed the spirits of the lady had sustained too severe a shock for the possibility of going through it. Her tremor was so great that there was some difficulty in conveying her to the carriage, and the whole party retired, looking very blank and dejected.

About three months afterwards, the same lady came to church again to be married, and never in my life did I see so astonishing a change as that which had taken place in her person and demeanour. She had grown quite plump; a sweet flush suffused her face, and her eyes, instead of being sunk and hollow, were now radiantly brilliant. She stepped forward with a cheerful air, and her voice sounded joyously. If my surprise was great at this alteration, it was still greater when I looked at the bridegroom, and saw that he was the very same gentleman who came before. I thought, to be sure, that the lady who had grieved so deeply was now going to be united to her first love—but, no such thing; and I was told afterwards, that the young heiress was so shocked by the inconstancy of the faithless friend—for it seems that he was not aware of the report of his death, and had long ceased to trouble himself about her—that her attachment was quite cured, and she had determined to bestow her hand and fortune upon the man who best deserved them.

There was something very remarkable about the next couple who came to be married. The lady was old, and the gentleman young—a mere boy of one-and-twenty, going to link himself with sixty-five. And such a vinegar aspect as the bride possessed, was surely never before exhibited at a wedding. She seemed conscious that she was about to do a foolish thing, and was angry that the world thought so too; the bridegroom looked sheepish, and kept his eyes on the ground, while he rapped his shoe with his cane, much to the discomfiture of the lady, who

was compelled to put herself forward as he hung back, and to take his arm instead of waiting to be led to the altar. She could not conceal her mortification at the neglect she experienced, but she bridled, and tossed, and cast such bitter glances upon those who seemed disposed to smile, that all the party stood awe-struck; and when the ceremony commenced, it was rather curious to hear the bridegroom whispering his part of the service, while the sharp shrill voice of the bride was actually startling in the solemn silence of a large and nearly empty church. The contrast between this antiquated belle's yellow parchment visage, and her snowy drapery, was so striking that it increased her ugliness. I could think of nothing but an Egyptian mummy tricked out in white satin; and there were some sly looks amid the company, when her restless fiery eyes were for a moment withdrawn, which seemed to say that some such idea was gliding through their heads. I suppose that she had a good deal of money, for by the poor lad's manner I should think that nothing else would have induced so young a man to link himself with such a withered, and, I may say, pestilent creature.

I have seen, to be sure, many unwilling bridegrooms in my time. One, I remember, was evidently brought to church through fear of the brothers of his bride: they came, three of them, to escort the lady, as fierce as dragoon officers; and I believe one of them was in the army, for he clattered in with long spurs, and wore a brave pair of mustachios on his upper lip. The other two were stout athletic men, with an air of great resolution; while the bridegroom, who was strong enough to have coped with any one of them, but who in all probability disliked the chances of a bullet, looked dogged and sullen, taking especial care to show that the slight civility which he displayed was extorted from him by compulsion. I felt for the poor girl, for she met nothing but stern glances. The rising tears were checked by a frown from some of her three brothers, who watched her narrowly; and there was little consolation to be drawn from the countenance of her intended husband: if ever he looked up there was a scowl upon his brow. She could only hope to exchange three tyrants for one, and there seemed too great a

probability that the last would revenge upon her the treatment which he had received from her kinsmen. The ladies of the party shook their heads and were silent; and, altogether, I never saw more evil augury, although the termination was not so disastrous as that which I once witnessed upon a nearly similar occasion.

The lady, according to custom, came first. She had many of her friends about her; and the whole company showed more joy than is generally exhibited by the polite world, even on these happy events. There appeared to be a sort of congratulation amongst them, as though they had brought some fortunate circumstance to pass of which they had despaired; and amid them also was a tall bluff-looking brother, who seemed very well pleased with the success of his exertions. The bride, too, was in high spirits, and talked and smiled with her bride's-maid, arranged her dress at the glass, and carried her head with an air. So much were the party occupied with their own satisfied feelings, that they did not appear to observe the wild and haggard look of the bridegroom. I was shocked and alarmed at the pale and ghastly countenance which he presented: he was dressed in black, and though somebody took notice of this circumstance, it was only to joke about it. To me he seemed under the influence of brandy or of laudanum, for he talked strangely, and laughed in such a manner that I shuddered at the sound. Nobody, however, appeared to regard it; and the wedding party entered the church as gaily as possible. During the ceremony the bridegroom's mood changed; as if struck by its solemnity, he became grave; a shade of inexpressible sadness passed over his wan, cold brow; and large drops of perspiration chased each other down his face. The nuptial rite ended, he stooped forward to kiss the bride, and just as the clergyman turned to leave the altar, drew a pistol from his bosom, and shot himself through the heart before an arm could be raised to prevent him! Down dropped the new married couple together, for this unhappy gentleman entangled himself in his wife's drapery, and dragged her with him as he fell. It was a horrid sight to see the dead and the living stretched in this fearful embrace upon the ground. Paralyzed by the report of the pistol, we

stood aghast, and a minute elapsed before even I could stretch out my hand to extricate the bride from her shocking situation. She had not fainted, and she could not weep; but her eyes were glazed, her features rigid, and her skin changed to a deep leaden hue. Her satin robe was in several places stained with blood; and surely never was any spectacle half so ghastly! Her friends repressed their tears and sobs, and, gathering round her, attempted to convey her away. She submitted as if unwittingly; but when her foot was on the threshold of the portal she burst into long and continued shrieks. The whole church rang with the appalling cry; and it was not until she had completely exhausted herself by her screams, and had sunk into a sort of torpor, interrupted only by low moans, that she could be taken from the fatal spot. A coroner's inquest sat in the vestry, and a sad tale of female levity, and of the weakness and libertinism of man, came out. But the subject is too painful to dwell upon, and I gladly turn to pleasanter recollections.

We had a very fine party shortly afterwards, who arrived in two or three carriages. The bride was young and fair, but she held her head down, and seemed greatly agitated. It was very easy to perceive that her heart had not been consulted in the choice of a husband. The father, a tall heavy-browed man, cast severe and threatening glances upon his trembling daughter; but the mother, though she seemed equally bent upon the match, interceded for a little cessation of hostilities, and when the shrinking girl asked to be allowed to walk for a moment with one friend in the church, in order to collect her scattered thoughts, leave was granted. As she passed out of the door she dropped her white satin reticule, and it clanked heavily against the steps—a sound not at all like that of a smelling-bottle, and I must confess that my curiosity was strongly excited. I endeavoured to pick it up—but before I could bend my arm, which is a little stiff with the rheumatism, she had whipped it off the ground, and down the side aisle she went, leaning upon her companion's arm. This aisle is long, and rather dark, terminating in a heavy oaken screen, which conceals the green baize door leading to the front portal. She passed behind this screen

and was seen no more! I thought it very odd, but it was not my place to speak, so I returned into the vestry room, that I might not be questioned. Presently the bridegroom arrived, and an ill-favoured gentleman he was, with a fretful discontented countenance; and he began complaining of having been detained at home by some fool's message. After he had grumbled for a few minutes the bride was called for—she was not to be found. The father stormed. “Is this a time,” he exclaimed, “to play such childish tricks! she has hidden herself in some corner:” and away we all hastened in search of her. The church doors were shut and locked, but as I passed up the gallery stairs I observed that the bolts were withdrawn from that which led from the side aisle. I did not, however, feel myself compelled to publish this discovery, though I shrewdly suspected that the reticule which had rung so loudly as it fell contained a key; and so it proved. Some time was wasted in examining the organ-loft, and indeed every place in which a mouse might have been concealed. At last somebody hit upon the truth, and a little inquiry placed the elopement beyond a doubt. We learned that a carriage had been in waiting at a corner of the street opposite to the church; and that a gentleman had been seen loitering under the portico, who, the instant that two ladies popped out, conducted them to his equipage, which moved leisurely away, while we were engaged in our unsuccessful search. Upon strict examination it came out that a pew-opener had furnished the means of obtaining a false key. It would be impossible to describe the rage and dismay of the disappointed parties: the mother went off in hysterics, the bridegroom looked sourer than ever, the father raved and swore bitterly; and the clergyman, after vainly attempting to pacify him, read him a lecture upon intemperate conduct. All those who were not related to the parties slunk away, perhaps to have their laugh out; and I take shame to myself to say that I could not help enjoying the scene, so thoroughly unamiable did those persons appear with whom the fair bride was unfortunately connected. I was anxious about the young couple, and heard with great pleasure that they got safe to Scotland.

Another young lady, forced by her

parents to the altar, did not manage matters quite so cleverly. They had dressed her out, poor thing, in a ball-room attire; her beautiful hair fell in ringlets from the crown of her head, down a swan-like neck as white as snow, and these glossy tresses were wreathed with long knots of pearl, which crossed her forehead twice, and mingled in rich loops with the clustering curls. Her white arms were bare, for her gloves had been lost in the coach, and the veil had slipped from her head and hung in disorder over her shoulders. Before the carriage reached the church, I saw her fair face thrust out of one of the windows, as if in expectation of seeing somebody. She paused for an instant on the steps, and, unmindful of the gazing crowd, cast hurried glances up and down the street; and even in the vestry-room, and in the church, she searched every corner narrowly with her eyes, turning round quickly at the slightest sound. Hope did not forsake her until the very last moment—when the bridegroom appeared—a tall prim personage, who drew on his gloves very deliberately, not seeing or heeding the agonizing perturbation of his intended bride. Her movements became more hurried as her expectation of a rescue decreased. She suffered herself, as if bewildered, to be led to the communion table; her head all the time turned over her shoulder, still watching for the arrival of some too tardy friend. But when she stood by the rails, and the actual commencement of the ceremony struck upon her ear, she seemed to awaken to a full sense of her dangerous situation; and, throwing up her beautiful white arms, and tearing away the long curls from her brow, she exclaimed, with much vehemence, “No! no! no!” Her bosom heaved as though it would have burst through the satin and lace which confined it; her dark flashing eyes seemed starting from her head; her cheek was now flushed with the hue of crimson, and now pale as death, and every feature was swelled and convulsed by the tumultuous emotions which shook her frame. The tall prim gentleman looked astounded: there was a gathering together of friends; but the bride was not to be appeased—she still continued her half-frenzied exclamation, “No! no! no!” A slight scuffle was heard outside the church, and in the next moment a fine-looking young

L.

man dashed in through the vestry room, scarcely making two steps to the afflicted fair, who, uttering a piercing cry of joy, rushed into his outstretched arms. The clergyman shut his book, astounded by the indecorum of these proceedings; the tall prim gentleman opened his eyes, and seemed fumbling in his waistcoat pocket for a card; and the lovers, careless of every thing but each other, clasped in a fervent embrace, had sunk down upon one of the free seats in the middle aisle—the youth swearing by heaven and earth that his beloved should not be torn from his grasp, and the lady sobbing on his shoulder. The parents of the bride, confounded and amazed at this unexpected catastrophe, had nothing to say. They at length attempted to sooth the bridegroom; but he had elevated his eyebrows, and, looking unutterable things, was evidently preparing to walk off; and, this resolution taken, he was not to be stayed. He seized his hat, placed it solemnly under his arm, faced about, and, perceiving that his rival was wholly engrossed in wiping away the tears from the loveliest pair of eyes in the world, he pursed up his mouth to its original formality, and marched straight out of the church. An arrangement now took place between the intruder and the crest-fallen papa and mamma. The latter was left with her daughter, while the two gentlemen went in quest of a new license. The young lady, a little too wilful it must be owned, pouted and coaxed, till the old lady's brow relaxed, and all was harmony. Again the curate was called upon to perform his office, and now radiant smiles played upon the lips of the bride—a soft confusion stole over her cheek, and scarcely waiting until the conclusion of the ceremony, as if she feared a second separation, she clung to her husband's arm, not quitting it even while signing her name in the book.

There was nothing extraordinary about the next couple who joined their hands in our church, excepting their surpassing beauty. It seemed a question which could be styled the handsomer, the lady or the gentleman: both were tall, and both had that noble aspect which one is apt to fancy the exclusive gift of high birth. The bridegroom was a man of rank, and the bride little inferior in family connexion. The friends of each party, magnificently

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arrayed, graced the ceremony : altogether it seemed a most suitable match, and was one of the grandest weddings that had taken place for a long time. The whole affair was conducted with the greatest propriety ; hearts, as well as hands, appeared to be joined ; the lady smiling through the few tears which she seemed to shed, only because her mother and her sisters wept at parting from her, and the rapturous delight of the gentleman breaking the cold and guarded forms prescribed by fashion.

I was much amazed to see the same lady only five years afterwards come again to our church to be married. The same she certainly was, but still how different ! Wrapped in a plain dishabille ; attended by a cringing female, who bore the stamp of vulgarity in face, dress, and demeanour ; her cheeks highly rouged, and the elegant modesty of her manners changed into a bold recklessness, which seemed to struggle with a sense of shame. I could scarcely believe my eyes ; the widow of a nobleman would not surely have been in this degraded state. I was soon convinced of the truth of the surmise which flashed across my mind : she answered to the responses in her maiden name—she had been divorced—and the man to whom she now plighted the vow so lately broken, was he worthy of the sacrifice ? I should say, no ! He was, I understand, one of the wits of the day ; but in person, bearing, and breeding, sadly, wretchedly beneath her former lord. She seemed to feel her situation, notwithstanding all her efforts to shake off the painful recollections that would arise. I saw her press her hand once or twice upon her heart ; and when her eyes glanced around, and caught those well-known objects which she had gazed upon in happier days, she heaved deep and frequent sighs. There was less of solemn earnestness than usual about the clergyman who officiated, and he seemed to hurry over the service as though the holy rite were prophaned in joining guilt and shame together. But though the marriage-ceremony was cut short, it had already detained this dishonoured pair too long : as they were leaving the altar the vestry door opened, and a gay bridal party descended the steps. It was the divorced lady's deserted husband, leading a beautiful young creature, the emblem of innocence and purity, by the hand, and surrounded by

a host of friends splendidly attired. A start, and almost a scream of recognition, betrayed the emotion which the wretched woman, who had forfeited her rank in society, sustained at this unexpected and most unwished-for meeting. She had many mortifications to undergo before she could get away. During the ceremony of signing her name, several individuals made excuse to enter the vestry in order to stare at her ; while the ladies, in passing by, shrunk away as though they feared contamination ; and she was obliged to walk half-way down the street, amid a line of gaping menials, before she could reach her shabby carriage, which had drawn off to make room for the coroneted coaches of the noble company in the church.

There was something I thought exceedingly strange about another wedding which took place nearly at the same period. One chariot contained the whole party, which consisted of an elderly and a young gentleman, and the bride, a very pretty girl, not more than seventeen or eighteen at the utmost. She was handsomely dressed, but in colours, and not with the precision and neatness of a bride : her clothes, though fashionable and expensive, were certainly not entirely new, bearing slight tokens of having been worn before. Neither did she show any thing like timidity or bashfulness : asking a hundred questions, as if totally ignorant of the forms and ceremonies usually observed at weddings, laughing heartily at the idea of a set of demure bridesmaids, and exclaiming continually, "La ! how ridiculous !" The bridegroom lounged upon the chair and benches, and said it would be a fine addition to a parson's income, if he could unmarried the fools who were silly enough to slip into his noose ; and the old gentleman listened to this idle conversation with a grieved and mortified air. The young couple, it seems, had not very long returned from a journey to Scotland, and were now re-united, to satisfy the scruples of the bride's father ; although both appeared as if they would have been as well pleased to have been left at liberty to seize the facilities offered in the North for the annulling, as well as the celebrating, of contracts, too often hastily performed and speedily repented.

There was a gentleman, a sort of Blue-Beard I must call him, who, having his

town-house in our parish, came five times to be married ; and I observed that in all his five wives he seemed to make a pretty good choice, at least as far as beauty went. The first was a blooming country nymph, who, except that her hair was powdered, and she wore high-heeled shoes, might have passed, with her large curls pinned stiffly in a row, immense hat, and spreading furbelows, for a belle of the present day : and a mighty comely pair she and the 'Squire made. The second wife was a languishing lady of quality, who, annoyed at the bridegroom's old-fashioned prejudice against a special license, kept her salts in her hand, said that the church smelled of dead bodies, and that she should catch some disease and die : and so she did. Then came the third, buttoned up in a riding-habit, which was an ugly fashion adopted at weddings some fifteen or twenty years ago, with a man's hat upon her head, and a green gauze veil : her partner, then a little inclining to the shady side of life, affected the fooleries of the times, and was dressed in the very tip of the mode. She looked as though she would see him out ; but he came again ; and the fourth, a pale, pensive, lady-like woman, apparently far gone in a consumption, who seemed, poor thing, as though she had been crossed in love, and now married only for a maintenance, did not last long. The fifth time we had three weddings : the old gentleman and his son espoused two sisters ; the former taking care to choose the younger lady, and his daughter married the uncle of her father's bride. It was a droll exhibition ; and I think that the elder Benedict would have done well to remain in his widowed state ; for he appeared to have caught a Tartar at last, and would have some difficulty in carrying things with the high hand which he had done with his former wives. I have not heard of his death, but I still retain the expectation of seeing his widow.

ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

FLOWER of the waste ! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood,—
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food ;

Her young forsake her downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art !
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food of shelter seek from thee ;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath ! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor ;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower,
Oft hast thou deck'd, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild ! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful, varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart ! thy fragrance mild,
Of peace and freedom seems to breathe ;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land !
Alas, when distant, far more dear !
When he from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more !

MRS GRANT

TO THE LARK.

MOUNT, child of morning, mount and sing,
And gaily beat thy fluttering wing,
And sound thy shrill alarms :
Bathed in the fountains of the dew
Thy sense is keen, thy joys are new ;
The wide world opens to thy view,
And spreads its earliest charms.

Far shower'd around, the hill, the plain
Catch the glad impulse of thy strain,
And fling their vells aside ;
While warm with hope and rapturous joy
Thy thrilling lay rings cheerily,
Love swells its notes, and liberty,
And youth's exulting pride.

Thy little bosom knows no ill,
No gloomy thought, no wayward will :
'Tis sunshine all, and ease.
Like thy own plumes along the sky,
Thy tranquil days glide smoothly by ;
No tract behind them as they fly
Proclaims departed peace.

'Twas thus my earliest hopes aspired,
'Twas thus, with youthful ardour fired,
I vainly thought to soar:
To snatch from fate the dazzling prize,
Beyond the beam of vulgar eyes—
—Alas! th' unbidden sigh will rise.
Those days shall dawn no more.

How glorious rose life's morning star!
In bright procession round her car,
How danced the heavenly train!
Truth beckon'd from her radiant throne,
And Fame held high her starry crown,
While Hope and Love look'd smiling down,
Nor bade my toils be vain.

Too soon the fond illusion pass'd;—
Too gay, too bright, too pure to last,
It melted from my gaze.
And, narrowing with each coming year,
Life's onward path grew dark and drear,
While pride forbade the starting tear
Would fall o'er happier days.

Still o'er my soul, though changed and dead,
One lingering, doubtful beam is shed;
One ray not yet withdrawn;
And still that twilight soft and dear,
That tells of friends and former cheer,
Half makes me fain to linger here,—
Half hope a second dawn.

Sing on! sing on! What heart so cold,
When such a tale of joy is told,
But needs must sympathize!
As from some cherub of the sky
I hail thy morning melody.—
—Oh! could I mount with thee on high
And share thy ecstasies!

Mrs BARBAULD.

THE OCEAN GRAVE.

FRIENDS! when I die, prepare my welcome grave
Where the eternal ocean rolls his wave;
Rough though the blast, still let his freeborn breeze,
Which freshness wafts to earth from endless seas,
Sigh o'er my sleep, and let his glancing spray,
Weep tear-drops sparkling with a heavenly ray,
A constant mourner then shall watch my tomb,
And nature deepen while it soothes the gloom.

O let that element whose voice had power
To cheer my darkest, soothe my loneliest hour,
Which through my life my spirit loved so well,
Still o'er my grave its tale of glory tell.

The gen'rous ocean, whose proud waters bear
The spoil and produce they disdain to wear,
Whose wave claims kindred with the azure sky
From whom reflected stars beam gloriously;
Emblem of God! unchanging, infinite,
Awful alike in loveliness and might,

Rolls still untiring like the tide of time,
Binds man to man, and mingles clime with clime
And as the sun, which from each lake and stream
Through all the world, where'er their waters gleam,
Collects the cloud his heavenly ray conceals,
And slakes the thirst which all creation feels,
So ocean gathers tribute from each shore,
To bid each climate know its want no more.

Exiled on earth, a fetter'd prisoner here,
Barr'd from all treasures which my heart holds
dear,
The kindred soul, the fame my youth desired,
Whilst hope hath fled which once each vision fired;
Dead to all joy, still on my fancy glow
Dreams of delight which heaven-ward thoughts
bestow,
Not then in death shall I unconscious be
Of that whose whispers are eternity.

Mrs JOHN HUNTER.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her first-born, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vow'd
Unto the temple-service. By the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God.

So pass'd they on,
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,
With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest;
Yet from her own innek eyelids chased the sleep
That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and
watch

The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose.
As at a red flower's heart: and where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy shades,
Making its banks green gems along the wild,
There too she linger'd, from the diamond wave
Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow.

At last the fane was reach'd,
The earth's One Sanctuary; and rapture hush'd
Her bosom, as before her, through the day
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
In light like floating gold.—But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,
Turn'd from the white-robed priest, and round her
arm
Clung e'en as ivy clings; the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swell'd high; and o'er her child,

Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song—"Alas!" she cried,

THE BALL.

"Alas, my boy! thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me,
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart?"

How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert
playing
So late along the mountains at my side?
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!

And, oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath
parted!
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Torn'd from its door away,
While, through its chambers wandering weary-
hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
Went like a singing rill?

Under the palm-trees, thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water urn!
Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs greet
me,
As midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

And thou,—will slumber's dewy cloud fall round
thee
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?
Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound
thee,
To fold my neck; and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear?

What have I said, my child?—will He not hear
thee,
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?
Will He not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

I give thee to thy God!—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child!

Therefore, farewell!—I go; my soul may fail me,
As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks!
But thou, my first-born! droop not, nor bewail me,
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength—farewell!"

MRS HEMANS.

"EVEN if I were not prevented by this unlooked-for engagement from accompanying you to the ball to-night, my love," said the Honourable Alfred Seymour, to his beautiful young wife, "you must nevertheless have declined it, for the child is evidently unwell; look how the pulses throb in his little throat, Sophia!"—"So they always do, I believe. I really wish you were less of a croaker and caudle-maker, my dear; however, to make you easy, I will send for Doctor Davis immediately: as to the ball, as I am expected, and have gone to the trouble and expense of a new dress, and have not been out for such a long, long time, really I think I *ought* to go."

"You would not leave my boy, Lady Sophia, if?"—"Not if there is the least danger, certainly; nor if the doctor should pronounce it *ill*; but I do not believe it is so—I see nothing *particular* about the child, for my part."

As the young mother said this, she cast her eyes on the child, and saw in its little heavy eyes something which she felt assured *was* particular—she saw, moreover, more strikingly than ever, the likeness it bore to a justly beloved husband, and in a tone of self-correction added, "Poor little fellow, I do think you are not quite the thing, and should it prove so, mamma will not leave you for the world."

The countenance of the father brightened, and he departed, assured that the claims of nature would soon fully triumph over any little lingering love of dissipation struggling for accustomed indulgence; and as he bade her good bye, he did not wonder that a star so brilliant desired to exhibit its rays in the hemisphere alluded to, which was one in the highest circle of fashion. Nevertheless, as he could not be present himself, he thought it on the whole better that she should be absent. A young nobleman, who had been his rival and wore the willow some time after their marriage, had lately paid marked attention to a young beauty every way likely to console him; and Mr Seymour thought it would be a great pity if his lady, whom he had not seen for some months, should, by appearing before him in the full blaze of beauty, (unaccompanied by that person whose appearance

would instantly recall the sense of her engagement,) indispose his heart for that happy connexion to which he had shown this predilection.

Unfortunately the fond husband gave indication of his admiration alike in his looks and words; and as the fair young mother turned from him to her mirror, she felt for a moment displeased that her liege lord should be less solicitous than herself to "witch the world" with her beauty; and whilst in this humour she called her maid to show her the turban and dress "in which she intended to appear."

"Lauk, my lady! why sure you intends it yet—did ever any body hear of such a thing as going for to stay at home when you are all prepared. Why, you've been out of sight ever so long because you were not fit to be seen, as one may say; but now that you are more beautiful than ever, by the same rule you should go ten times as much—Do pray, my lady, begin directly—Ah! I knows what I know: Miss Somerville may look twice ere she catches my lord, if so be he sees you in this here plume; cold broth is soon warm, they say."

Could it be that this vulgar nonsense—the senseless tirade of low flattery and thoughtless stimulation to error—should affect the mind of the high-born and highly educated Lady Sophia? Alas! yes—a slight spark will ignite dormant vanity, and the love of momentary triumph surpass the more generous wish of giving happiness to others in a sphere distinct from our own.

The new dress was tried on; its effects were extolled by the maid, and admitted by the lady, who remembered to have read or heard of some beauty whose charms were always most striking when she first appeared after a temporary confinement. The carriage was announced, and she was actually descending when the low wail of the baby broke on her ear, and she recollected that in the confusion of her mind, during the time devoted to dress and anticipated triumph, she had forgotten to send for the medical friend of the family.

Angry with herself, in the first moment of repentance she determined to remain at home, but unfortunately reconsidered, and went before the arrival of the doctor;—'tis true she left messages

and various orders, and so far fulfilled a mother's duties, but she yet closed her eyes to the evident weakness of her boy, and contented herself with determining to return as soon as it was possible.

But who could return while they found themselves the admired of all, and when at least the adoration of eyes, saluted her from him whom she well knew it was cruelty or sin to attract? The observation forced upon her of Miss Somerville's melancholy looks told her this, and compelled her to recollect that she was without her husband, and, therefore, critically situated; and she proved, that in the midst of triumph we may be humbled—in the midst of pleasure be pained; and she resolved to fly from the scene of gaiety more quickly than she had come.

But numerous delays arose, each of which harassed her spirits not less than they retarded her movements, and she became at length so annoyed, as to lose all her bloom, and hear herself now as much condoled with on her looks as she had a few hours before been congratulated.—She felt ill, and was aware that she merited to be ill, and had a right to expect reproaches from her husband, not less on account of herself than her child; and whilst in this state of perplexity, she was summoned to her carriage by her servants, who, in the confusion occasioned by messengers from home, as well as from herself, had increased her distress.

The young mother arrived in time to see the face of her dying child distorted by convulsions, and to meet from her husband anger, reproach, and contempt. She was astonished, even terrified, by witnessing the death of the innocent being she had forsaken in a moment so critical; and bitter was the sorrow and remorse which arose from offending him who had hitherto loved her so fondly, and esteemed her so highly. These emotions, combining with other causes, rendered her soon the inhabitant of a sick-bed, and converted a house, so lately the abode of happiness and hope, into a scene of sorrow, anxiety, and death. Lady Sophia, after much suffering, recovered her health; but when she left her chamber she became sensible, that, although pity and kindness were shown to her situation, esteem and confidence were withdrawn. She had no child to divert the melancholy of her solitary hours;

and, what was of more consequence, no husband who could condole with her on its loss:—silence of the past was the utmost act of tenderness to which Mr Seymour could bring himself on this subject, which recurred to him with renewed pain when his anxiety was removed for the life of one still dear, though no longer invaluable.

And all this misery, the fearful prospect of a long life embittered by self-reproach, useless regret, and lost affection, was purchased by a new dress, and an ignorant waiting-maid—a risk so full of danger, and so fatal in effect, was incurred, to strike a man already refused, and wound a woman who never injured her. Such are the despicable efforts of vanity for temporary distinction, and such the deplorable consequences of quitting the tender offices of affection, and transgressing the requisitions of duty.

Death's Doings.

STANZAS.

On the bright margin of Italia's shore,
Beneath the glance of summer-noon we stray,
And, indolently happy, ask no more
Than cooling airs that o'er the ocean play.

And watch the bark that on the busy strand,
Wash'd by the sparkling tide awaits the gale,
Till, high among the shrouds, the sailor band
Gallantly shout, and raise the swelling sail.

On the broad deck a various group recline,
Touch'd with the moonlight, yet half hid in
shade;
Who, silent, watch the bark the coast resign,
The Pharos lessen, and the mountains fade.

We, indolently happy, watch alone
The wandering airs that o'er the ocean stray,
To bring some sad Venetian sonnet's tone,
From that lone vessel floating far away.

Mrs RADCLIFFE.

I WATCH FOR THEE.

I watch for thee, when parting day
Sheds on the earth a lingering ray;
When his last blush upon the rose
A richer tint of crimson throws;
And every floweret's leaves are curl'd,
Like Beauty shrinking from the world;
When silence reigns o'er lawn and lea,
Then, dearest love, I watch for thee!

I watch for thee, when eve's first star
Shines dimly in the heavens afar;
And twilight's mists and shadows grey
Upon the lake's broad waters play:
When not a breeze nor sound is heard
To startle evening's lonely bird;
But hush'd is even the humming bee—
Then, dearest love, I wait for thee!

I watch for thee, when on the eyes
Of childhood slumber gently lies;
When sleep has stilled the noisy mirth
Of playful voices round our hearth;
And each young cherub's fancy glows
With dreams that only childhood knows,
Of pleasures past, or yet to be,—
Then, dearest love, I watch for thee!

I watch for thee, hope of my heart!
Returning from the crowded mart
Of worldly toil and worldly strife,
And all the busy scene of life.
Then, if thy brow of brightness wear,
A moment's space, the shade of care,
My smile, amid that gloom, shall be
The rainbow of the storm to thee!

Mrs C. B. WILSON.

ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.

I HAVE seen Robert Burns laid in his grave, and I have seen George Gordon Byron borne to his; of both I wish to speak, and my words shall be spoken with honesty and freedom. They were great though not equal heirs of fame; the fortunes of their birth were widely dissimilar; yet in their passions and in their genius they approached to a closer resemblance; their careers were short and glorious, and they both perished in the summer of life, and in all the splendour of a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. One was a peasant, and the other was a peer; but Nature is a great leveller, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune by the richness of her benefactions; the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land; by nature if not by birth, he was the peer of Byron. I knew one, and I have seen both; I have hearkened to words from their lips, and admired the labours of their pens, and I am now, and likely to remain, under the influence of their magic songs. They rose by the force of their genius,

and they fell by the strength of their passions; one wrote from a love, and the other from a scorn, of mankind; and they both sang of the emotions of their own hearts with a vehemence and an originality which few have equalled, and none surely have surpassed. But it is less my wish to draw the characters of those extraordinary men than to write what I remember of them; and I will say nothing that I know not to be true, and little but what I saw myself.

The first time I ever saw Burns was in Nithsdale. I was then a child, but his looks and his voice cannot well be forgotten; and while I write this I behold him as distinctly as I did when I stood at my father's knee, and heard the bard repeat his *Tam O' Shanter*. He was tall and of a manly make, his brow broad and high, and his voice varied with the character of his inimitable tale; yet through all its variations it was melody itself. He was of great personal strength, and proud too of displaying it; and I have seen him lift a load with ease, which few ordinary men would have willingly undertaken.

The first time I ever saw Byron was in the House of Lords, soon after the publication of *Childe Harold*. He stood up in his place on the opposition side, and made a speech on the subject of Catholic freedom. His voice was low, and I heard him but by fits, and when I say he was witty and sarcastic, I judge as much from the involuntary mirth of the benches as from what I heard with my own ears. His voice had not the full and manly melody of the voice of Burns; nor had he equal vigour of frame, nor the same open expanse of forehead. But his face was finely formed, and was impressed with a more delicate vigour than that of the peasant poet. He had a singular conformation of ear, the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew down and united itself to the cheek and resembled no other ear I ever saw, save that of the Duke of Wellington. His bust by Thorvaldson is feeble and mean; the painting of Phillips is more noble and much more like. Of Burns I have never seen aught but a very uninspired resemblance—and I regret it the more, because he had a look worthy of the happiest effort of art—a look beaming with poetry and eloquence.

The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Brow-well of Sol-

way; he had been ailing all spring, and summer had come without bringing health with it; he had gone away very ill and he returned worse. He was brought back, I think, in a covered spring cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived, he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not unimportant to know, that he was at that time dressed in a blue coat with the undress nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind, in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy. Truth obliges me to add, that he was not fastidious about his dress; and that an officer, curious in the personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms. But his colonel was a maker of rhyme, and the poet had to display more charity for his commander's verse than the other had to exercise when he inspected the clothing and arms of the careless bard.

From the day of his return home till the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns and of him alone; they spoke of his history—of his person—of his works—of his family—of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinions of the physicians (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one), were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house.

His good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bed-side with his eyes wet, and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." He was aware that death was dealing with him; he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than in mirth, what commands she had for the other world—he repressed with a smile the hopes of his

friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow townsmen increased. He was an exciseman it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen—but he did his duty meekly and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was therefore much beloved, and the passion of the Scotch for poetry made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them in some important points of human speculation and religious hope were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described; he had laid his head quietly on the pillow awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine and held the cup to his lip. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprung from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired with a groan.

Of the dying moments of Byron we have no minute nor very distinct account. He perished in a foreign land among barbarians or aliens, and he seems to have been without the aid of a determined physician, whose firmness or persuasion might have vanquished his obstinacy. His aversion to bleeding was an infirmity which he shared with many better regulated minds; for it is no uncommon belief that the first touch of the lancet will charm away the approach of death, and those who believe this are willing to reserve so decisive a spell for a more momentous occasion. He had parted with his native land in no ordinary bitterness of spirit; and his domestic infelicity had rendered his future peace of mind hopeless—this was aggravated from time to time by the tales or the intrusion of travellers, by reports injurious to his character, and by the eager

and vulgar avidity with which idle stories were circulated, which exhibited him in weakness or in folly. But there is every reason to believe, that long before his untimely death his native land was as bright as ever in his fancy, and that his anger conceived against the many for the sins of the few had subsided or was subsiding. Of Scotland, and of his Scottish origin, he has boasted in more than one place of his poetry; he is proud to remember the land of his mother, and to sing that he is half a Scot by birth and a whole one in his heart. Of his great rival in popularity, Sir Walter Scott, he speaks with kindness; and the compliment he has paid him has been earned by the unchangeable admiration of the other. Scott has ever spoken of Byron as he has lately written, and all those who know him will feel that this consistency is characteristic. The news of Byron's death came upon London like an earthquake; and though the common multitude are ignorant of literature and destitute of feeling for the higher flights of poetry, yet they consented to feel by faith, and believed, because the newspapers believed, that one of the brightest lights in the firmament of poesy was extinguished for ever. With literary men a sense of the public misfortune was mingled, perhaps, with a sense that a giant was removed from their way; and that they had room now to break a lance with an equal, without the fear of being overthrown by fiery impetuosity and colossal strength. The world of literature is now resigned to lower, but perhaps, not less presumptuous poetic spirits. But among those who feared him, or envied him, or loved him, there are none who sorrow not for the national loss, and grieve not that Byron fell so soon, and on a foreign shore.

When Burns died I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from among us. He had caught my fancy and touched my heart with his songs and his poems. I went to see him laid out for the grave; several eldern people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his

face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—the dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with gray, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished by vanity and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes—we went, and others succeeded us—there was no justling and crushing, though the crowd was great—man followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding—not a question was asked—not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death. It is the custom of Scotland to “wake” the body—not with wild howlings and wilder songs and much waste of strong drink, like our mercurial neighbours, but in silence or in prayer—superstition says it is unsonsie to leave a corpse alone; and it is never left. I know not who watched by the body of Burns—much it was my wish to share in the honour—but my extreme youth would have made such a request seem foolish, and its rejection would have been sure.

I am to speak the feelings of another people, and of the customs of a higher rank, when I speak of laying out the body of Byron for the grave. It was announced from time to time that he was to be exhibited in state, and the progress of the embellishments of the poet's bier was recorded in the pages of an hundred publications. They were at length completed, and to separate the curiosity of the poor from the admiration of the rich, the latter were indulged with tickets of admission, and a day was set apart for them to go and wonder over the decked room and the emblazoned bier. Peers and peeresses, priests, poets, and politicians, came in gilded chariots and in hired hacks to gaze upon the splendour of the funeral preparations, and to see in how rich and how vain a shroud the body of the immortal had been hid. Those idle trappings in which rank seeks to mark its altitude above the vulgar belonged to the state of the peer rather than to the state of

the poet; genius required no such attractions; and all this magnificence served only to divide our regard with the man whose inspired tongue was now silenced for ever. Who cared for Lord Byron the peer, and the privy councillor, with his coronet, and his long descent from princes on one side, and from heroes on both—and who did not care for George Gordon Byron the poet, who has charmed us, and will charm our descendants with his deep and impassioned verse. The homage was rendered to genius, not surely to rank—for lord can be stamped on any clay, but inspiration can only be impressed on the finest metal.

Of the day on which the multitude were admitted I know not in what terms to speak—I never surely saw so strange a mixture of silent sorrow and of fierce and intractable curiosity. If one looked on the poet's splendid coffin with deep awe, and thought of the gifted spirit which had lately animated the cold remains, others regarded the whole as a pageant or a show, got up for the amusement of the idle and the careless, and criticised the arrangements in the spirit of those who wish to be rewarded for their time, and who consider that all they condescend to visit should be according to their own taste. There was a crushing, a trampling, and an impatience, as rude and as fierce as ever I witnessed at a theatre; and words of incivility were bandied about, and questions asked with such determination to be answered, that the very mutes, whose business was silence and repose, were obliged to interfere with tongue and hand between the visitors and the dust of the poet. In contemplation of such a scene, some of the trappings which were there on the first day were removed on the second, and this suspicion of the good sense and decorum of the multitude called forth many expressions of displeasure, as remarkable for their warmth as their propriety of language. By five o'clock the people were all ejected—man and woman—and the rich coffin bore tokens of the touch of hundreds of eager fingers—many of which had not been overclean.

The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave went step by step with the chief mourners; they might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard; and, though all could not be

near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet for ever, there was no rude impatience shown, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sang of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. I could, indeed, have wished the military part of the procession away—for he was buried with military honours—because I am one of those who love simplicity in all that regards genius. The scarlet and gold—the banners displayed—the measured step, and the military array, with the sound of martial instruments of music, had no share in increasing the solemnity of the burial scene; and had no connexion with the poet. I looked on it then, and I consider it now, as an idle ostentation, a piece of superfluous state which might have been spared, more especially as his neglected and traduced and insulted spirit had experienced no kindness in the body from those lofty people who are now proud of being numbered as his coevals and countrymen. His fate has been a reproach to Scotland. But the reproach comes with an ill grace from England. When we can forget Butler's fate—Otway's loaf—Dryden's old age, and Chatterton's poison-cup, we may think that we stand alone in the iniquity of neglecting pre-eminent genius. I found myself at the brink of the poet's grave, into which he was about to descend for ever—there was a pause among the mourners as if loath to part with his remains; and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin-lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified the fears of their comrade by three ragged and straggling volleys. The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes' space, and then melted silently away. The day was a fine one, the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight. I notice this—not from my concurrence in the common superstition—that "happy is the corpse which

the rain rains on," but to confute a pious fraud of a religious Magazine, which made Heaven express its wrath at the interment of a profane poet, in thunder, in lightning, and in rain. I know not who wrote the story, and I wish not to know; but its utter falsehood thousands can attest. It is one proof out of many, how divine wrath is found by dishonest zeal in a common commotion of the elements, and that men, whose profession is godliness and truth, will look in the face of heaven and tell a deliberate lie.

A few select friends and admirers followed Lord Byron to the grave—his coronet was borne before him, and there were many indications of his rank; but, save the assembled multitude, no indications of his genius. In conformity to a singular practice of the great, a long train of their empty carriages followed the mourning coaches—mocking the dead with idle state, and impeding the honest sympathy of the crowd with barren pageantry. Where were the owners of those machines of sloth and luxury—where were the men of rank among whose dark pedigrees Lord Byron threw the light of his genius, and lent the brows of nobility a halo to which they were strangers? Where were the great Whigs? Where were the illustrious Tories? Could a mere difference in matters of human belief keep those fastidious persons away? But, above all, where were the friends with whom wedlock had united him? On his desolate corpse no wife looked, and no child shed a tear. I have no wish to set myself up as a judge in domestic infelicities, and I am willing to believe they were separated in such a way as rendered conciliation hopeless; but who could stand and look on his pale manly face, and his dark locks which early sorrows were making thin and gray, without feeling that, gifted as he was, with a soul above the mark of other men, his domestic misfortunes called for our pity as surely as his genius called for our admiration. When the career of Burns was closed, I saw another sight—a weeping widow and four helpless sons; they came into the streets in their mournings, and public sympathy was awakened afresh; I shall never forget the looks of his boys, and the compassion which they excited. The poet's life had not been without errors, and such errors, too, as a wife is slow in

forgiving; but he was honoured then, and is honoured now, by the unalienable affection of his wife, and the world repays her prudence and her love by its regard and esteem.

Burns, with all his errors in faith and in practice, was laid in hallowed earth, in the churchyard of the town where he resided; no one thought of closing the church gates against his body, because of the freedom of his poetry, and the carelessness of his life. And why was not Byron laid among the illustrious men of England, in Westminster Abbey? Is there a poet in all the Poet's Corner who has better right to that distinction? Why was the door closed against him, and opened to the carcases of thousands without merit, and without name? Look round the walls, and on the floor over which you tread, and behold them encumbered and inscribed with memorials of the mean and the sordid and the impure, as well as of the virtuous and the great. Why did the Dean of Westminster refuse admission to such an heir of fame as Byron? if he had no claim to lie within the consecrated precincts of the Abbey, he has no right to lie in consecrated ground at all. There is no doubt that the pious fee for sepulture would have been paid—and it is not a small one. Hail to the Church of England, if her piety is stronger than her avarice!

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SPIRIT OF SONG.

SWEET Spirit of delicious Song,
To whom, as of true right, belong
The myriad music notes that swell
From the poet's breathing shell;
We name thy name, and the heart springs
Up to the lip, as if with wings,
As if thy very mention brought
Snatches of inspired thought.

Is it war? At once are borne
Words like notes of martial horn.
Is it love? Comes some sweet tale
Like that of the nightingale.
Is it Nature's lovely face?
Rise lines touch'd with her own grace.
Is it some bright garden scene?
There, too, hath the minstrel been,
Linking words of charmed power
With the green leaf and the flower.
Is it woman's loveliness?
He hath revell'd to excess,

Caught all spells that can beguile
In dark eye or rosy smile.
Is it deed that hath its claim
Upon earth's most holy fame,
Or those kindly feelings sent
But for hearth and home content?
Lofty thought, or counsel sage,
Seek them in the poet's page;
Laurel, laud, and love belong
To thee, thou Spirit sweet of Song.

MISS L. E. LONDON.

THE TOWN DRUMMER.

For many a year, one Robin Boss had been town drummer;—he was a relic of some American-war fencibles, and was, to say the God's truth of him, a divor bodie, with no manner of conduct, saving a very earnest endeavour to fill himself fou as often as he could get the means; the consequence of which was, that his face was as plooky as a curran bun, and his nose as red as a partan's tae.

One afternoon there was a need to send out a proclamation to abolish a practice that was growing a custom, in some of the bye parts of the town, of keeping swine at large—ordering them to be confined in proper styes, and other suitable places.—As on all occasions when the matter to be proclaimed was from the magistrates, Robin, on this, was attended by the town officers in their Sunday garbs, and with their halberts in their hand; but the abominable and irreverent creature was so drunk, that he wambled to and fro over the drum, as if there had not been a bane in his body. He was seemingly as soople and as senseless as a bolster.—Still, as this was no new thing with him, it might have passed; for James Hound, the senior officer, was in the practice, when Robin was in that state, of reading the proclamation himself.—On this occasion, however, James happened to be absent on some hue and cry quest, and another of the officers (I forget which) was appointed to perform for him. Robin, accustomed to James, no sooner heard the other man begin to read, than he began to curse and swear at him as an incapable nincompoop—an impertinent term that he was much addicted to. The grammar school was at the time skayling, and the boys seeing the stramash, gathered round the officer, and

yelling and shouting, encouraged Robin more and more into rebellion, till at last they worked up his corruption to such a pitch, that he took the drum from about his neck, and made it fly like a bombshell at the officer's head.

The officers behaved very well, for they dragged Robin by the lug and the horn to the tolbooth, and then came with their complaint to me. Seeing how the authorities had been set at nought, and the necessity there was of making an example, I forthwith ordered Robin to be cashiered from the service of the town, and, as so important a concern as a proclamation ought not to be delayed, I likewise, upon the spot, ordered the officers to take a lad that had been also a drummer in a marching regiment, and go with him to make the proclamation.

Nothing could be done in a more earnest and zealous public spirit than this was done by me.—But habit had begot in the town a partiality for the drunken neer-do-weel Robin, and this just act of mine was immediately condemned as a daring stretch of arbitrary power; and the consequence was, that when the council met next day, some sharp words flew among us, as to my usurping an undue authority, and the thank I got for my pains was the mortification to see the worthless body restored to full power and dignity, with no other reward than an admonition to behave better for the future. Now, I leave it to the unbiassed judgment of posterity to determine if any public man could be more ungraciously treated by his colleagues than I was on this occasion.

GALT.

MUNGO GLEN'S LAMENT.

O'er, wad but my time were ower but,
 Wi' this wintry sleet and snaw,
 That I might see our house again,
 I' the bonny birken shaw !—
 For this is no my ain life,
 And I peak end pine away,
 Wi' the thochts o' hame, and the young flowers
 I' the glad green month o' May.

I used to wauk in the morning
 Wi' the loud sang o' the lark,
 And the whistling o' the ploughman lads,
 As they gaed to their wark ;

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I used to wear in the young lambs
 Frae the tod and the roaring stream ;
 But the world is changed, and a' thing now
 To me seems like a dream.

There are busy crowds around me
 On ilka lang dull street ;
 Yet, though sae mony surround me,
 I kenna ane I meet.
 And I think on kind kent faces
 And o' blithe and cheery days,
 When I wander'd out, wi' our ain folk,
 Outower the simmer braes.

Wae's me, for my heart is breaking !—
 I think on my sisters sma',
 And on my brithers greeting,
 When I came frae hame awa ;
 And, oh ! how my mither sobbit,
 As she shook me by the hand,
 When I left the door o' our auld house,
 To come to this stranger land !

There's nae place like our ain hame ;
 Oh, I wish that I was there !—
 There's nae hame like our ain hame
 To be met wi' ony where !—
 And, oh ! that I were back again
 To our farms and fields so green ;
 And heard the tongues o' my ain folk,
 And was what I hae been !

△ ?

PEGGY NOWLAN.

LATE in the second morning of her journey, the coach upset within about a stage of Dublin, and Peggy Nowlan was violently thrown off, and deprived of sense by the shock. When she recovered, she found herself in a smoky looking room, dimly lighted by a single dipped candle of the smallest size. The walls were partly covered with decayed paper, that hung off, here and there, in tatters. There were a few broken chairs standing in different places, and in the middle of the apartment a table, that had once been of decent mould, but that now bore the appearance of long and hard service, supporting on its drooping leaves a number of drinking glasses, some broken and others capsized, while their slops of liquor remained fresh around them. Peggy was seated with her back to the wall ; she felt her head supported by some one who occasionally bathed her temples with a liquid which, by the odour it sent forth, could be no other than whisky ; and if she had been an amateur, Peggy might have recognized it as pottheen.

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"My God, where am I?" looking confusedly around, was her first exclamation. "You're in safe hands, Peggy Nowlan," she was answered in the tones of a woman's voice: "an' I'm glad to hear you spake, at last."

Turning her head, she observed the person who had been attending her. The woman was tall and finely-featured, about fifty, and dressed pretty much in character with the room and its furniture; that is, having none of the homely attire of the country upon her, but wearing gay flaunting costume, or rather the remains of such; and there was about her air and manner a bold confidence, accompanied by an authoritative look from her large black eyes, that told a character in which the mild timidity of woman existed not. Yet she smiled on Peggy, and her smile was beautiful and fascinating. "How do you know me, good woman?" again questioned our heroine, for we believe she is such. "Oh, jist by chance, afther a manner, miss; onct, when I went down to your counthry to see a gossip o' my own, the neighbours pointed you out to me as the comeliest colleen to be seen far an' wide; an' so, Miss Peggy, fear nothing;" for Peggy, as she looked about her, and at the woman, did show some terror; "an' I'm glad in the heart to see any one from your part, where there's some kind people, friends o' mine; an' for their sakes, an' the sake o' the ould black hills you cum from, show me the man that daares look crooked at you."

This speech was accompanied by such softness of manner, that Peggy's nervousness lessened. She gained confidence from the presence of one of her own sex looking so kindly on her, and though years had been busy with her fine features, looking so handsome too. Her next question was, naturally, a request to be informed how she came into her present situation. "You were brought here, jist to save your life," answered the woman; "a son o' mine coming along the road from Dublin, saw the coach tumble down; he waited to give it a helping hand up again; and when it druv away—" "And has it gone off, and left me behind?" interrupted Peggy, in great distress. "Of a thruth, ay has it, my dear." "What, then, am I to do?" "Why, you must only stay where you are wid me, until the day; and you're welcome to

the cover o' th' ould roof, an' whatever comfort I can give you; an' when the day comes we'll look out for you, Miss Peggy, a-roon. But, as I was saying, when the coach dhrew off again, my son was for hurrying home, when he heard some one moaning inside o' the ditch; an' he went into the field, an' there was a man lying, jist coming to his senses, an' you near him, widout any sense at all; an' when the man got better, my son knew him for an old acquaintance; and then they minded you, and tuck you up between them; an' sure here you are to the fore." "It is absolutely necessary I should continue my journey to-night," said Peggy. "If you're for Dublin, child, you can hardly go; it's a thing a friend can't hear of." Peggy reflected for a moment. Her usual caution now told her, what her first suspicions had suggested, that, in some way or other, the house was an improper one, and, perhaps, that good-nature had not been the only motive in conveying her to it. The woman's last words seemed to show a particular determination that she should remain. It would be imprudent, then, to express a design to go away; she might be detained by force. Nor would she suffer herself to become affected by her fears, lest she might incapacitate herself for escaping by stealth. Prompted by growing suspicion, she stole her hand to her bosom to search for her purse; it was gone: and Peggy became confirmed in her calculations, though not more apparently shaken by her fears. "I had a small hand-basket," she said "containing a few little articles, and my money for the road; it's lost, of course, and I am left pennyless; if I go to the spot where the coach fell, maybe I could find it." "We can go together," said the woman, "if you are able to walk so far." Peggy had made the proposal, not in hopes of recovering any thing, but that she might be afforded a chance of walking away; if, indeed, the story of the coach having driven on proved to be true. Now, however, she was, in consistency, obliged to accept the attention of her officious protector; and the woman and she walked to the road along a narrow, wild lane, on each side of which a few old decayed trees and bushes shook their leafless branches in the wintry wind, while the footing was broken and miry, and overgrown by

weeds and long grass. It seemed to have been a winding avenue to the house she had left, once planted with rows of trees, when the mansion was better tenanted and in better repair, but which had disappeared, from time to time, beneath the axe or the saw of the marauder.

Arrived at the spot required, she commenced a seemingly careful search; but, finding nothing, returned at the continued urgency of the woman, who linked her closely, to the house they had quitted. Ere Peggy re-entered, she took a survey of the fabric: it was, like every thing around it, and within it, a ruin. She could see that it had been a good slated house, two stories high, but that in different places the slates were now wanting; indeed she trod, near the threshold, upon their fragments, mixed with other rubbish. Some of the windows were bricked up, some stuffed through their shattered panes with wisps of straw and old rags; and of the lower ones, the shutters, which were, however, attached to the wall, outside strong iron bars, hung off their hinges, and flapped in the blast.

Again entering the room in which she had first found herself, two men appeared seated. Peggy, in something like the recurrence of a bad dream, thought she recognized in one of them the air and figure of the person who, on a late and fearful occasion, had stood so near her in the Foil Dhuiv. But as she did not feel herself entitled to draw any certain deductions from feature, complexion, or even dress, Peggy, after a moment's faltering pause, struggled to assure herself that this misgiving was but a weakness of her agitated mind, and firmly advanced to the chair she had before occupied. The second man was very young, his person slight, and twisted into a peculiar bend and crouch as he sat; his face pale and sharp, resembling that of the woman who called herself his mother; and in the side-long glance of his cold jetty eye there lurked a stealth, an enquiry, and a self-possession, as, in reply to Peggy's curtsy and her look of observance, he, in turn, observed her, and gave, slowly and measuredly, his "Sarvent, miss." He and his companion sat close to the drooping table. Two of the glasses that had been capsized now stood upright, and were frequently filled from a bottle of whisky, of—as one might augur from the smell—home manu-

facture. The person whose first view had startled Peggy, made more free with the beverage than the other; the pale young man visibly avoiding the liquor; but often filling for his friend, and urging him to drink bumpers.

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"Go, Phil, my boy," resumed the old woman, addressing the pale lad, "take Ned and yourself up stairs; an' the bott'e wid you; you must have the hot wather, when it's ready, and the sugar along wid it: this young woman and myself 'll stay together."

Phil arose, taking the bottle and glasses: he was sidling out of the room before his companion, when, at a renewed signal from the woman, he hung back, allowed the other to stagger out first, and then he and she paused together, beyond the threshold of the room, in the passage, where Peggy could hear them exchange a few earnest, though cautious whispers. "An' now, Peggy Nowlan," resumed the woman, coming back and reseating herself, "as you don't seem to like the whisky, you must have whatever the house can give you." "I would like some tey, ma'am." "Then sure enough, you'll get it; we won't be long lighting the fire, an' biling the wather, and we'll take our tey together."

There were some embers dimly gleaming in the blackened fire-place, to which the woman added wood and chips, that, by blowing with her mouth, as she knelt, soon blazed; and, according to her promise, a dish of tea, not badly flavoured, was manufactured, of which, with much seeming hospitality and kindness, the hostess pressed her young guest to partake. Peggy felt thankful, and strove to compel herself to feel at ease also: but, amid the smiles and blandness of her entertainer, there were moments when her thin and bloodless, though handsome lips, compressed themselves to a line so hard and heartless,—moments when a shade of deep abstraction passed over her brow, and when her eyes dulled and shrunk into an expression so disagreeable, that the destitute girl internally shivered to glance upon her. The momentary changes did not, however, seem to concern her. She argued, that they rather intimated an involuntary turn of thought to some other person or subject. The woman never looked on her without a complacent

smile; and it was after her getting up occasionally, and going to the door of the room, as if to catch the sound of voices from above, that her countenance wore any bad character. But, whatever might have been passing in her mind, Peggy prudently resolved not to allow her hostess to perceive that she observed these indications of it. Her glances were, therefore, so well timed, and so quick, that they could not be noticed; and her features so well mastered, as always to reflect the easy smile of her companion. Her manners, too, she divested of every trait of alarm or doubt; and even the tones of her voice were tutored by Peggy into an even, pleased cadence; and the questions she asked, and the topics she started, calculated to lull all suspicion.

As part of her plan, she would show no uneasiness to retire; and it was not until the woman herself offered to attend her to her bed, that Peggy rose from her chair. She was conducted out of the little, half-ruined parlour, or kitchen, a few paces along the passage, and then a few steps up a rent and shaking staircase, into a mean sleeping-chamber, of which the door faced the passage: the stairs continuing to wind to the right, to the upper rooms of the house. As they passed into the chamber, it was with difficulty Peggy prevented herself from drawing back, when she perceived that the patched door had bolts and a padlock on the outside, but no fastening within. Still, however, she controlled her nerves, and displayed to her attendant no symptom of the apprehension that filled her bosom. "I'm sorry the poor house doesn't afford a betther an' a handsomer lodgin' for you, Miss Peggy," said the woman, as both stumpled about the half-boarded floor of the room: "but you'll jist take the will for the deed: an' so, good-b'ye; an' a pleasant night's sleep to you." "Can't you oblige me with the candle?" asked Peggy, as her hostess was about to take it away. "I would, with a heart an' a half, if it was to spare; but I'll have nothing else to light me to bed, an' help me to set things to rights for the morning; for the matther o' that, the good moon shines so bravely through the window, and I believe through another little place in the loft here, that you'll be able to say your prayers an' go to bed by it, Miss Peggy; so *bannochth-lath*;" and

she finally took the candle away, securing the door on the outside, and leaving Peggy standing in the middle of the filthy chamber.

The moon did, indeed, stream in upon the floor as well through the shattered window as, first, through a breach in the slates of the house-roof, and then down the broken boards of the room over head. Peggy looked round for her bed, and saw, in a corner, a miserable substitute for one, composed of straw laid on the floor, and covered with two blankets. There was no chair or table, and feeling herself weak, she cautiously picked her steps to the corner, and sat down on this cheerless couch.

The motive of her conduct hitherto had been to hide her feelings, so as to throw the people of the house off their guard, and eventually create for herself an opportunity to escape to the main road, and thence to the next cabin at hand. In furtherance of her project, she now begged of God to strengthen her heart, and keep her in a steady mind; and, after her zealous aspiration, Peggy continued to think of the best part to act. At once she resolved not to stir in her chamber, until the woman and the two men should seem to have retired to sleep—if, indeed, it was doomed that they were to do so without disturbing her. In case of a noise at the door, she determined to force her way through the crazy window, and, trusting herself to God, jump from it to the ground, which, she argued, could not be many feet under her, as Peggy had not forgotten to count the steps while she ascended from the earthen passage to her present situation. If, after long watching, she could feel pretty sure that no evil was intended to her during the night, still she planned to steal to the window, open it with as little noise as possible, drop from it, and try to escape.

More than an hour might have passed, when she heard a noise, as if of two persons stumbling through the house; it came nearer, and two men, treading heavily and unevenly, entered a room next to hers, and only divided from her by a wooden partition, which here and there admitted the gleams of a light they bore. Without any rustling, Peggy applied her eye to one of the chinks, and gained a full view of the scene within.

She saw the person she so much dreaded, led by the pale young man towards such a bed as she occupied; the one overcome by intoxication; the other cool, collected, and observant. With much grumbling, and many half-growled oaths, the drunken fellow seemed to insist on doing something that the lad would not permit, and at length Peggy heard an allusion to herself. "Go to sleep, Ned; you're fit for nothing else to-night; there's your bed, I tell you," said the young man, forcing him to it. "I say, Master Phil, stoopid, I'll have one word with that wench before I close a winker," replied Ned; "that wench, I say—hic!—what I picked up on the road; and why the devil should I bring her but to chat a bit with her? Your house isn't fit for much better, you know, Master Phil; and,—my eyes but—" "Lie down, you foolish baste," interrupted his companion, pushing him down on the straw. "I'll stand none of that nonsense, neither," continued the ruffian, scrambling about; "and it's no use talking; I'll see her, by—; I'll see the wench, as I brought to this—house: and don't you go to tell me, now, as how it's all a hum, and that I brought no such body into it; I'm not so cut but I remember it: so fair-play, Master Phil; she must be accounted for: none of your old mother's tricks will do, now. I am not to be done, by—; first and last, that's my word: hic!—I'll—hic!" and he lay senseless. The pale young man watched him like a lynx, until, after some moments, his growling changed into a loud snore, and there was no doubt but he slept soundly. Then he stepped softly to him, knelt on one knee, took out of his breast a large pistol, thrust it under his own arm, and finally emptied his pockets of a purse and some crumpled papers. Arising, with continued caution, he glanced over the latter close by the candle, and Peggy saw his features agitated. The next moment he stole out of the room, barred the door outside, and she heard his stealthy step, betrayed by the creaking boards, about to pass her chamber.

At this moment, however, another step,—Peggy supposed that of the woman,—met his from the lower part of the house, and both stopped just at her frail, though well-secured door. "Well?" questioned the woman, in a sharp whisper; "you

pumped him? and soaked him? and touched the lining of his pockets? Did we guess right?" "We did, by—" answered the young man; "the—rascal has peached, by the—; his very shuffling with me showed it at once; but here's the proof: here's an answer from Mr Long to his offer to put him on his guard against the swag at Long Hall, this blessed night; and here's another letter, from Lonnon, closing with another offer of his to set the poor private for the Bow-street bull-dogs."

They had, during these words, been, perhaps, speaking to each other at some little distance; for their whispers, now that Peggy supposed them to have come close together, were lost on her aching ear, though she still heard the hissing sounds in which the conversation was carried on. A considerable time lapsed while they thus stood motionless outside her door: at length they moved; seemed about to part; and, at parting, a few more sentences became audible. "Go, then," said the woman, "an' let us lose no time: nothing else can be done; poor Maggy is to be saved from the treachery of the Lonnon sneak, if there was no one else consarned in the case; speed, Phil; make sure o' the horn-hafted Lamprey that you'll find on the dresser: I'll meet you at his dour with a light and a vessel. Are you sure he sleeps sound enough?" "There is only the one sleep more that can be sonnder," replied Phil; and Peggy heard them going off.

In panting terror she listened for their steps again passing her door: nor had she to listen long. Slowly and stealthily, and with heavy breathings, or a suppressed curse at the creaking boards, they separately came up. In a moment after, she heard them undo the fastenings of the inside room, and, fascinated to the coming horror, as the bird is to the reptile's glance, her eye was fixed to a chink, ere the light they carried afforded her a renewed view of the victim's chamber.

The woman first entered, bearing the candle in one hand, and in the other a basin which held a cloth. Her face was now set in the depth of the bad expression Peggy had seen it momentarily wear below stairs; and she was paler than usual, though not shaking or trembling. The lad followed, taking long and silent strides across the floor, while his knife

gleamed in his hand, and his look was ghastly. They made signs to each other. The woman laid down the candle and the basin, and tucked up the sleeves of her gown beyond her elbows. She again took up the basin, laid the cloth on the floor, stole close to the straw couch, knelt by it, and held the vessel near the wretch's head. Her companion followed her, and knelt also. He unknotted and took off, with his left hand, the man's neckcloth. As it was finally snatched rather briskly away, the wearer growled and moved. He never uttered a sound more.

Peggy kept her eye to the chink during the whole of this scene. She could not withdraw it. She was spell-bound; and, perhaps, an instinctive notion that if she made the slightest change in her first position, so as to cause the slightest rustle, her own life must be instantly sacrificed—perhaps this tended to hold her perfectly still. She witnessed, therefore, not only the details given, but the concluding details which cannot be given. Even when the murder was done, she durst not remove her eye until the woman and lad had left the chamber; so that she was compelled to observe the revolting circumstance of washing the blankets and the floor, and other things which again must not be noticed. It is certain that moral courage and presence of mind never won a greater victory over the impulses of nature, than was shown in this true situation, by this lonely and simple girl. Often, indeed, there arose in her bosom an almost irresistible inclination to cry out—at the moment the neckcloth was removed, when the sleeping man muttered and turned, she was scarcely able to keep in her breath; yet she *did* remain silent. Not even a loud breathing escaped her. All was over, and she a spectatress of all, and still she mastered herself; and although, so far as regarded her, the most home cause for agitation finally occurred as the murderers were about to withdraw.

"He'll touch no blood-money now," whispered the woman; "an' we may go to our beds, Phil, for the work is done well; so come away—but stop; high—hanging to me, if I ever thought of that young—in the next room: an', for any thing we know, she may be watching us all this time." "If you think so, mother, there's but one help for it," observed the

lad. "A body could peep through the chinks well enough," resumed the female monster;—"but, on a second thought, Phil, d'you think it's in the nature of a simple young counthry girl like her to look at what was done without givin' warning?" "May be not; come, try if she's asleep any how; she can't barn us there, mother." "Come,"—and they left the chamber. The moment they withdrew, Peggy stretched herself on her couch, threw a blanket over her person, closed her eyes, and breathed as if fast asleep. Yet it was with many doubts of her own ability to go successfully through this test, that she listened for the noise of unbarring her door. The creeping steps approached, and her heart nearly failed her. A bolt was shot, and her brain swam. But again the assassins seemed to hesitate, and again she heard their whispers. "Stop," said the lad, "she must be sound asleep as you say; it's not to be thought she could look on and stand it." "That's my own notion," replied the woman. "Then if we rouse her, at this time o' night, wid those marks about us," meaning the marks on their hands and clothes, "why it'll be tellin' our own saccet, when we might hold our tongue." "Yes; an' only makin' more o' the same work for ourselves, when we have done enough of it." "Besides; she'll be to the fore in the mornin', and then we can cross-hackle her on the head of it; an', if she shows any signs of knowin' more than we want her to know,—why, it can be a good job still." "You spake rason; an', sure enough, she'll be to the fore; because I have a notion o' my own, that we ought to keep her fast till the poor private an' Maggy sees her; they'll want to have a word wid her, may be: so, by hook or crook, she's to pass another day and night in the house." "Let us go sleep, then, mother; an' you must get me a little wather." "Yes, a-vich; but I don't think myself wants much o' the sleep for this night, any how."

They left Peggy's door, and she was thus saved the test her soul shrank from. In some time after their steps became silent, she lay on her straw, with clasped hands and eyes turned to Heaven, offering the most fervent thanks for her preservation. The winter morning broke; all seemed quiet in the house; and she ventured to sit up and think again. Her

neighbourhood to the mangled body occurred to her, and delirium began to arise. She had recourse to her prayers for help and strength, and they did not fail her. Hour after hour passed away, still she kept herself employed, either by communions with her God, or by laying out her mind to meet the trials she had yet to encounter. They would watch her, they had said, in the morning; she was able to will and determine that the investigation should be vain: Peggy felt that she could defeat them. They intended to induce or force her to spend day and night where she was; against this plan she also attempted to lay a counter-plot.

It might be nine o'clock when she heard them stirring about. But, at the first sound, she lay stretched on her bed; and this proved a good precaution. One of them walked softly up the stairs; then into the next room; and afterwards, close to the partition, by her couch; and, as Peggy judged by the hard breathing through the chinks, seemed to watch if she slept. She was now able to give every appearance of sleep to the eye of the observer. After a few moments, they were together in the room, and she heard their whispers, and then the noise of trailing out the body.

For about another hour, they left her undisturbed. At length the door was opened, and the woman entered her chamber. Peggy still pretended to sleep, showing, however, some signs of the restlessness that attends on being disturbed from sleep without our being fully aroused. The hideous visitor stooped down and stirred her. Peggy bore the touch of that hand on her shoulder, without wincing in any way. The woman stirred her again, and she seemed gradually and naturally to become awakened. "Musha, it's the good sleep that's on you, a colleen," said the woman, as she sat up. "Yes, indeed: I'm not used to be without sleep so long, and I had none before this since I left the mountains," answered Peggy. "Is it very late? but I don't care much about that, as there's no use in my starting from you till the coach comes again to-night, and gives me a seat for Dublin. "We'll tell you all about that by and by: get up now, my woman, an' break your fast; you ought to be hungry." "And I am very hungry, and able to help myself out of any thing you lay before me."

The woman led her down stairs. A good breakfast was prepared. Peggy seemed to eat with a keen appetite; but she continued to slip the bread she had cut into her large country pockets. The young man entered: she bade him a smiling good-morrow. He hoped she had passed a good night: she answered promptly and easily. "It's an odd question I'm for axin'," he continued, "but I thought I heard strange noises in a room next to yours last night—did *you*?" With the consciousness that the eyes of both were watching her face for a change of expression, Peggy baffled the inquiry. "It's said this ould house is haunted," rejoined the woman, "an' that's the ghost's room." "My faith isn't strong in ghosts," said Peggy, smiling; "but I'm glad you did not tell of it before I went to bed, or I might be kept waking."

A pause ensued, during which she knew that her catechists were consulting each other by looks and nods.

"Why don't you ax afther your friend, that helped to bring you to us last night?" pursued the lad. "I was thinking of him, but said to myself he was in bed, maybe; and as he's no kith or kin o' mine, only a stranger met on the road, I didn't believe it would be right for a young lone woman like me to be asking so closely after him." "He's not in his bed," said the lad, fixing his eye. She stood his glance. "No," resumed the woman; "but gone his road at the first light this mornin'." "Why then I'm sorry for his going." "How's that?" asked the lad. "Because I'm left without a farthing in the world, and I thought that, as he looked to be a dacent man, maybe he'd lend me a few shillings to take me on to Dublin; and now I don't know what to do under heaven." "Never make yourself uneasy about that," remarked the hostess: "for if you thought he looked so like a dacent body, he thought you looked like a handsome colleen, as you are; an' for a token, hearin' o' your loss by the coach, he left us the very thing you're talking about, to give you when you'd get up." "Yes, he left this wid me for you," pursued the other, handing some silver, "and just his word to take care an' have as much ready to pay him in the next place he-an' you are to see ach other."

As he gave the money, and spoke these words very significantly, he again fixed

her eye; but Peggy allowed him no advantage. With many professions of thanks to her chance benefactor, she quietly put up the supposed gift. Perhaps they became fully assured that they had nothing to fear, for they soon stopped questioning her. "I'll pay him, with hearty thanks, sure enough," she continued, recurring to the topic, "and sooner than he thinks, maybe. I have only to go to Dublin, to the Brazen-Head, where my father stops, when I'll have money enough; and, after a word there, I'm to pass your door to-morrow, about the night-fall, when I'll be axin' a night's lodgin' from you again; and I can jest lave the honest man's shillings in your hands, and you'll give 'em to him, the next time he calls, in Peggy Nowlan's name, and her best wishes along with 'em."

The day wore away in common topics, and she showed no anxiety to depart. She said she grew hungry for her dinner; and, when it came before her, still seemed to make a hearty meal. No living creature came to the house during the day: but she could understand that the person called Maggy, and who she concluded was her wretched cousin Maggy Nowlan, and the other person called "the private," were expected during the night; as also a number of "the customers," from Dublin.

Nothing had yet been said to deter her from proceeding to town in the night-coach, which, as usual, was to pass about three o'clock in the morning. She often alluded to its hour of passing by, and they did not make an observation. This gave her courage; and, after the night fell—for Peggy, still to avoid a shadow of suspicion, would not motion to stir in the day-light—she said, inadvertently, and yet with some natural show of anxiety to proceed in her interrupted journey—"Maybe I couldn't get a seat in it, an' what should I do then? But maybe I ought to take the road some time before ye expect it to come up, so that, when it overtakes me, if I get the place, well and good; and if I don't, why I could be so far on my way, and sure of walking the six or seven miles more, to Dublin, by the morning, anyhow; for I must be there in the morning: what brings me up is to get a good lot of money from my father, that 'll be wanted at home the day after to-morrow, or the next day, at

farthest; and so, ye see, honest people, I'm beholding to be soon back and forward, and, as I said, sleeping in your house, on my way to the country, by to-morrow night, anyhow."

They said little in reply to this; but Peggy believed they again exchanged some glances and signs, while her head was purposely held down; and then they retired to whisper at the outward door. Fervently did she pray, although the prayer involved an uncharitable contradiction, that, influenced by the hope of plunder she had held out, their resolves not to let her depart for the night might be changed. And perhaps her plan took effect.

In a short time they rejoined her; and after a few ordinary remarks, said, by the way, that she might do well to "take a start of the road, afore the coach, just as she was a saying of it; and they wished her safe to Dublin, anyhow; and they hoped she would keep her promise, and come see them on her way home again."

Without discovering any extraordinary joy at this concession, Peggy bid them a steady and cordial good-b'ye; engaged her bed for the next night; and it was not till the very moment she was crossing the murderous threshold, that she feared her face and fluttered step might have given intimation of the smothered emotions that battled in her heart.

But, again befriended by her extraordinary presence of mind, she checked her rising ecstasy, and trod with a sober and way-faring step down the dark, tangled; and miry lane. When fairly launched on the broad road her breast experienced great relief; yet still she kept her demure pace, neither faltering, nor looking back nor about her, nor yet sure of the policy of rushing into the first cabin she might meet. Her heart whispered that the people of the abominable house might have noticed her parting struggle, and, after a little reflection, would perhaps follow her, and put her to another trial.

To her left, as she walked along, was some rather high ground, falling down to the road, little cultivated, and crowded with furze and briars. A straggling path ran through it, parallel to the road, but, at some distance, and, she believed, led to the lone house in the "*bosheen*." Her eye kept watching this path, every step she took. The moon shone full upon it,

so as to enable her to discern any near object. Peggy, her head down, and her regards not visibly occupied, soon caught a figure rapidly striding along the path, through the clumps of furze and briers. As it abruptly turned towards a gap in the road-fence, some yards before her, she could ascertain that this individual was closely muffled in the common female Irish mantle, holding, as Irishwomen often do, the ample hood gathered round the face. "That's not a woman's step," thought Peggy; as the figure issued through the gap:—"and now, this will be the sorest trial of all."

And, with her suspicions, well might she say so. The gigantic resolution of her heart, so long kept up, had just begun to yield to an admitted sense of relief: she had just permitted her mind to turn and sicken on the contemplation of the horrors she had witnessed and escaped; an opportunity at last seemed created for an indulgence of the revulsion and weakness of her woman's nature;—and now again to call back her unexcelled philosophy; again to rally herself; again to arrest and fix the melting resolution; to steady the pulse-throb, tutor the very breath, prepare the very tones of her voice; this, indeed, was her sorest trial. But it was her greatest too; for Peggy, assisted a little by the shadows of night, came out of it still triumphant.

"God save you!" began the person in the cloak, in a female voice. Peggy gave the usual response with a calm tone. "Are you for thravellin' far, a-roon?" continued the new comer. She said she was going to Dublin. "I'm goin' there myself, an' we may's well be on the road together." "With all my heart, then," answered Peggy, and they walked on side by side. "You're not of these parts, ma-colleen, by your tongue," resumed her companion. Peggy assented. "An' how far did you walk to-day, a-chorra?" "Not far; not a step to-day; only from a house in a bosheen behind us, a few minutes ago." "What house, a good girl? do you mane the slate-house that stands all alone, in the middle o' the lane?" Peggy believed that was the very one. "Lord save us! what bad loock sent you there?" "None, that I know of; why?" "It has a bad name, as I hear, among the neighbours, and 'ud be the last place myself 'ud face to, for the night's rest." "Well, aroon;

it's only a christian turn to spake of people as we find 'em; I have nothing at all to say against the house; an' maybe it won't be long till I see it again." "That's bould as well as hearty of a young girl like you. Did you come across the woman o' the house?" "Yes; and met good treatment from her; the good tey; and good dinner; every thing of the best." "But what kind of a bed did you get from her, a-hager?" continued the catechist, speaking very low, sidling to Peggy, and grasping her arm. This threw her off her guard. She shrieked; and broke from her companion, who, as she ran, fast pursued her; and the person's real voice at last sounded in her ear. "Stop, Peggy Nowlan, or rue it! I know what you think of the bed you got now!"

The road suddenly turned in an angle; Peggy shot round the turn: as her pursuer gained on her, she heard the noise of feet approaching in a quick tramp, and a guard of armed soldiers, headed by two men in civil dress, and followed by a post chaise, met her eyes at a short distance; she cried out again, and darted among the soldiers; one of them caught and held her from falling, and she had only time to say—"Lay hands on the murderer!" when nature at last failed, and Peggy's senses left her.

BANIM.*

LUCY.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky!

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

WORDSWORTH.

* Tales by the O'Hara Family, Second Series.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
 I had no human fears:
 She seem'd a thing that could not feel
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
 She neither hears nor sees,
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
 With rocks and stones and trees!

WORDSWORTH.

PERLING JOAN.

"OUR Laird, Mr Waldie, was a very young man when his father died, and he gaed awa to France and Italy, and Flanders and Germany, immediately, and we saw naething o' him for three years; and my brother, John Baird, went wi' him as his own body-servant. When that time was gane by, our Johnny came hame, and tauld us that Sir Claud wad be here the next day, and that he was bringing hame a foreign lady wi' him—but they were not married. This news was a sair heart, as ye may suppose, to a' that were about the house; and we were just glad that the auld lady was dead and buried, not to hear of sic doings. But what could we do, Mr Waldie?—To be sure the rooms were a' put in order, and the best chamber in the haill house was got ready for Sir Claud and her. John tauld me, when we were alane together that night, that I wad be surprised with her beauty when she came; and, poor thing! that picture's as like her as it can stare; so you'll not wonder that John should have thought so.

"But I never could have believed, till I saw her, that she was sae very young—such a mere bairn, I may say: I'm sure she was not more than fifteen. Such a dancing gleesome bit bird of a lassie was never seen; and ane could not but pity her mair than blame her for what she had done, she was sae visibly in the very daftness and light-headedness of youth. O, how she sang, and played, and galloped about on the wildest horses in the stable, as fearlessly as if she had been a man! The house was full of fun and glee; and Sir Claud and she were both so young and so comely, that it was enough to

break ane's very heart to behold their thoughtlessness. She was aye sitting on his knee, wi' her arm about his neck—and weeks and months this love and merriment lasted. The poor body had no airs wi' her—she was just as humble in her speech to the like of us, as if she had been a cottar's lassie. I believe there was not one of us that could help liking her, for a' her faults. She was a glaikit creature; but gentle and tender-hearted as a perfect lamb: and so bonny!—I never set eyes upon her match. She was drest just as you see her there—never any other colour but black for her gown; and it was commonly satin, like that ane, and aye made in that same fashion; and a' that pearling about her bosom, and that great gowden chain stuck full of precious rubies and diamonds. She never put powder on her head neither: oh, proud, proud was she of her hair! I've often known her comb and comb at it for an hour on end; and, when it was out of the buckle, the bonny black curls fell as low as her knee. You never saw such a head of hair since ye were born. She was daughter to a rich auld Jew in Flanders, and ran awa frae the house wi' Sir Claud ae night when there was a great feast gaun on—their Passover supper, as John thought—and out she came by the back-door to Sir Claud, just as ye see her there drest for the supper wi' a' her braws.

"Weel, sir, this lasted for the maist feck of a year; and Perling Joan (for that was what the servants used to ca' her frae her laces about the bosom)—Mrs Joan lay in, and had a lassie; and I think ye may guess for yoursell wha that lassie is.

"Sir Claud's auld uncle, the Colonel, was come hame from America about this time, and he wrote for the Laird to gang in to Edinburgh to see him, and he behoved to do this; and away he went ere the bairn was mair than a fortnight auld, leaving the Lady with us.

"I was the maist experienced body about the house, and it was me that got the chief charge of being with her in her recovery. The poor young thing was quite changed now. Often and often did she greet herself blind, lamenting to me about Sir Claud's no marrying her; for she said she did not take meikle thought about thae things afore; but that now she had a bairn to Sir Claud, and she could not bear to look

the wee thing in the face, and think that a'budy would ca' it a bastard. And then she said, she was come of as decent folk as any lady in Scotland, and moaned and sob-bit about her auld father and her sisters.

"But the Colonel, ye see, had gotten Sir Claud into the town; and we soon began to hear reports that the Colonel had been terrible angry about Perling Joan, and threatened Sir Claud to leave every penny he had past him, if he did not put Joan away, and marry a lady like himself. And what wi' fleecing, and what wi' flyting, sae it was that Sir Claud went away to the north wi' the Colonel, and the marriage between him and Lady Juliana was agreed upon, and everything settled.

"Everybody about the house had heard mair or less about a' this, or ever a word of it came her length. But at last Sir Claud himself writes a long letter, telling her a' what was to be; and offering to gie her a heap o' siller, and send our John ower the sea wi' her, to see her safe back to her ain friends—her and her baby, if she liked best to take it with her; but, if not, the Colonel was to take the bairn hame, and bring her up a lady, away from the house here, not to breed any dispeace.

"This was what our Johnny said was to be proposed; for as to the letter itself, I saw her get it, and she read it twice ower, and flung it into fire before my face. She read it, sir, whatever it was, with a wonderful composure; but the moment after it was in the fire she gaed clean aff into a fit, and she was out of one and into another for maist part of the forenoon. Oh! sir, what a sight she was! It would have melted the heart of stone to see her.

"The first thing that brought her to herself was the sight of her bairn. I brought it, and laid it on her knee, thinking it would do her good if she could give it a suck; and the poor trembling thing did as I bade her; and the moment the bairn's mouth was at the breast, she turned as calm as the baby itself—the tears rapping over her cheeks, to be sure, but not one word more.—I never heard her either greet or sob again a' that day.

"I put her and the bairn to bed that night—but nae combing and curling of the bonny black hair did I see then. However, she seemed very calm and composed, and I left them, and gaed to my ain

bed, which was in a little room within hers.

"Ye may judge what we thought, when, next morning, the bed was found cauld and empty, and the front-door of the house standing wide open—We dragged the waters, and sent man and horse every gait: but there's nae need of making a lang story—ne'er a trace of her could we ever light on, till a letter came twa or three weeks after, addressed to me, frae herself. It was just a line or twa, to say, that she was well, and thanking me, poor thing, for having been attentive about her in her downlying. It was dated frae London. And she charged me to say nothing to anybody of having received it. But this, ye ken, was what I could not do; for everybody had set it down for a certain thing, that the poor lassie had made away baith wi' herself and the bairn.

"I dinna weel ken whether it was owing to this or not, but Sir Claud's marriage was put off for twa or three years, and he never came near us all that while. At length, word came that the wedding was to be put over directly; and painters, and upholsterers, and I know not what all, came and turned the haill house upside down, to prepare for my Lady's hamecoming. The only room that they never meddled wi' was that that had been Mrs Joan's: and no doubt, they had been ordered what to do.

"Weel, the day came, and a braw sunny spring day it was, that Sir Claud and the bride were to come hame to the Mains. The grass was a' new mawn about the policy, and the walks sweepit, and the cloth laid for dinner, and everybody in their best to give them their welcome. John Baird came galloping up the avenue like mad, to tell us that the coach was amaist within sight, and gar us put ourselves in order afore the ha' steps. We were a' standing there in our ranks, and up came the coach rattling and driving, wi' I dinna ken how mony servants riding behind it; and Sir Claud lookit out at the window, and was waving his handkerchief to us, when, just as fast as fire ever flew frae flint, a woman in a red cloak rushed out from among the auld shrubbery at the west end of the house, and flung herself in among the horses' feet, and the wheels gaed clean out over her breast, and crushed her dead in a sin-

gle moment! She never stirred. Poor thing! she was nae Perling Joan then. She was in rags—perfect rags all below the bit cloak; and we found the bairn, rowed in a checked apron, lying just behind the hedge. A braw heartsome welcoming for a pair of young married folk, Mr Waldie.”

J. G. LOCKHART.*

SEARCHING AFTER GOD.

I sought Thee round about, O Thou my God!
In thine abode.

I said unto the Earth “Speake, art thou He?”

She answer’d me,

“I am not.”—I enquired of creatures all,
In general,

Contain’d therein;—they with one voice proclaim’d,
That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I askt the seas, and all the deeps below,
My God to know.

I askt the reptiles, and whatever is

‘In the abyss;’

Even from the shrimpe to the leviathan
Enquiry ran;

But in those deserts which no line can sound,
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I askt the aire, if that were He? but lo!
It told me No.

I from the towering eagle to the wren,
Demanded then,

If any feather’d fowle ‘mongst them were such?

But they all, much

Offended with my question, in full quire,

Answer’d—“to finde thy God thou must look
higher.”

I askt the heavens, sun, moon, and stars, but they
Said “We obey

The God thou seek’st.”—I askt, what eye or eare
Could see or heare;

What in the world I might descry or know
Above, below:

—With an unanimous voice, all these things said,
“We are not God, but we by Him were made.”

I askt the world’s great universal masse,
If that God was?

Which with a mighty and strong voice reply’d,
As stupify’d,

“I am not He, O man! for know, that I,

By Him on high,

Was fashion’d first of nothing, thus instated,
And sway’d by Him, by whom I was created.”

A scrutiny within myself I, than,
Even thus began:—

* The History of Matthew Wald.

“O man, what art thou?”—What more could I
Than dust and clay? [say

Frail, mortal, fading, a meere puffe, a blast,

That cannot last;

Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urne;

Form’d from that earth to which I must returne.

I askt myself, what this great God might be
That fashion’d me?

I answer’d—the all-potent, solely’ immense,
Surpassing sense;

Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternall,
Lord over all;

The only terrible, strong, just, and true,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for He doth give
To all that live,

Both breath and being: He is the Creator,

Both of the water,

Earth, aire, and fire. Of all things that subsist,
He hath the list;

Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claimes,
He keeps the scrole, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by thine illumining grace,
Thy glorious face,

(So far forth as it may discover’d be,)
Methinks I see;

And though invisible and infinite,—
To human sight,

Thou, in thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest;

In which to our weake senses Thou comest nearest.

O make us apt to seeke, and quicke to finde,
Thou God, most kinde!

Give us love, hope, and faith in Thee to trust,
Thou God, most just!

Remit all our offences, we intreat;

Most Good, most Great!

Grant that our willing, though unworthy guest

May, through thy grace, admit us ‘mongst the blest.

THOMAS HEYWOOD, [1655.]

H Y M N

BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the Morning-Star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran BLANK!

The Arve and Arveiron at thy base

Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,

How silently! Around thee and above

Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,

An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,

As with a wedge! But when I look again,

It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,

‘Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,

Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in
prayer

I worshipp’d the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my
Thought,
Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret Joy :
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty Vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my Heart, awake :
Green Vales and icy Cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole Sovran of the Vale !
O struggling with the Darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink .
Companion of the Morning-Star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald ! wake, O wake, and utter praise
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks
For ever shattered and the same for ever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living
flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?—
God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing ye meadow-streams with glad some voice !
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye livery flowers that skirt th' eternal frost !
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
Ye signs and wonders of the element !
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Once more, hoar mount ! with thy sky-pointing
peaks,
Oft from whose feet the Avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering thro' the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous mountain ! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base

I.

Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth !
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

COLERIDGE.

THE COMFORTER.

Oh ! thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee !

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone ;

But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too !

Oh who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
One Peace-branch from above !

Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

MOORE.

THE KNITTER.

(From "Servian Popular Poetry.")

THE maiden sat upon the hill,
Upon the hill and far away,
Her fingers wove a silken cord,
And thus I heard the maiden say :
" O, with what joy, what ready will,
If some fond youth, some youth adored,
Might wear thee, should I weave thee now !
The finest gold I'd interblend,
The richest pearls as white as snow.
But if I knew, my silken friend,
That an old man should wear thee, I
The coarsest worsted would inweave,
Thy finest silk for dog-grass leave,
And all thy knots with nettles tie !"

BOWRING.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN

EFFIE AND JEANIE DEANS.*

SHAME, fear, and grief, had contended for mastery in the poor prisoner's bosom during the whole morning, while she had looked forward to this meeting; but when the door opened, all gave way to a confused and strange feeling that had a tinge of joy in it, as, throwing herself on her sister's neck, she ejaculated, "My dear Jeanie!—my dear Jeanie! it's lang since I hae seen ye." Jeanie returned the embrace with an earnestness that partook almost of rapture, but it was only a flitting emotion, like a sun-beam unexpectedly penetrating betwixt the clouds of a tempest, and obscured almost as soon as visible. The sisters walked together to

* The same reason which would render any preliminary explanation, towards the better understanding of this detached scene from the 'Heart of Midlothian,' very superfluous—namely, that it is already understood by every body—may be adduced by some to question altogether the propriety of its insertion in this little work. But although, in making our selection, one principal aim is, to lay before the public, pieces not only excellent in themselves, but also little known or little accessible to the generality of readers, and although we should be extremely unwilling to admit into the pages of *THE CASQUET* any thing which has become the common hack of similar compilations, yet we do not hesitate to treat our readers, occasionally, with pieces which must be familiar to them, judging from our own feelings how pleasant it is, at times to light unexpectedly upon old favourites, and how often, in reading as in music, memory awakens us, when novelty ceases to interest. This observation may be said to hold eminently true in the present case; for few, we believe, who have read the novels of *SIR WALTER SCOTT* can possibly rest satisfied with one perusal, or, while they live, can suppress all yearnings to return to favourite passages in these incomparable productions, or can cease to enjoy, again and again, that unmingled pleasure which accompanied their first perusal, and which, to every one capable of relishing them, must have formed an epoch in their lives! It is no easy matter for an ingenuous mind, open to all excellence in others, and happy in proclaiming it, to subdue enthusiasm in speaking of the immortal man whose name we have just written down; yet we surely indulge in no extravagant fancy, when we say, that to him the world is more deeply indebted for innocent enjoyment than to any single human being since its creation. Notwithstanding the interest which his writings have excited in every quarter of the globe, his name, we feel confident, has not yet reached

the side of the pallet bed, and sate down side by side, took hold of each other's hands, and looked each other in the face, but without speaking a word. In this posture they remained for a minute, while the gleam of joy gradually faded from their features, and gave way to the most intense expression, first of melancholy, and then of agony, till, throwing themselves again into each other's arms, they, to use the language of Scripture, lifted up their voices and wept bitterly.

Even the hard hearted turnkey, who had spent his life in scenes calculated to stifle both conscience and feeling, could not witness this scene without a touch of human sympathy. It was shown in a trifling action, but which had more delicacy in it than seemed to belong to *Ratcliffe's* character and station. The unglazed window of the miserable chamber was open, and the beams of a bright sun

that full blaze of glory which it is destined to attain, and which indeed an impartial posterity alone can bestow. Let no one deceive himself with the invidious thought, that the present popularity of the *Waverley Novels* is but a temporary excitement—a fashion of the day—ready to succumb under some new attraction. It is not in every century that a writer so highly gifted and so wonderfully prolific is produced: *Sir Walter Scott* has, in fact, no parallel in past history—and when shall the world see his like again? His works, besides, are founded on the first principles of our nature, the best evidence of which is, that they have already been received with rapture by people of every kindred and tongue, and while man remains the same shall he not be similarly affected, or rather may we not suppose, that the charm of these works will increase with their age—that to future generations, as illustrative of the present and the past, they will be altogether invaluable—and that millions yet unborn will read them with a delight of which even we can form no conception?

The people of Scotland are proud, and justly so, of their country—of its hills and valleys, its lakes and streams, its legends and its songs—of its "history's romantic pages"—its stern and successful struggles for freedom, first civil afterwards religious, against a power infinitely its superior in resources—of the many mighty names which it has produced from its own small population—and of the general intelligence, activity, independence, and hospitality which pervade its various classes; but of nothing have they greater reason to be proud than of that splendid succession of works "of which all Europe rings from side to side"—which have made Scotland in the eyes of all truly a land of romance—and which will keep it in living remembrance when, probably, in the revolutions of ages, the power and glory of the earth shall be seated in another hemisphere.—*Ed.*

fell right upon the bed where the sufferers were seated. With a gentleness that had something of reverence in it, Ratcliffe partly closed the shutter, and seemed thus to throw a veil over a scene so sorrowful.

'Ye are ill, Effie,' were the first words Jeanie could utter, 'ye are very ill.'

'O what wad I gi'e to be ten times waur, Jeanie,' was the reply—'what wad I gi'e to be cauld dead afore the ten o'clock bell the morn! And our father—but I amna his bairn langer now—O I hae nae friend left in the world!—O that I were lying dead at my mother's side, in Newbattle Kirkyard!'

'Hout, lassie,' said Ratcliffe, willing to show the interest which he absolutely felt, 'dinna be sae dooms down-hearted as a' that; there's mony a tod hunted that's no killed. Advocate Langtale has brought folk through waur snappers than a' this, and there's no a cleverer agent than Nighel Novit e'er drew a bill of suspension. Hanged or unhanged, they are weel aff has sic an agent and counsel; ane's sure o' fair play. Ye are a bonny lass too, an ye wad busk up your cockernonie a bit; and a bonny lass will find favour wi' judge and jury, when they would strap up a grewsome carle like me for the fifteenth part of a flea's hide and tallow, d—n them.'

To this homely strain of consolation the mourners returned no answer; indeed, they were so much lost in their own sorrows, as to have become insensible of Ratcliffe's presence. 'Oh Effie,' said her elder sister, 'how could you conceal your situation from me! O, woman, had I deserved this at your hand?—had ye spoke but ae word—sorry we might hae been, and shamed we might hae been, but this awfu' dispensation had never come ower us.'

'And what gude wad that hae dune?' answered the prisoner. 'Na, na, Jeanie, a' was ower when ance I forgot what I promised when I faulded down the leaf of my Bible. See,' she said, producing the sacred volume, 'the book opens aye at the place o' itsell. O see, Jeanie, what a fearful scripture?'

Jeanie took her sister's Bible, and found that the fatal mark was made at this impressive text in the book of Job: 'He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I

am gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree.'

'Isna that ower true a doctrine?' said the prisoner—'Isna my crown, my honour, removed? And what am I but a poor wasted wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the finsh o' blossoms on it; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' pieces wi' their feet. I little thought, when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysell.'

'O, if ye had spoken a word,' again sobbed Jeanie,—'if I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this day.'

'Could they na?' said Effie, with something like awakened interest—for life is dear even to those who feel it as a burden—'Wha tald ye that, Jeanie?'

'It was aye that kenned what he was saying weel aneugh,' replied Jeanie, who had a natural reluctance at mentioning even the name of her sister's seducer.

'Wha was it?—I conjure ye to tell me,' said Effie, seating herself upright.—'Wha could tak interest in sic a east-bye as I am now?—Was it—was it him?'

'Hout,' said Ratcliffe, 'what signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither?—I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Muschat's Cairn.'

'Was it him,' said Effie, catching eagerly at his words—'was it him, Jeanie, indeed?—O, I see it was him—poor lad, and I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether millstane—and him in sic danger on his ain part—poor George!'

Somewhat indignant at this burst of tender feeling towards the author of her misery, Jeanie could not help exclaiming, —'O, Effie, how can ye speak that gate o' sic a man as that?'

'We maun forgie our enemies, ye ken,' said poor Effie, with a timid look and a subdued voice, for her conscience told her what a different character the feelings with which she still regarded her seducer bore, compared with the Christian charity under which she attempted to veil it.

'And ye hae suffered a' this for him,

and ye can think of loving him still?' said her sister, in a voice betwixt pity and blame.

'Love him,' answered Effie—'If I hadna loved as woman seldom loves, I hadna been within these wa's this day; and trow ye, that love sic as mine is lightly forgotten?—Na, na—ye may hew down the tree, but ye canna change its bend—And O, Jeanie, if ye wad do good to me at this moment, tell me every word that he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no.'

'What needs I tell ye any thing about it?' said Jeanie. 'Ye may be sure that he had ower muckle to do to save himself, to speak lang or muckle about ony body beside.'

'That's no true, Jeanie, though a saunt had said it,' replied Effie, with a sparkle of her former lively and irritable temper. 'But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he pat his life in venture to save mine.' And looking at Ratcliffe, she checked herself and was silent.

'I fancy,' said Ratcliffe, with one of his familiar sneers, 'the lassie thinks that naebody has een but hersell—Didna I see when Gentle Geordie was seeking to get other folk out of the Tolbooth forbye Jock Porteous? but ye are of my mind, hinny—better sit and rue, than flit and rue—Ye needna look in my face sae amazed. I ken mair things than that maybe.'

'O my God! my God!' said Effie, springing up and throwing herself down on her knees before him—'D'ye ken whare they hae putten my bairn!—O my bairn! my bairn! the poor sackless innocent new born wee ane—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh!—O, man, if ye wad e'er deserve a portion in Heaven, or a broken-hearted creature's blessing upon earth, tell me whare they hae put my bairn—the sign of my shame, and the partner of my suffering! tell me wha has ta'en't away, or what they hae dune wit!'

'Hout tout,' said the turnkey, endeavouring to extricate himself from the firm grasp with which she held him, 'that's taking me at my word wi' a witness—Bairn, quo she? How the deil suld I ken ony thing of your bairn, huzzy? Ye maun ask that at auld Meg Murdockson, if ye dinna ken ower muckle about it yoursell.'

As his answer destroyed the wild and

vague hope which had suddenly gleamed upon her, the unhappy prisoner let go her hold of his coat, and fell with her face on the pavement of the apartment in a strong convulsion fit.

Heart of Midlothian.

ITALY

For ever and for ever shalt thou be
Unto the lover and the poet dear,
Thou land of sunlit skies and fountains clear,
Of temples, and gray columns, and waving woods,
And mountains, from whose rifts the bursting
floods

Rush in bright tumult to the Adrian sea:
O thou romantic land of Italy!
Mother of painting and sweet sounds!—tho' now
The laurels are all torn from off thy brow—
Yet, tho' the shape of Freedom now no more
May walk in beauty on thy piny shore,
Shall I, upon whose soul thy poets' lays
And all thy songs and hundred stories fell,
Like dim Arabian charms, break the soft spell
That bound me to thee in mine earlier days?
Never, divinest Italy!—thou shalt be
For aye the watchword of the heart to me.

Famous thou art, and shalt be through all time:
Not that because thine iron children hurled,
Like arrows o'er the conquest-stricken world,
Their tyrannies,—but that, in a later day,
Great spirits, and gentle too, triumphing came
And, as the mighty day-star makes its way
From darkness into light, they toward their
fame
Went, gathering splendour till they grew sublime

Yet first of all thy sons were they who wove
Thy silken language into tales of love,
And fairest far the gentle forms that shine
In thy own poets' faery songs divine.
Oh! long as lips shall smile or pitying tears
Rain from the eyes of beauty,—long as fears
Or doubts or hopes shall sear or soothe the heart,
Or flatteries softly fall on woman's ears,
Or witching words be spoke at twilight hours,
Or tender songs be sung in orange bowers:
Long as the stars, like ladies' looks, by night
Shall shine,—more constant and almost as bright—
So long, tho' hidden in a foreign shroud,
Shall Dante's mighty spirit speak aloud;
So long the lamp of fame on Petrarch's urn
Shall, like the light of learning, duly burn;
And he be loved—he with his hundred tales,
As varying as the shadowy cloud that sails
Upon the bosom of the April sky,
And musical as when the waters run
Lapsing through sylvan haunts deliciously.
Nor may that gay romancer who hath told
Of knight, and damsel, and enchantments old,
So well, be e'er forgot; nor he who sung
Of Salem's holy city, lost and won,
The seer-like Tasso, who enanoured hung

On Leonora's beauty, and became
Her martyr,—blasted by a mingled flame.

The masters of the world have vanished, and
Thy gods have left or lost their old command ;
The painter and the poet now have fled,
And slaves usurp the seat of Cæsar dead :
Prison and painted palace hast thou still,
But filled with creatures whom mere terrors
kill ;
Afraid of life and death they live and die
Eternally, and slay their own weak powers,
And hate the past, and dread the future time,
And while they steal from pleasure droop to crime,
Plucking the leaves from all the rosy hours.
Alas, alas, beautiful Italy !

BARRY CORNWALL.

WHO'LL BUY A HEART.

(From the Spanish.)

" Pues que no me sabeis dar."

Poor heart of mine ! tormenting heart !
Long hast thou teased me—thou and I
May just as well agree to part.
Who'll buy a heart ? who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

They offer'd three testoons—but no !
A faithful heart is cheap at more :
'Tis not of those that wandering go,
Like mendicants from door to door.
Here's prompt possession—I might tell
A thousand merits ; come and try ;—
I have a heart—a heart to sell :
Who'll buy a heart ? who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

How oft beneath its folds lay hid
The gnawing viper's tooth of woe—
Will no one buy ? will no one bid ?
'Tis going now. Yes ! It must go !
So little offer'd—it were well
To keep it yet—but, no, not I,
I have a heart—a heart to sell :
Who'll buy a heart ? who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

I would 'twere gone ! for I confess
I'm tired—and longing to be freed ;
Come, bid, fair maiden ! more or less—
So good—and very cheap indeed.
Once more—but once—I cannot dwell
So long—'tis going—going—fie !
No offer—I've a heart to sell :
Who'll buy a heart ? who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

BOWRING.

FIDELITY.

(From the Spanish.)

ONE eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the streams of Guadalquivir,
To gold converting, one by one,
The ripples of the mighty river ;

Beside me on the bank was seated
A Seville girl with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated,
A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair !

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing.
Her words were three, and not one more,
What could Diana's motto be ?
The Syren wrote upon the shore—
" Death, not inconstancy !"

And then her two large languid eyes
So turned on mine, that, devil take me,
I set the air on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make me.
Saint Francis would have been deceived,
With such an eye and such a hand :
But one week more, and I believed
As much the woman as the sand.

Anon.

LITTLE RACHEL.

IN one of the wild nooks of heath land,
which are set so prettily amidst our richly
timbered valleys, stands the cottage
of Robert Ford, an industrious and substantial
blacksmith. There is a striking
appearance of dingy comfort about the
whole demesne, forming as it does a sort
of detached and isolated territory in the
midst of the unenclosed common by which
it is surrounded. The ample garden,
whose thick dusty quickset hedge runs
along the high road ; the snug cottage
whose gable-end abuts on the causeway ;
the neat court which parts the house from
the long low-browed shop and forge ; and
the stable, cart-shed, and piggeries behind,
have all an air of rustic opulence : even
the clear irregular pond, half covered
with ducks and geese that adjoins, and
the old pollard oak, with a milestone
leaning against it, that overhangs the
dwelling, seem in accordance with its
consequence and character, and give finish
and harmony to the picture.

The inhabitants were also in excellent
keeping. Robert Ford, a stout, hearty,
middle-aged man, sooty and grim as a
collier, paced backward and forward between
the house and the forge with the
step of a man of substance—his very
leather apron had an air of importance ;

his wife Dinah, a merry comely woman, sat at the open door, in an amplitude of cap and gown and handkerchief, darning an eternal worsted stocking, and hailed the passers-by with the cheerful freedom of one well to do in the world; and their three sons, well-grown lads from sixteen to twenty, were the pride of the village for industry and good humour—to say nothing of their hereditary love of cricket. On a Sunday, when they had on their best clothes and cleanest faces, they were the handsomest youths in the parish. Robert Ford was proud of his boys, as well he might be, and Dinah was still prouder.

Altogether, it was a happy family and a pretty scene; especially of an evening, when the forge was at work, and when the bright firelight shone through the large unglazed window, illumining with its strange red unearthly light, the group that stood round the anvil; showers of sparks flying from the heated iron, and the loud strokes of the sledge hammer resounding over all the talking and laughing of the workmen, re-enforced by three or four idlers who were lounging about the shop. It formed a picture, which in a summer evening, we could seldom pass without stopping to contemplate; beside I had a roadside acquaintance with Mrs Ford, had taken shelter in her cottage from thunder-storms and snow-storms, and even by daylight could not walk by without a friendly “How d’ye do.”

Late in last autumn we observed an addition to the family, in the person of a pretty little shy lass, of some eight years old, a fair slim small-boned child, with delicate features, large blue eyes, a soft colour, light shining hair, and a remarkable neatness in her whole appearance. She seemed constantly busy, either sitting on a low stool by Dinah’s side at needle-work, or gliding about the kitchen engaged in some household employment—for the wide open door generally favoured the passengers with a full view of the interior, from the fully stored bacon-rack to the nicely swept hearth; and the little girl, if she perceived herself to be looked at, would slip behind the clock-case, or creep under the dresser to avoid notice. Mrs Ford, when questioned as to her new inmate, said that she was her husband’s niece, the daughter of a younger brother, who had worked somewhere

London-way, and had died lately, leaving a widow with eleven children in distressed circumstances. She added, that having no girl of their own, they had taken little Rachel for good and all; and vaunted much of her handiness, her sempstress-ship, and her scholarship, how she could read a chapter with the parish clerk or make a shirt with the schoolmistress. Hereupon she called her to display her work, which was indeed extraordinary for so young a needle-woman; and would fain have had her exhibit her other accomplishment of reading: but the poor little maid hung down her head, and blushed up to her white temples, and almost cried, and though too frightened to run away, shrank back, till she was fairly hidden behind her portly aunt; so that that performance was perforce pretermitted. Mrs Ford was rather scandalized at this shyness; and expostulated, coaxed and scolded, after the customary fashion on such occasions. “Shame-facedness was,” she said, “Rachel’s only fault, and she believed the child could not help it. Her uncle and cousins were as fond of her as fond could be, but she was afraid of them all, and had never entered the shop since there she had been. Rachel,” she added “was singular in all her ways, and never spent a farthing on apples or gingerbread, though she had a bran new sixpence, which her uncle had given her for hemming his cravats; she believed that she was saving it to send home.”

A month passed away, during which time from the mere habit of seeing us frequently, Rachel became so far tamed as to behold me and my usual walking companion without much dismay; would drop her little curtsey without colouring so very deeply, and was even won to accept a bun from that dear companion’s pocket, and to answer yes or no to his questions.

At the end of that period, as we were returning home in the twilight from a round of morning visits, we perceived a sort of confusion in the forge, and heard loud sounds of scolding from within the shop, mixed with bitter lamentations from without. On a nearer approach, we discovered that the object in distress was an old acquaintance, a young Italian boy, such a wanderer from the Lake of Como, as he, whom Wordsworth has addressed so beautifully:

—“ Or on thy head to poise a show
Of plaster craft in seemly row ;
The graceful form of milk-white steed,
Or bird that soared with Ganymede ;
Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton with his hair
Around his placid temples curled
And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world ! ”

He passed us almost every day, carrying his tray full of images into every quarter of the village. We had often wondered how he could find vent for his commodities ; but our farmers’ wives patronize that branch of art ; and Stefano, with his light firm step, his upright carriage, his dancing eyes, and his broken English, was a universal favourite.

At present the poor boy’s keen Italian features and bright dark eyes were disfigured by crying ; and his loud wailings and southern gesticulations bore witness to the extremity of his distress. The cause of his grief was visible in the half empty tray that rested on the window of the forge, and the green parrot which lay in fragments on the footpath. The wrath of Robert Ford required some farther explanation, which the presence of his worship instantly brought forth, although the enraged blacksmith was almost too angry to speak intelligibly.

It appeared that his youngest and favourite son, William, had been chaffering with Stefano for this identical green parrot, to present to Rachel, when a mischievous lad, running along the road, had knocked it from the window sill, and reduced it to the state which we saw. So far was mere misfortune ; and undoubtedly if left to himself our good neighbour would have indemnified the little merchant, but poor Stefano, startled at the suddenness of the accident, trembling at the anger of the severe master on whose account he travelled the country, and probably in the darkness, really mistaking the offender, unluckily accused William Ford of the overthrow ; which accusation, although the assertion was instantly and humbly retracted on William’s denial, so aroused the English blood of the father, a complete John Bull, that he was raving, till black in the face, against cheats and foreigners, and threatening the young

Italian with whipping, and the treadmill, and justices, and stocks, when we made our appearance, and the storm, having nearly exhausted its fury, gradually abated.

By this time, however, the clamour had attracted a little crowd of lookers on from the house and the road, amongst the rest Mrs Ford, and, peeping behind her aunt, little Rachel. Stefano continued to exclaim in his imperfect accent. “ He will beat me ! ” and to sob and crouch and shiver, as if actually suffering under the impending chastisement. It was impossible not to sympathize with such a reality of distress, although we felt that an English boy, similarly situated, would have been too stout-hearted not to restrain its expression. “ Sixpence ! ” and “ my master will beat me, ” intermixed with fresh bursts of crying, were all his answers to the various enquiries as to the amount of his loss, with which he was assailed ; and young William Ford, “ a lad of grace, ” was approaching his hand to his pocket, and my dear companion had just drawn forth his purse, when the good intentions of the one were arrested by the stern commands of his father, and the other was stopped by the re-appearance of Rachel, who had run back to the house, and now darted through the group holding out her own new sixpence,—her hoarded sixpence, and put it into Stefano’s hand !

It may be imagined that the dear child was no loser by her generosity ; she was loaded with caresses by every one, which, too much excited to feel her bashfulness, she not only endured but returned. Her uncle, thus rebuked by an infant, was touched almost to tears. He folded her in his arms, kissed her and blessed her ; gave Stefano half a crown for the precious sixpence, and swore to keep it as a relique and a lesson as long as he lived.

MISS MITFORD.*

* “ Our Village : Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery, by Mary Russell Mitford.” Two volumes.—A work of most superior excellence, (especially the first volume) and unique in its kind combining a piquancy and fidelity of description, equal perhaps to that of the excellent novels of Miss Ferrier, with a grace and fascination peculiar to the fair authoress.—*Ed.*

THE SUMMER MORNING.

THE cocks have now the morn foretold,
 The sun again begins to peep,
 The shepherd whistling to his fold,
 Unpens and frees the captive sheep.
 O'er pathless plains at early hours
 The sleepy rustic gloomy goes;
 The dews, brush'd off from grass and flowers,
 Bemoistening, sop his hardened shoes.

While every leaf that forms a shade,
 And every floweret's silken top,
 And every shivering bent and blade,
 Stoops, bowing with a diamond top.
 But soon shall fly their diamond drops,
 The red round sun advances higher,
 And stretching o'er the mountain tops
 Is gilding sweet the village spire.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
 Or list the gurgling of the brook;
 Or, stretch'd beneath the shade of trees,
 Peruse and pause on nature's book,
 When nature every sweet prepares
 To entertain our wish'd delay,—
 The images which morning wears,
 The wakening charms of early day.

Now let me tread the meadow paths
 While glittering dew the ground illumines,
 As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,
 Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes;
 And hear the beetle sound his horn,
 And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
 Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
 A hailing minstrel of the sky.

JOHN CLARE.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

THERE is no vice that causes more calamities in human life, than the intemperate passion for gaming. How many noble and ingenuous persons it hath reduced from wealth unto poverty; nay, from honesty to dishonour, and by still descending steps into the gulph of perdition. And yet how prevalent it is in all capital cities, where many of the chiefest merchants, and courtiers especially, are mere pitiful slaves of fortune, toiling like so many abject turnspits in her ignoble wheel. Such a man is worse off than a poor borrower, for all he has is at the momentary call of imperative chance; or rather he is more wretched than a very beggar, being mocked with an appearance of wealth, but as deceitful as if it turned,

like the monies in the old Arabian story, into decaying leaves.

In our parent city of Rome, to aggravate her modern disgraces, this pestilent vice has lately fixed her abode, and has inflicted many deep wounds on the fame and fortunes of her proudest families. A number of noble youths have been sucked into the ruinous vortex, some of them being degraded at last into humble retainers upon rich men, but the most part perishing by an unnatural catastrophe; and if the same fate did not befall the young Marquis de Malaspini, it was only by favour of a circumstance which is not likely to happen a second time for any gamester.

This gentleman came into a handsome revenue at the death of his parents, whereupon, to dissipate his regrets, he travelled abroad, and his graceful manners procured him a distinguished reception at several courts. After two years spent in this manner, he returned to Rome, where he had a magnificent palace on the banks of the Tiber, and which he further enriched with some valuable paintings and sculptures from abroad. His taste in these works was much admired; and his friends remarked with still greater satisfaction, that he was untainted by the courtly vices which he must have witnessed in his travels. It only remained to complete their wishes, that he should form a matrimonial alliance that should be worthy of himself, and he seemed likely to fulfil this hope in attaching himself to the beautiful Countess of Maraviglia. She was herself the heiress of an ancient and honourable house; so that the match was regarded with satisfaction by the relations on both sides, and especially as the young pair were most tenderly in love with each other.

For certain reasons, however, the nuptials were deferred for a time, thus affording leisure for the crafty machinations of the devil, who delights, above all things, to cross a virtuous and happy marriage. Accordingly, he did not fail to make use of this judicious opportunity, but chose for his instrument the lady's own brother, a very profligate and a gamester, who soon fastened, like an evil genius, on the unlucky Malaspini.

It was a dismal shock to the lady, when she learned the nature of this connexion, which Malaspini himself discovered to

her, by incautiously dropping a die from his pocket in her presence. She immediately endeavoured, with all her influence, to reclaim him from the dreadful passion for play, which had now crept over him like a moral cancer, and already disputed the sovereignty of love; neither was it without some dreadful struggles of remorse on his own part, and some useless victories, that he at last gave himself up to such desperate habits, but the power of his Mephistophiles prevailed, and the visits of Malaspini to the lady of his affections became still less frequent; he repairing instead to those nightly resorts where the greater portion of his estates was already forfeited.

At length, when the lady had not seen him for some days, and in the very last week before that which had been appointed for her marriage, she received a desperate letter from Malaspini, declaring that he was a ruined man, in fortune and hope; and that at the cost of his life even, he must renounce her hand for ever. He added, that if his pride would let him even propose himself, a beggar as he was, for her acceptance, he should yet despair too much of her pardon to make such an offer; whereas, if he could have read in the heart of the unhappy lady, he would have seen that she still preferred the beggar Malaspini, to the richest nobleman in the popedom. With abundance of tears and sighs perusing his letter, her first impulse was to assure him of that loving truth; and to offer herself with her estates to him, in compensation of the spite of fortune: but the wretched Malaspini had withdrawn himself no one knew whither, and she was constrained to content herself with grieving over his misfortunes, and purchasing such parts of his property as were exposed to sale by his plunderers. And now it became apparent what a villanous part his betrayer had taken; for, having thus stripped the unfortunate gentleman, he now aimed to rob him of his life also, that his treacheries might remain undiscovered. To this end he feigned a most vehement indignation at Malaspini's neglect and bad faith, as he termed it, towards his sister; protesting that it was an insult to be only washed out with his blood, and with these expressions he sought to kill him at any advantage. And no doubt he would have become a murderer, as well as a dishonest

gamester, if Malaspini's shame and anguish had not drawn him out of the way; for he had hired a mean lodging in the suburbs, from which he never issued but at dusk, and then only to wander in the most unfrequented places.

It was now in the wane of Autumn, when some of the days are fine, and gorgeously decorated at morn and eve by the rich sun's embroideries; but others are dewy and dull, with cold nipping winds, inspiring comfortless fancies and thoughts of melancholy in every bosom. In such a dreary hour, Malaspini happened to walk abroad, and avoiding his own squandered estates, which it was not easy to do by reason of their extent, he wandered into a bye place in the neighbourhood. The place was very lonely and desolate, and without any near habitation; its main feature especially being a large tree, now stripped bare of its vernal honours, excepting one dry yellow leaf, which was shaking on a topmost bough to the cold evening wind, and threatening at every moment to fall to the damp, dewy earth. Before this dreary object Malaspini stopped sometime in contemplation, commenting to himself on the desolate tree, and drawing many apt comparisons between its nakedness and his own beggarly condition.

"Alas! poor bankrupt," says he, "thou hast been plucked too, like me; but yet not so basely. Thou hast but showered thy green leaves on the grateful earth, which in another season will repay thee with sap and sustenance; but those whom I have fattened will not so much as lend again to my living. Thou wilt thus regain all thy green summer wealth, which I shall never do; and besides, thou art still better off than I am, with that one golden leaf to cheer thee, whereas I have been stripped even of my last ducat!"

With these and many more similar fancies he continued to aggrieve himself, till at last, being more sad than usual, his thoughts tended unto death, and he resolved, still watching that yellow leaf, to take its flight as the signal for his own departure.

"Chance," said he, "hath been my temporal ruin, and so let it now determine for me, in my last cast between life and death, which is now all that its malice hath left me."

Thus in his extremity he still risked

somewhat upon fortune; and very shortly the leaf being torn away by a sudden blast, it made two or three flutterings to and fro, and at last settled on the earth, at about a hundred paces from the tree. Malaspini interpreted this as an omen that he ought to die; and following the leaf till it alighted, he fell to work on the same spot with his sword, intending to scoop himself a sort of rude hollow for a grave. He found a strange gloomy pleasure in this fanciful design, that made him labour very earnestly: and the soil besides being loose and sandy, he had soon cleared away about a foot below the surface. The earth then became suddenly more obstinate, and trying it here and there with his sword, it struck against some very hard substance; whereupon, digging a little further down, he discovered a considerable treasure.

There were coins of various nations, but all golden, in this petty mine; and in such quantity as made Malaspini doubt, for a moment, if it were not the mere mintage of his fancy. Assuring himself, however, that it was no dream, he gave many thanks to God for this timely providence; notwithstanding, he hesitated for a moment, to deliberate whether it was honest to avail himself of the money; but believing, as was most probable, that it was the plunder of some banditti, he was reconciled to the appropriation of it to his own necessities.

Loading himself, therefore, with as much gold as he could conveniently carry, he hastened with it to his humble quarters; and by making two or three more trips in the course of the night he made himself master of the whole treasure. It was sufficient, on being reckoned, to maintain him in comfort for the rest of his life; but not being able to enjoy it in the scene of his humiliations, he resolved to reside abroad; and embarking in an English vessel at Naples, he was carried over safely to London.

It is held a deep disgrace amongst our Italian nobility for a gentleman to meddle with either trade or commerce; and yet, as we behold, they will condescend to retail their own produce, and wine especially,—yea, marry, and with an empty barrel, like any vintner's sign, hung out at their stately palaces. Malaspini perhaps disdained from the first these illiberal prejudices; or else he was taught

to renounce them by the example of the London merchants, whom he saw in that great mart of the world, engrossing the universal seas, and enjoying the power and importance of princes, merely from the fruits of their traffic. At any rate, he embarked what money he possessed in various mercantile adventures, which ended so profitably, that in three years he had regained almost as large a fortune as he had formerly inherited. He then speedily returned to his native country, and redeeming his paternal estates, he was soon in a worthy condition to present himself to his beloved countess, who was still single, and cherished him with all a woman's devotedness in her constant affection. They were, therefore, before long united, to the contentment of all Rome; her wicked relation having been slain some time before, in a brawl with his associates.

As for the fortunate wind-fall which had so befriended him. Malaspini founded with it a noble hospital for orphans; and for this reason, that it belonged formerly to some fatherless children, from whom it had been withheld by their unnatural guardian. This wicked man it was who had buried the money in the sand: but when he found that his treasure was stolen, he went and hanged himself on the very tree that had caused its discovery.

THOMAS HOOD.*

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

One of the kings of Scanderoon,
A Royal Jester
Had in his train, a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
Occurr'd not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seem'd to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

* National Tales, by Thomas Hood, author of 'Whims and Oddities,' London, 1827, 2 vols. 8vo.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure
Incurr'd the desperate displeasure

Of his serene and raging highness:
Whether he twitch'd his most revered
And sacred beard,

Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the seraglio, or let fly

An epigram at royalty,
None knows;—his sin was an occult one;
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,

Exclaim'd—" 'Tis time to stop that breath;
Thy doom is seal'd, presumptuous slave!

Thou stand'st condemn'd to certain death.
Silence, base rebel!—no replying!—

But such is my indulgence still
Out of my own free grace and will
I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"

Replied the wretch, and kiss'd the dust;

"Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your majesty's humane decree

Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

SMITH.

THE CRIMINAL.

A TRUE STORY.

From the German of Schiller.

IN the whole history of man there is no chapter, perhaps, more fraught with instruction, both for his heart and his intellect, than the annals of his errors and excesses. On the commission of every grave offence, a proportionally strong power is brought into action. Inasmuch as the secret play of ambition, and all self aspirations, are checked only by the feebleness of common feeling, they, in fact, become more powerful and vigorous, more gigantic, and louder in their demands. An exact observer, who has calculated how far the usual power of free-will may really be relied upon, and how far it may be correct to decide by analogy, will acquire much experience in the province of psychology, which might be applied with advantage to the rules of moral life.

There is something at once so uniform, and yet so compounded, in the human heart! One simple habit, or desire, may display itself in such a variety of forms and directions; produce so many opposite phenomena; and disguise itself under so

many characters; while so many dissimilar actions and characters may spring out of the same bias of mind, even when the being, who is the subject of it, suspects nothing of such connection between them.

Grant us only a Linnæus for the classification of the impulses and passions of man, as in the other kingdoms of nature, and what would be our surprise to find many, whose criminal career is confined to the narrow sphere of a little town, hedged in by local laws, connected with the monster Borgia in one and the same order?

Viewed in this light, there is much objection to the usual method of treating history; and here too, I conjecture, lies the difficulty in regard to turning its perusal to advantage, among the class of commoners, and other general readers, in social and moral life. There exists so direct a contrast between the mental exercise of the man of business, and the quiet position of the reader; so wide a space may be said to intervene, that it is difficult, if not impossible, for the latter to detect, or even to conjecture, any connection. There remains a chasm, as it were, between the historical subject and the reader, which no effort of comparison or application can fill up; and its perusal, in place of inspiring a wholesome alarm, which might put the proud and confident upon their guard, merely excites a feeling of strangeness and indifference. We view the unhappy culprit as a being of foreign species, no less in the commission, than during the punishment of his crime; one whose blood circulates differently, whose will is obedient to other rules and impulses. Though human like ourselves, his fate excites little emotion; for sympathy is founded upon a vague sense of similar danger, and we are very far from indulging any idea of common danger, any degree of resemblance between ourselves and him. The instruction passes with the event away, and history, instead of becoming a school of education, must rest satisfied with the praise of having gratified our curiosity. To attain higher objects, and produce better results, it must necessarily make choice between two methods; either the reader ought to be animated like the hero, or the hero appear cold as the reader.

I am aware that among the best histories of ancient and modern times, a num-

ber are restricted to the first method, and appeal to the reader's heart by attractive pictures, and incidents of the same kind. Such a style, however, is an encroachment upon the province of other writers, and injurious to the republican freedom of the reading classes, whose place it is to sit in judgment; while it, moreover, exceeds the due limits assigned to that species of composition; intruding more especially, as it does, upon the characteristics of the orator and the poet. The latter method alone, then, remains open to the writer of history.

The hero must become cold, like his reader, or what amounts to as much, we must grow familiar before he proceeds to action; we must not merely pursue him through his whole career, but we ought to feel gratified in doing this. What he thinks is of still more importance to us than what he does; and the sources of his thoughts and actions, than the results of these actions themselves. The earth of Mount Vesuvius has been analyzed, in order to ascertain the source of its fires; and why should more attentive observation be bestowed upon a physical than upon a moral phenomenon? Why should we not equally inquire into the qualities and situation of things which surround such a character, even till we detect the concentrated embers which first awoke the internal fire that slumbered? To the dreamer who loves the wonderful, all that is strange and adventurous in such an appearance will have charms, while the friend of truth seeks to find a mother for these deserted children. He seeks her in the unalterable structure of the human soul, and in the changeable conditions to which it is outwardly subject, in both of which he finds them invariably true. He is no longer surprised to discover in the same soil where once only wholesome herbs appeared, the poisonous hemlock spread its baneful leaves; wisdom and folly, vice and virtue, nourished, as it were, in the same cradle.

Even if I should here illustrate none of the advantages to be derived from a knowledge of motives, in such a mode of treating history, the attempt will at least serve to soften that cruel mockery, and that proud security, with which, in general, untempted virtue is apt to look down upon the fallen; while it may serve to promote the gentler spirit of toleration,

without which no wanderer can be brought back—the law find no reconciliation with an offender—no smitten member of society saved from the general conflagration.

Whether the offender, of whom I prepare to treat, still reserved a right to appeal to the tolerant spirit above-mentioned; or whether he were only a worthless limb cast off from the body of society,—I shall not here presume to anticipate for the reader. Our compassion can no longer avail him; he died by the fiat of the law; but perhaps a dissection of the criminal body may afford some instruction to humanity, and possibly also to the course of justice.

Christian Wolf was the son of a publican in the district of — (the name, for reasons which will be explained in the sequel, being suppressed,) who, after his father's death, assisted his mother in the affairs of the hostelry until he reached his 20th year. There was not much business, and Wolf had many leisure hours: even from school he brought back with him the character of a wilful lad. Grown up maidens were known to make complaints against his pertness, while the youngsters all paid homage, throughout the village, to his inventive spirit. Nature had denied him the fair proportions bestowed on the rest of her children: he was short and plain, had thick curly hair of an ugly blackness; his nose appeared indented, as if flattened upon his face; his upper lip jutted out, which the kick of a horse had served farther to displace; altogether giving to his visage a revolting appearance, which held the women at a distance, and afforded an object of merriment to his rivals, or the stouter companions of his sports.

He determined to obtain by perseverance what was thus refused him; as he found too feelingly that he could never hope to please and appear amiable. The girl whom he selected treated him vilely enough, to be sure; though it was only animal impulse which he felt: he knew nothing of love. He had good grounds for suspecting that his rivals were more fortunate than himself; yet the girl was poor. A heart that remained proof against his attentions, might, perhaps, he thought, become softened by his presents; but penury stared him too in the face, and the rash effort he made to better his condi-

tion, deprived him, on the contrary, of the little which he had saved from his services. Too indolent and inexperienced to increase the business of his inn, too proud, and, at the same time, too effeminate to exchange the free life he had hitherto led for that of a labouring boor, he saw only one career lying open to him; one which thousands before, and thousands after him, have trod with better fortune—that of genteel and spirited thieving. It so happened that his native place bordered upon the preserved woods of a neighbouring lord, and he became a deer-stealer. His quarry, of course, passed faithfully into the hands of the lady of his choice.

Among the lovers of Johanna was a young huntsman of the forest, named Robert. He soon observed the advantage which the free life of his rival Wolf had acquired over him, and with jealous suspicion he began to inquire into the change. He showed himself more frequently at the Sun—such was the sign of the hostelry;—his keen eye, sharpened by jealousy, in a short time discovered the source of the newly acquired wealth. Not long before, a severe edict had been published against poachers, which condemned the offender to punishment, a pretty long discipline in the house of correction. Robert became eager and persevering in watching the secret motions of his enemy, and at length he succeeded, even in surprising the unsuspecting culprit in the act. Wolf was secured, and it was only by expending the whole of his little remaining property, that he was enabled to escape the punishment prepared for him.

Robert triumphed; his rival was driven from the field; Johanna dismissed him, for he was a beggar. Wolf knew his enemy, and that enemy was now the happy undisputed possessor of his lady's favours. A deep sense of poverty, united to injured pride, desertion and jealousy, all took possession of his soul: necessity drove him forth into the wide world, but revenge and passion seemed to rivet him to the spot. A second time he betook himself to deer stealing; a second time Robert redoubled his vigilance and activity, and betrayed him into the hands of justice. He now experienced the full severity of the law; had no more to give, and in a few weeks he was delivered up

to the work-master, in the house of discipline.

A year of severe hardship followed, at the end of which his evil passions had increased, and his pride remained unsubdued under the pressure of his fate. The moment he became free, he resumed his way to his native place, to appear before his Johanna, who had grown up into a fine woman. He approached, but all shunned him. This he had not anticipated; he shed tears; cruel want stared him in the face, and his pride was broken. He besought the great land owner of the place to permit him to toil daily for his pittance of bread; but the steward shrugged up his shoulders, and stouter competitors soon deprived him of all chance of success, and thrust him off the scene. He made a last effort; it was to obtain the poor vacant post of village herdsman; the only honest occupation remaining for him: but the steward declared that he would intrust the service to no such good-for-nothing fellow. Deceived in all his hopes, all his honest proposals rejected, he was at length compelled a third time to become a poacher, and was again unlucky enough to fall into the hands of his more powerful enemy.

This repeated backsliding greatly aggravated his offence in the eyes of the judge, who consulted only the tenor of the statute, not any of the mitigating circumstances under which it had been violated. The law called for a solemn and exemplary punishment, and Wolf was condemned to be braided with the sign of the gallows upon the back, and to three years' hard labour in prison.

This term also expired; Wolf survived it, and was set at liberty; but he was a different being; it seemed like a new epoch of his life. Let us hear how he himself explains his internal feelings, as appeared upon one of his trials. "I entered its walls only a misguided being, but I left them a complete villain. I had before something in the world which was dear to me, and my pride was broken under a sense of shame. When brought into the fortress, I was placed among three and twenty other prisoners, of whom three were murderers, and the rest some of the most abandoned and inveterate robbers and thieves. They mocked if I uttered the name of the Deity; and invited me, by their example, to pronounce the

most terrific blasphemies against our Redeemer. They sang the most vile and licentious songs, which, abandoned as I was, I could not hear without a feeling of disgust. Yet this was nothing compared with what I saw transacted, which carried my feelings of shame and abhorrence to a still higher pitch. No day passed without some repetition of such scenes, some piece of villany or stratagem worse than the last. At first I shunned their society, and stopped my ears as much as possible at the horrid sounds I heard; but I stood in need of some living being, and the cruelty of my keepers had destroyed even my dog. The labour was hard, and inflicted tyrannically; I was ill,—I wanted support; and when I openly declared how much I stood in need of compassion, I was compelled to purchase it at the price of my last remaining scruples of conscience. It was thus I gradually accustomed myself to the most revolting deeds, and by the last quarter of the year I had actually outstripped my instructor.

“From this period I sighed for the day of freedom; for I was burning for vengeance. All mankind had injured me, because all were better and happier than I—I, who viewed myself as a martyr to natural right, an innocent victim of the law. Gnashing my teeth, I cursed my chains as I saw the sun rising from behind the mountain beyond our prison; for a distant prospect is double purgatory to a close prisoner. The free wind, as it whistled through the air-holes, and the swallow which flew from the iron trellice of my grating, seemed to mock my captivity, and rendered its contrast with the idea of freedom still more afflicting. Then it was I vowed hatred, deep and irreconcilable hatred, against every thing which bore the human form, and, horrid as it was, this fatal vow I fulfilled.

“Again, the first thought which struck me on my recovered liberty, was to revisit my native place. In proportion as there was little to promise myself in the view of subsistence, my hunger for revenge seemed to increase. My heart throbbed wildly as I first caught a glimpse of the church steeple, which rose above the woods. It no longer sprung from a feeling of satisfaction, as on my first return. The recollection of my ruined affairs, with all their fatal consequences,

rushed fresh upon my soul: I woke as out of the sleep of death; my wounds bled anew; and I hastened my steps in order to confront and alarm my enemies with my sudden appearance; for I felt that I now rather coveted farther degradation, instead of trembling at the prospect as before.

“The hour tolled to vespers just as I reached the middle of the market-place. The crowd was going thence towards the church. I was quickly recognised, and every one I met drew back. Hitherto I had ever been kind and friendly to the children; and a little urchin whom I saw playing near, skipped towards me, and entreated me to bestow on him a farthing’s worth. He took it; then looked at me a moment in the face and flung it back again. Had my blood been calmer I might have recalled to mind that I wore an enormous beard, which I brought from prison, and which gave me a very frightful appearance; but the wickedness of my heart had begun to obscure my reason, and I shed tears of rage, such as I had never shed before.

“The boy knew neither who I was nor whence I came; yet I cried, half audibly, ‘What, does he shun me as if I were worse than a wild beast? Do I every where bear a mark upon my forehead, or is it my lot to bear only some resemblance to man, feeling, as I do, that I can never love a human being more?’—The contempt of a young boy cut me deeper than three years’ labour at the galleys, for I had done him a favour, and was guilty of no personal hatred, at least against him.

“I threw myself upon a piece of timber that lay opposite the church: I knew not exactly what it was I wished; but I well knew, and felt it bitterly, that none of the passers by, many of them my former acquaintance, would once greet me—no, not a single one! I was at length unwillingly compelled to leave my station in order to seek a night’s lodging; and as I was turning the corner of a street, I all at once fell in with the girl who had deserted me—with my Johanna. ‘My young host,’ she exclaimed, and was going to fling her arms round me. ‘Are you here again, my dear host of the Sun? Heaven be praised you are come back!’ Hunger and disease were visible in her whole dress and appearance; from

her countenance she was evidently labouring under a loathsome disease; a single glance betrayed what a vile abandoned creature she was become.

"I speedily conjectured what had happened. A party of the prince's dragoons, which I had just met in the streets, convinced me that there was a garrison in the place. 'Soldier's trull!' I cried, as I turned my back upon her, and felt gratified that there was yet a creature lower than myself in the scale of being: in fact I had never loved her.

"I found my mother was dead. With the remnants of my little property our creditors had paid themselves during my absence. I had no one, and nothing left me. The world cast me off like a poisonous weed, but I had now learned how to despise shame. Formerly I had wished to avoid the face of man, for contempt was intolerable to me; now I was eager to confront, and rejoiced to alarm them. It was so far well with me, that I had nothing more to lose, nothing to preserve. I was no longer in need of any good quality, because no one gave me credit, no one employment.

"The world lay before me, and in foreign parts I might, perhaps, have acquired some respectability, but I had lost even the courage to affect, much more to attempt it. Punishment and despair had deprived me of this temper of mind. It was the last lesson to learn to dispense with honour, as I no longer ventured to boast any title to it. Had I had sufficient vanity and pride to make me quite sensible of my degradation, I should have delivered myself by self-destruction.

"In fact, I was myself still a stranger to the resolution which I had actually adopted. I wished to do evil, although it yet appeared in dark and uncertain shapes before me. I wished to deserve the destiny to which I had been consigned. I believed that laws were so many blessings to the world, and for this reason longed to violate them. I had formerly fallen into crime from error and misfortune; now it appeared more matter of free choice, for my own satisfaction.

"With unsubdued obstinacy, my first resolve was again to turn poacher. The habit had become a passion in me; and I was, moreover, compelled to subsist. Still more than this, I took pleasure in deriding the prince's edict, and injuring

the property of our great land-owner in every way I could. I no longer trembled at the idea of being apprehended, for I had a bullet ready to discharge at my informant, and I was confident in the certainty of my aim. I dropped every deer at which I fired; though I turned very little to account, leaving by far the largest share to rot upon the ground. I lived economically, only for the purpose of laying out my savings in powder and shot. My devastations upon the large game made much noise; but my existence was wholly forgotten; no suspicion attached to me.

"This mode of life I continued during several months. Early one morning I had, as usual, penetrated through the furthest woods in search of a deer, whose traces I had got; two hours I had pursued in vain, and was just giving it up for lost, when I again espied it at a distance. I was about to fire, when, only a few steps from me, I perceived a hat lying upon the ground. Looking more sharply round me, I recognised the huntsman Robert concealed behind an oak, in the act of firing at the same deer. A death-like chill ran through my veins at the sight of him. There stood the being whom of all living creatures upon the wide earth, I most utterly detested; and that being was within reach of my fire. At that instant it appeared as if the fate of the whole world depended upon the goodness of my flint; the deep concentrated hatred of a whole life was felt at my finger-ends, which were preparing to level the murderous weapon. A dread invisible hand appeared hovering over me; the time-piece of my destiny pointed irrevocably to this dark and terrific minute. My hand trembled as it obeyed the fearful impulse; my teeth rattled, as if in an ague-fit; and my breath stopped, and laboured at my breast.

"During a full minute my aim wavered between the man and the deer; but the next, and the next, revenge and conscience were at bitter strife, doubtful long—till sudden passion fired my soul, and the huntsman lay dying upon the ground!

"The fatal instrument fell from my hand. 'Murderer!' I stammered out. The woods were still as a church-yard, and I heard myself plainly pronounce that word. As I drew nigh, the huntsman gave a last gasp. I saw him die.

I stood speechless over his body for some time; and then suddenly burst into a loud, loud laugh—"Will you keep a clean tongue now, good friend, and cease accusing your neighbours?"—and I then stepped boldly up to him, and turned the face of the dead man upwards. His eyes were wide open; and I stopped suddenly as I was going to speak, and felt anxious. A sense of strangeness and wonder took possession of me, and I did not like to leave the spot.

"Until now I calculated I had more than expiated my crimes; but something had here happened for which I had yet to pay. An hour before, it would have been impossible for any one to have convinced me that I was not the vilest of human beings; now I began to suspect that, give me back an hour, and I should be in fact an enviable man.

"It was not the wrath of Heaven—I know not exactly what it was—that alarmed me. It was a confused recollection of corporeal penalty and pain, along with the execution of a child-murder which I once witnessed when a school-boy. There was something particularly frightful in the idea of the prospect that lay before me; I felt that I had forfeited my life. I cannot here recall any thing farther: only that I was frequently wishing that he could be restored to life. I attempted to recall more forcibly all the insults and injuries the deceased, while living, had heaped upon me; yet strange to say, my memory seemed to have forsaken me. From amidst all I could not collect any thing which at all accounted for the rage which I had felt only a quarter of an hour before. I could in no way ascertain, or satisfy myself how I had come to commit the murder.

"I still stood before the body—stood and lingered. The cracking of a whip, and the sound of a waggon proceeding through the wood, first recalled me to myself. It was scarcely a quarter of a mile distant from the high road, where the deed was perpetrated. It was full time to look to my own safety. Involuntarily I threw myself deeper into the woods. On the way I bethought me that the deceased had been possessed of a watch: I wanted money to reach the boundaries, yet I had not courage to return to the place where he lay. Here I was startled at the idea of a devil and an omnipresent God. I madly

summoned all my resolution; determined to cope with all the infernal powers, and ran back to the spot. I found what I had expected, and more than a dollar contained in a green purse. Just as I was about to secure both, I suddenly stopped, and thrust the money aside: not from any fear or shame at adding robbery to my crime; but rather from a feeling of pride. I left the watch and took only part of the money: for I wished to pass for the personal enemy of the deceased not as his robber.

"Again I flew through the woods; I knew that they extended four German miles northward, and there joined the boundaries. I ran almost breathless until noon; the rapidity of my flight dissipated my thoughts, though the pangs of conscience returned with double force in proportion as my strength deserted me. Dreadful shapes seemed to swim before my eyes, and threatened and struck at me, while I seemed to feel sharp knives in my breast. There was only a fearful choice left me, and choose I must—between a life of restless agony, or laying violent hands upon myself. For this last, however, I had not the necessary courage, and soon adopted the fixed resolution of remaining where I was. Hemmed in between the certain sufferings of life, and the nameless dread of eternity, equally unfit to live as to die, I had now continued my flight during six hours, the last full of agonizing pain, such as no living being can describe.

"Buried in my own thoughts, with my hat involuntarily slouched over my countenance, as if to conceal myself from the eye of surrounding nature, I slowly wound my way up a narrow footpath, leading through the darkest part of the thicket. Suddenly I heard a hoarse, commanding voice, that cried out, 'Halt!' It was close to me; my slouched hat and confusion having prevented me from looking around me. I looked up, and beheld a man of a wild aspect hastening towards me. He held a large, knotty club in his hand; his figure approached, or appeared, in my eyes, to approach the gigantic: his skin was of a yellowish black, which, contrasted with the large white of his oblique eye gave him a truly horrible appearance. Instead of a girdle, he wore a thick rope doubled round a green woollen coat, to which hung a large butcher's knife and a

pistol. The call was repeated, and the next moment I felt the grasp of a strong arm. The voice of a man had thrown me into alarm, but the sight of a villain reassured me. In my condition, I had cause to tremble in the presence of an honest man—not in that of a robber.

“‘Who goes there?’ he said, as he grasped me fast. ‘One like thyself,’ was my reply, ‘if thou be truly what thou seemest to be!’ ‘There was no way for thee here. What art seeking?’ ‘What need of the question here?’ I replied ironically. The man measured me twice earnestly, from head to foot, as if he were comparing my figure with his, and my answer with my appearance. ‘Thou speakest as boldly as a beggar,’ he added. ‘That may be; a beggar I was but yesterday.’ The man laughed: ‘One would swear,’ he cried, ‘that thou wouldst not pass for aught better now!’ ‘For something worse, I hope then,’ continued I. ‘Softly, friend! why are you in such haste? have you no time to spare?’ I considered a moment: I know not how the words escaped my lips: ‘Life is short,’ said I earnestly, ‘and hell endures for ever.’

“‘He looked at me amazed: ‘May I be d—d,’ cried he, at length, ‘but I think that thou art very nearly related to the family of the Gallows.’ ‘Not very far wide, perhaps; so welcome, brother!’ ‘Done, comrade,’ he added, as he took my hand, and then pulled out a tin flask from his large game-pocket, drained it pretty deeply, and then gave it to me. My flight and my terrors had nearly exhausted my strength: during the whole of this wretched day, I had never once broken my fast. I was afraid of dying a lingering death in the desert; for the space of three miles round no refreshment was to be found. Imagine how eagerly I snatched at the proffered cup, and drank my comrade’s health. Fresh strength inspired me; I felt reviving courage at my heart; hope and love of life glowed warmly in my breast, and I began to think I was not altogether so wretched; such was the efficacy of a single draught. I confess, on the contrary, that my situation seemed to border on the happy; for at last, after a thousand disappointments, I had met with a being who resembled me. In the lost condition in which I found myself, I should have claimed companionship and drank with

the evil spirit, in order to have some one in whom to confide.

“‘The man threw himself carelessly upon the grass, and I did the same. ‘Your liquor has done me good,’ I observed; ‘we must become better acquainted.’ He now struck fire, in order to light his pipe. ‘Have you driven this trade long?’ inquired I. He gave me a keen look;—‘What do you mean by that?’ ‘Has this often been bloody?’ I continued, as I chucked the knife at his girdle. ‘What are you?’ he cried, rather alarmed, and laid down his pipe. ‘A murderer, like yourself, only I am but a beginner.’ The man glanced wildly at me for a moment, and then resumed his pipe. ‘You do not live near here?’ he observed. ‘Three miles hence, mine Host of the Sun. Should you happen to have heard of me?’ The man sprang to his feet like one possessed.—‘What! the deer-stealer, Wolf!’ he cried, eagerly. ‘The same.’ ‘Welcome, comrade! thrice welcome!’ and he shook me heartily by the hand. ‘Have I at last got you with me, mine Host of the Sun? I have long bethought me, both by day and night, to have a catch at you. I know you well;—yes; I know all; and I have for some time counted upon you.’ ‘Counted upon me! in what way, comrade?’ ‘Why, the whole country rings with thy name. Thou hast enemies; a place-man has trampled thee in the dust. Wolf! their deeds against thee cried unto Heaven for justice—for revenge.’ The robber grew warm:—‘Because you shot a deer, or a swine or two, which the Prince feeds upon the acorns of our fields, they consigned thee for years to the work-house, to the fortress, the galleys; they deprived thee of house and credit, and made thee a beggar. Is it indeed come to this—that a man is to be reckoned no higher than a deer, no better than the beasts of the fields,—and a lad of thy spirit could put up with this?’ ‘Could I help it?’ ‘That we will look to now. But say, whence come you, and what are your designs?’

“‘I directly related my whole history. The robber, before I had completed it, sprang from the ground impatiently, and drew me after him. ‘Come, brother,—comrade,—brave Host of the Sun,—now thou art ripe for action; now thou art come in time for what I wanted thee. I will show thee the road to honour; trust

me, I will; and follow me,' 'Whether wend you, then?' 'Inquire no more. Follow.' And he pulled me forcibly along.

"We had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, when the wood became deeper and darker. There was no longer any path; its aspect was wild and dreary; neither of us spoke a word; until at last my guide's whistle roused me from my reflections.

"I looked up—we stood on the rugged edge of a rocky eminence, which opened as we proceeded lower into a deep cavern. A second whistle replied to the former, from the interior; and a ladder rose slowly, as if of its own accord, from the cave below us. My guide first descended, bidding me to wait there until he should return. 'I must first chain our great dog,' he observed; 'thou art strange, and the beast would tear thee.' He then crept down. It simply required a bold heart to have drawn the ladder up, and become again free. My flight was secure. I confess that this struck me. I looked down into the cavern, that seemed yawning to receive me; something reminded me of the bottomless pit, whence there is no deliverance more. I shuddered at the career I was about to tread, and sudden flight alone could redeem me. I resolved to fly. My hand was already on the ladder; when all at once there thundered in my ears, and it seemed to resound like the mocking laughter of hell—'What has a murderer to lose?' and my arm fell palsied by my side. My reckoning was made; the hour of remorse was concluded; my murderer lay behind me, like a tower of rock, and severed my return for ever.

"My guide, likewise, returned, and informed me that I might go down. There no longer remained any choice: I crept into the yawning abyss. We had proceeded only a few steps below the wall of rock, when the entrance grew wider, and a number of heads became visible. Middle way between, a round green plat opened upon us, where we found from eighteen to twenty men thrown carelessly round a large fire. 'Here, my brave boys,' cried my conductor, thrusting me into the midst of them; 'here, is mine Host of the Sun! and bid him welcome!'

"'Mine Host of the Sun!' cried each and every one, as he sprang up, and gathered round me, while the women followed their example. Shall I confess it! the

joy was loud and boundless; confidence and esteem were pictured in every face: one pressed my hands, another took me by my garment, and my whole reception was like that of a man who meets an old friend of known worth and hearty feelings. My arrival interrupted the carousal which had already begun; but it was speedily revived: a cup was handed me, and I drank a welcome to my new friends.

"Wild fowl and game of every kind formed our feast; and the cups went speedily round. Good cheer and harmony seemed to reign over the whole assembly, and all seemed to vie with each other in displaying their delight in celebrating the day of my arrival.

"I was placed between two women, at the head of the table as a mark of honour. I anticipated the reproach of all the rest of their sex; but how pleasingly was I surprised at their kind treatment. Under the rude weeds they wore, I recognized a female form, lovely as I had ever beheld it.

"Margaret, the oldest and the most beautiful of the two, went by the name of maiden, and was not more than five-and-twenty years of age. Her language was very bold, and her features expressed more than she said. Maria, the younger, had been married, but had absconded from her husband, on account of his ill treatment of her. She had a lighter figure, but looked pale and sickly; and she failed to excite the glow of pleasure inspired by her brighter neighbour. Both, however, became rivals for my notice; the beautiful Margaret tried to vanquish my diffidence by her bare-faced jokes; but the whole woman revolted me, and my heart became a prey to the more coy Maria.

"'You see, my good host of the Sun,' cried my conductor, 'how we live together, and every day resembles the foregoing. Is it true, comrades?' 'Every day like the last!' echoed the whole circle. 'Now if our mode of life be to your fancy, Host—and why should it not?—say the word boldly, and thou shalt be our chief. As yet I am he; but I will resign, in thy favour: so rejoice with us, comrade!'

"A willing *yes* burst from the whole circle. My brain was on fire; wine and ambition tingled in my veins. The world had cast me out, like an infected thing: here I found the reception of a brother

good cheer and honour. Whatever choice I made, death still awaited me : here, at least, I might sell my life for the highest and brightest prize it was worth. Sensuality was my besetting sin ; the sex had hitherto treated me only with contempt ; all favour, and boundless indulgence here invited my embrace. ' I remain with you, comrades,' I cried out with a loud decision, and stepped into the midst of the band : ' Yes, I remain with you, if ye will yield me my fair neighbour for a mate ;'—All assented, not a single murmur met my ear : I became the undisputed master of a courtesan, and the captain of banditti."

The subsequent portion of this history I omit : the horrible and the revolting can have no claim—can afford no instruction to the reader.

An unhappy wretch, sunk into so deep an abyss, must commit every thing permitted to human nature : yet that no second murder ever stained his hands, formed part of his confession at the rack.

The robber Wolf's reputation speedily spread throughout the whole district. The highways became unsafe : nightly excursions alarmed the citizens ; the name of the Host of the Sun was the terror of the peasantry ; justice long pursued him, and a price was set upon his head. He was always lucky enough to escape the snares, and he soon availed himself of the superstition of the people to add to his security. His connections might well spread, they said, when he had entered into a bond with the devil, and could bewitch whom he pleased. The district in which he played his part, then belonged, even less than now, to the more intelligent portion of Germany : the peasantry gave full credit to the report, and his person was safe. No one showed any inclination to meddle with a wretch employed in the service of the devil.

He had already continued this lamentable career during a whole year, when it so happened, that he began to find it insupportable. The band, at whose head he was placed, deceived his expectations. A seductive appearance had, in the first instance, inflamed his imagination, heated as it was with wine ; but now he saw, with alarm, that hunger and privations of all kind succeeded to abundance, and his life not unfrequently depended on a single meal. He was hourly in dread of

perishing of want ; while under such pressure, fraternal harmony disappeared ; envy, suspicion, and hatred, began to work the ruin of the abandoned crew.

Justice held out a reward to any person who would deliver him alive into its hands ; even though he were an accomplice, his pardon would be granted. The wretched Wolf was aware of his danger : the honour of those who had betrayed both God and man was small security for him.

His sleep forsook him : incessant deadly terror and anxiety banished all rest ; the dreadful spectre of suspicion dogged his footsteps ; pursued him in his dreams, and tortured his waking hours. His conscience, too, under these fears and privations, began to make itself heard, while the slumbering embers of remorse were roused into flames by the gathering storm. His former abhorrence of mankind changed its object, and fixed deadlier fangs upon himself. He cast his eye over all animated nature, and found nothing deserving his bitter curse—except himself.

Vice had exhausted the whole of its bitter lessons upon him : his natural strong sense vanquished the lamentable delusion, under which he had so long laboured. He now felt to what a depth he had fallen ; and the most cutting grief occupied the place of callous indifference and despair. He wept for the recovery of past days, for he felt too keenly to what different purposes he would apply them. He at length began to hope that he might recover some degree of uprightness, while he longed so much to do so. At the highest pitch of his iniquities, he was in fact nearer attached to virtue, than he had perhaps been previous to his first offence.

About this period, the seven years' war had broken out, and the levy made of soldiers was very great. This unhappy being hoped to take advantage of such a circumstance, and addressed a letter to his former native Prince, from which I extract what follows :—

"Should your princely patronage not refuse to stoop so low as to a wretch of my character—should afford compassion to the most unhappy of mankind, Oh, most gracious lord, give ear unto my prayer ! Assassin and robber, as I am ; proscribed by law, and pursued by justice on all sides, I pray for strength to deliver myself into its hands : at the same time I offer up a

particular prayer; a suppliant at your throne. I abhor my life, and fear death no more; but it is dreadful to me to think of dying without having deserved to live. Surely I might be allowed to repair some portion of my past life; to expiate my crimes, and reconcile myself by serving the state which I have injured. If my destruction would afford an example to the world, it would make no reparation for my deeds. I now abhor vice, and long most ardently to follow in the paths of virtue and integrity. Bold deeds have I done: exploits that terrified my native land; yet bolder let me achieve in the eye of my prince and country, in a cause that may confer benefit.

"It is true that I here entreat something very unusual. My life is forfeited, and Justice will not listen to my voice. Still I am not a bondsman, not a convicted captive; I am free, and fear has the least part in the prayer I am addressing to you.

"It is an act of grace which I seek for. My claims of justice, were I to enforce them, would avail me nothing. Yet I would remind my judges of one thing:—the hand of law first impelled me into my present career, it deprived me of respect and honour for ever. If I had then been treated with more reason, justice, lenity, I should not now have been in the act of soliciting your royal mercy.

"Permit grace, instead of justice, for once, my noble Prince, to have its course. If it, indeed, be in your princely power to soften the harshness of the law, oh! grant me the boon of life. It shall be devoted heart and soul to your service. May this be:—so permit me to receive the notification of your gracious pleasure in an open letter, and upon your royal word I will instantly repair to fulfil my duty in the city. Should it, alas! be decided against me, justice that will run its stern career, must permit me to run mine."

There was no answer returned to this prayer, nor to a second and third, in which the wretched suppliant solicited for the post, of common trooper in the Prince's service. His hopes of pardon being thus extinguished, he determined to abandon his native state, in order to enter the King of Prussia's service, and die like a brave soldier.

He withdrew secretly from his band,

and began his journey. His way lay through a small country town, where he intended to pass the night. Shortly before strict mandates had been issued for the examination of all travellers, the Prince having taken part in the war. The governor of this little city happened to be employed in giving directions when mine Host of the Sun rode up to the place. His appearance was something of a courier, with the addition of rather a wild and revolting aspect. The hungry-looking animal he rode, with the burlesque cut of his attire, in which the time, of its service was more conspicuous than its taste, was strangely contrasted with a countenance on which were impressed all the ferocious traces of passion perceptible in that of a soldier lying dead upon the field. The gate-clerk actually started at the sight of his features, though he had grown grey in his office, which, during a period of forty years, had brought him acquainted with all the vagabonds in the surrounding district.

The keen eye of the gate inquisitor could not easily be deceived. He closed the bar behind Wolf, and inquired for his pass as he laid his hand upon his horse's rein. Wolf, however, was prepared: he handed him his pass, one of which he had plundered a poor merchant. Still the man hesitated; a single paper was not enough to satisfy our forty years' toll-keeper, and he referred the matter to the governor. This last gave more credit to his eyes than to Wolf's passport, and begged he would follow him to the Town-house.

There the head of the police examined the pass, and declared it to be correct. He was an avowed admirer of novelty, and was fond of chatting the latest news over his bottle. The pass informed him that the party had just left the scene of action where the war had broken out. Here the man in office hoped to glean some private intelligence, and despatched his secretary to invite the traveller to come and take a glass of wine with him. Meanwhile our Host of the Sun was standing opposite the Town-house: his odd appearance had collected the rabble around him. A murmur reached his ears: doubts and guesses were hazarded as to the character both of the rider and his steed, and the insolence of the wretches at length broke out into open tumult.

Unluckily for Wolf, the horse which every body seemed to be pointing at, had been stolen; and he now imagined that it was recognized as such. The unexpected invitation of the police officer seemed to confirm his suspicions. He now held it certain that his false pass had been detected, and that the whole was a feint to betray him alive and defenceless into their hands. A bad conscience betrayed him into an error: he gave his horse the spur, and rode off without returning any answer.

This sudden flight became the signal for a riot: "A thief! a thief!" they all cried with one accord; and hastened after him. It was for life or death, and Wolf kept the advantage. He is on the point of rescue, but an invisible hand is over him; the hour of destiny had arrived—the Nemesis;—justice was only to be propitiated with the blood of her debtor. The last street he turned into, to effect his escape, had no thoroughfare; he was compelled to turn round and face his pursuers. The report of this occurrence threw the whole place into an uproar; crowd collects upon crowd; all the streets are stopped up, and an army of enemies cut off his retreat. He draws a pistol from his holster; the throng recoils, and he attempts to cut his way through.

"The first man," he cried, "who dares me, dies!" He proceeds; there is a long pause; till at length, an old gaoler approaching him behind, seized him by the arm, and wrested the pistol from his hand, just as he was in the act of firing. It fell to the ground, and the wretched man is next torn from his horse, and borne in brutal triumph back into the Town-house.

"Who are you?" inquired the magistrate, in the same brutal tone, as if triumphing in his woes. "One who is resolved to answer no questions, until he be tried more civilly!" "Who are you, I say?" "Who should I be, but the man I have already represented myself? I have travelled far and wide, and traversed all Germany without once meeting with such an insulting reception as this!" "Your sudden flight, however, looks very ugly, very suspicious indeed. Wherefore did you make off?" "I was weary of the mockery and insults of your rabble!" "But you threatened to fire, Sir!" "True, but my pistol contained only pow-

der." They tried the weapon, and there was no ball. "Then why did you carry arms at all?" "Because I have articles of value with me, and because I was informed of a certain robber, who infested these parts, named Host of the Sun." "Your answers at least prove your courage, but your innocence is another affair. I give you time, from this until to-morrow, to recollect and discover the truth." "I shall return the same answers; no others." "Gaoler! take your prisoner to the tower!" "To the tower! How, my Lord! justice is banished, then, from your state? I shall require satisfaction, Sir." "You shall have it, when you have fully cleared yourself."

On the following morning, it was suggested by the head of the police that, perhaps, being innocent, a harsh examination was not calculated to conquer the prisoner's obstinacy; that it might be more politic to treat him with civility and moderation. A sworn jury was assembled, and the prisoner conducted into their presence.

"You must excuse the somewhat harsh style in which we began to examine you yesterday, Sir." "Certainly, when you please to apprehend me aright." "Our laws are severe, and your affair made much noise. I cannot venture to discharge you without a violation of my duty: appearances are against you. I am anxious that you should state something which may remove this impression." "True! had I any thing to allege." "In such case, I shall be compelled to communicate the affair to government, and await its directions." "And what then?" "Then you encounter the risk of having attempted to pass the boundaries, and if you obtain mercy, you will be subject to the levy."

Wolf remained silent during some minutes, as if struggling with some deep internal feeling. Then turning suddenly towards the magistrate, he enquired "May I be permitted a quarter of an hour's audience with you?"

The jury looked very suspiciously at him; but at a sign from the magistrate, they instantly withdrew.

"Now what is it you wish to say to me?" "Your deportment towards me, yesterday, my lord, would never have brought me to confession. I laugh at compulsion. The difference, the kindness, of

your conduct to-day inspires me with a feeling of confidence and esteem. I believe you to be a worthy man." "What do you wish to say to me?" "I find, I say, you are a worthy man. I have long wished to meet with such a one! let me for once shake hands with an honest man." "What is your object, Sir, in this?" "Your hair is grown grey with years; you look respectable; you must have seen much of the world. And you must have known what it is to suffer—is it not true?—and are since grown more humane!" "Good Sir, why do you talk thus?" "Yes, you are just standing on the brink of eternity: soon you will stand in need of the Almighty's mercy. Will you deny it to one of his creatures? No, you will not. Do you not yet suspect? Cannot you conjecture with whom you speak?" "What is it you mean? you alarm me." "Still don't you suspect me? Write, Sir, to the Prince; state in what manner I was found, and how I became my own accuser. Impress upon him that God will at the last day so be merciful unto him, as he shall now show mercy unto me! Oh, entreat hard for me, worthy old man! and shed a tear over what you write: for I—I am the Host of the Sun!"

AIR DU CANTON DE VAUD.*

Chantons notre aimable patrie,
Chantons cette terre chérie,
Et son bonheur, et son tableau
De vie,
Chantons tous le canton de Vaud,
Si beau.

Avant que le soleil se dore,
La caillie avec son cri sonore,
L' alouette en chantant là haut,
L' aurore
Salue le canton de Vaud,
Si beau.

De bon matin, loin du village,
Sifflant après son attelage,
Le laboureur prend un nouveau
Courage,
En voyant le canton de Vaud,
Si beau.

I/ heureux faucheur dans la prairie,
Le fruitier dans la laiterie,
Le vigneron sur le coteau
S' ecrite:
" Mon cher pays, canton de Vaud,
Si beau!"

Bergère assise aux champs senivette,
Ne possédant d'autre musette,
Que la clochette du troupeau,
Répète:
" Mon cher pays, canton de Vaud,
Si beau!"

Sur le déclin de la lumière,
Les moutons gagnent leur chaumière,
L' agneau cherchant dans le troupeau
Sa mère,
Dit en bêlant: " canton de Vaud,
Si beau."

Le soir, à la lune brillante,
J' entends encore la voix touchante
Du rossignol, près du coteau,
Qui chante:
" Charmant pays, canton de Vaud,
Si beau!"

Quand la nuit fait tout disparaître,
Le hibou vient sur la fenêtre,
Ou sur la tour d'un vieux château
Sans maître,
Annoncer le canton de Vaud,
Si beau.

Oh! Quelle douce jouissance,
De célébrer l'indépendance,
Qui vient lui donner de nouveau
Naissance,
Et le nommer canton de Vaud,
Si beau.

La paix en fait son domicile
La liberté son sûr asyle:
Elles l'ont choisi pour berceau
Tranquille,
Et rendent le canton de Vaud
Si beau.

Lorsque la vieillesse pesante
Rendra ma voix foible et tremblante
Ma voix encore, près du tombeau,
Mourante
Veut dire: " adieu, canton de Vaud,
Si beau!"

* The above very beautiful verses are copied from a French music book, and although unknown in this country, are extremely popular in the Canton they celebrate. The music which accompanies them is exquisite. To the French reader they cannot fail to be acceptable, and we trust the mere English reader will not grudge the room they take up, as for his sake we would gladly have given a translation, if it had been possible to translate any thing so simple without impairing its beauty.—Ed.

CONVERSATION.

From the East Lothian Magazine.

Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse.—COWPER.

By *conversation* I do not mean simply the interchange of words—but the whole process by which we reveal our thoughts and feelings. A pressure of the hand may touch the spring which makes the folding doors of our hearts fly back; a fleeting air of expression on the face may be the mirror of the inner man. Not only do I include in the term *conversation* these and similar media of conversation by which heart speaks to heart, but I say that he who cannot use them and feel their eloquence has not yet tasted the sweets of social intercourse in their unadulterated and most delicious state. Yes! To him, however ample his draughts may have been at the river of knowledge, the fountains of pure and gentle emotion are yet sealed;—to him, however large his dominion over the language of art, the language of nature is yet a strange tongue.

I like not to converse with a professed orator or author. The name and character of man appear always to me absorbed and sunk in these appellations. He is out of my sphere—Before he can place himself within its circumference he must forget that the public have heard of him, which vanity forbids to him, if successful, and disappointment, if he have failed.

For the same reason, I like not to find myself with a great man of any kind.—He is so high above me, that I cannot look him in the face—

For why, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves a hiding-place;

And even though he should stoop to notice us, one cannot feel very much at ease while sharing the gambols of the Leviathan!

Neither do I love little men as my companions in conversation; (a little man, gentle reader, means a man inferior to me, the author, or, if you coincide with the remark, to you, the reader of this lucubration,) because in this case I am placed in the situation of the great man—the

Colossus. Then, if my companion assume the air of equality with me, I am offended—I despise him; if he keep on his own level, I am obliged to sweat and labour to bring myself down to him, and go through all the ritual of ceremonious condescension; neither horn of which dilemma appears to me very endurable.

Finally, my reader, I like a companion about my own size in intellectual stature, if in body also, so much the better;—one who is so much my equal as to prevent my contemning him, and not so far above me but that I may cope with him with some hope of success. Not that I approve of the Johnsonian opinion of conversation as a contest of talent, or would violate the sanctity of friendly intercourse by turning the hospitable table, the blazing ingle, or the social ramble, into an arena for intellectual gladiatorship. But want of spirit is as ruinous to conversation as the exaltation I deprecate; unless there is a competition of minds in the case, it will prove but dull amusement. Now, in order to produce the desired combination of cordiality and vivacity, my companion must be of the same genus of mind as I, but of a different species: that is, there must be both resemblance and distinction between his soul and mine. He should be able to reflect back on me an image of myself, “yet so as with a difference.” There is nothing more chilling to cordiality than to perceive that we are wasting our words on an echoless bosom, and, on the other hand, to have our every thought responded to on the very same note of the scale, induces a monotony of heart and intellect equally alien to good humour and vivacity.

Give me, to pass through life with one formed to penetrate into the mysteries of thought, and revel in the luxuriance of feeling; quick to catch the idea of a friend, and ever returning them robed in brighter array, from the rich treasure of his sun-clad imagination;—no lordly aristocrat of letters; no groveller at the foot of the Muses’ hill;—one whose superiority, if immense, is yet unfelt in his company;—with such a one as I have now in my mind’s eye, “the feast of reason and the flow of soul,” would, in all their perfection, circulate around our common board; he would rouse every latent spark of taste and genius in my bosom; and turn the whole current of my thoughts and feel-

ings into a smoother and far less turbid channel than the stream of that man's life runs in, whose heart and spirit are wedded only to the little, busy, toiling world around him.

Anon.

TO AN ATHENIAN COIN.

RELIC of days when arms and peace
Saw Athens still the eye of Greece!
Let lover's raptur'd eye declare,
When, far upon the sea,
He gazes on his imaged fair,
How I am moved by thee!

For Athens is my spirit's bride,
And ever shall her form reside
A goddess shrined within my soul!
—Her priests are Love and Wonder,
Now tranced beneath her shell's control,
Now bow'd before her thunder.

Yes! Of Athens to my heart
A fit remembrancer thou art!
From Academe was pluck'd that crown
Twined round Tritonia's crest;
That Ægis shone at Marathon,
Which glitters on her breast.

Erewhile I gazed on thee, and wept,
For Athens all inglorious slept;
I thought her dead, and darkly wove
A wreath of funeral song,—
Its breathings were of widow'd love,
Its echo drear and long.—

But now she asks a nobler lay!
That death-like trance hath pass'd away;
The star of Greece again shall burn
O'er land and jewel'd sea;
The days departed shall return,
And Athens yet be free!

JOHN BROWN PATTERSON.

A CHOICE.

Come look on this rose with its lofty stem,
And these bright green leaves around it,
And say if in Flora's diadem
There shines a brighter and lovelier gem,
Or did Bulbul err when his queen he crown'd it?

Methinks it blooms like a youthful bride
In nature's and art's adorning,
As she casts on high her looks of pride,
The lowly around her scorning.

Now look on this flower of heaven's own hue,
This violet pensively drooping,
As if 'twere afraid that any one knew
The worth of its beautiful fragrance and hue,
So low in the sward it is stooping.

The creeping ant and the grasshopper
Beneath its smiles rejoice;
But the butterfly sails through the summer air,
And spies not its loveliness.

Now which will ye choose—for such choice is ours—
An emblem in life to guide ye?
Will ye have the proud crested Queen of Flowers,
The pomp and the might of worldly powers,
The honours of earth beside ye?

Or will ye not rather be as this
Sweet flower which smiles in a hidden spot,
To scatter around you happiness,
The bloom of love and the breath of bliss, [not?
Where the lowly may feel though they see you

GEORGE GODFREY CUNNINGHAM.

STORY OF GENEVIEVE. *

L'ART de bien conter is still a Frenchman's most admired talent. Our handsome and interesting beau, Edmonde, piques himself on this accomplishment, and is a "conteur" by profession. He related to us in the Tuilleries, yesterday, the following anecdote, with infinite grace of elocution, and considerable effect, spite of his odd falsetto voice. The circumstances occurred at the time Le Noir was minister of the police: I forget the year.

Genevieve de Sorbigny was the last of a noble family: young, beautiful, and a rich heiress, she seemed born to command all this world could yield of happiness. When left an orphan, at an early age, instead of being sent to a convent, as was then the universal custom, she was brought up under the care of a maternal aunt, who devoted herself to her education, and doated on her with an almost exclusive affection.

Genevieve resided in the country with her aunt till she was about sixteen; she was then brought to Paris to be united to the marquis of —; it was a mere marriage de convenance, a family arrangement entered into when she was quite a child, according to the *ancien regime*;

* From "Diary of an Ennuyée," London, 1826
12mo.

and unfortunately for Genevieve, her affianced bridegroom was neither young nor amiable; yet more unfortunately it happened that the marquis's cousin, the Baron de Villay, who generally accompanied him in his visits of ceremony, possessed all the qualities in which he was deficient; being young and singularly handsome, "amiable," "spirituel." While the marquis with the good-breeding of that day, was bowing and paying his devoirs to the aunt of his intended (*sa future*;) the young baron with equal success, but in a very different style, was captivating the heart of the niece. Her extreme beauty had charmed him at the first glance, and her partiality, delicately and involuntarily betrayed, subdued every scruple, if he ever entertained any; and so in the usual course of things, they were soon irretrievably and *eperdument* in love with each other.

Genevieve, to much gentleness of character, united firmness. The preparations for the marriage went on; the trousseau was bought; the jewels set; but the moment she was aware of her own sentiments, she had courage enough to declare to her aunt that rather than give her hand to the marquis, whom she detested past all her terms of detestation, she would throw herself into a nunnery, and endow it with her fortune—"a very inconsiderate resolution;" as Edmonde observed characteristically, "and which betrayed her country education; for it would have been so easy after her marriage to form an *arrangement* with the baron, for which his relationship, and his intimacy with the marquis afforded *toute la commodité possible*;" this excellent and *commodious* arrangement did not however occur to Genevieve, who loved, for the first time, with all the simplicity and devotedness of a first passion. The poor aunt was thrown, by this unexpected declaration, into the utmost amazement and perplexity; she was *au desespoir*; such a thing had never been heard of or contemplated: but the tears of Genevieve prevailed; the marriage, after a long negotiation, was broken off, and the baron appeared publicly as the suitor of Genevieve. The marquis politely challenged his cousin, and owed his life to his forbearance; and the duel, and the cause of it, and the gallantry and generosity of De Villay, rendered him irresistible in the eyes of all the women in

Paris, while to the heart of Genevieve he became dearer than ever.

To gain the favour of the aunt was now the only difficulty; she had ever regarded him with ill-concealed aversion and suspicion. Some mystery hung over his character; there were certain reports whispered relative to his former life and conduct which it was equally difficult to discredit and to disprove. Besides, though of a distinguished family, he was poor, most of his ancestral possessions being confiscated or dissipated; and his father was notoriously a *mauvais sujet*. All these reports and representations appeared to the impassioned Genevieve mere barbarous calumnies, invented to injure her love; and regarding herself as the primal cause of these slanders, they rather added to the strength of her attachment. A reluctant consent was at last wrung from her aunt, and Genevieve was united to her lover.

The chateau of the baron was situated in one of the wildest districts of the wild and desolate coast of Bretagne. The people who inhabited the country round were a ferocious half-civilized race, and in general desperate smugglers and pirates. They had been driven to this mode of life by a dreadful famine and the oppressions of the provincial taxgatherers, had pursued it partly from choice, partly from necessity. They had carried on for near half a century a constant and systematic warfare against the legal authorities of the province, in which they were generally victorious. No revenue officer or *exempt* dare set his foot within a certain district; and when the tempestuous season or any other accident prevented them from following their lawless trade on the sea, they dispersed themselves through the country in regularly organized bands, and committed the most formidable depredations, extending their outrages even as far as St Pol. Such was their desperate courage, the incredible celerity of their movements, and the skill of their leaders, that though a few stragglers had been occasionally shot, all attempts to take any of them alive, or to penetrate into their secret fastnesses proved unavailing.

The baron had come to Paris for the purpose of representing the disturbed state of his district to the government, and procuring an order from the minister of

the interior to embody his own tenantry and dependants into a sort of militia for the defence of his property, and for the purpose of bringing these marauders to justice, if possible. He was at first refused, but after a few months delay, money, and the interest of Genevieve's family prevailed; the order was granted, and he prepared to return to his chateau. The aunt and all her friends remonstrated against the idea of exposing his young wife to such revolting scenes, and insisted that she should be left behind at Paris; to which he agreed with seeming readiness, only referring the decision to Genevieve's own election. She did not hesitate one moment; she adored her husband, and the thought of being separated from him in this early stage of their union, was worse than any apprehended danger: she declared her resolution to accompany him. At length the matter was thus compromised: they consented that Genevieve should spend four months of every year in Bretagne, and the other eight at Paris, or at her uncle's chateau in Auvergne; in fact, so little was known then in the capital, of what was passing in the distant provinces, that Genevieve only, being prepared by her husband, could form some idea of what she was about to encounter.

On their arrival, the peasantry were immediately armed, and the chateau converted into a kind of garrison, regularly fortified. A continual panic seemed to prevail through the whole household, and she heard of nothing from morning till night but the desperate deeds of the marauders, and the exploits of their captain, to whom they attributed more marvellous atrocities than were ever related of Barbone, or Blue Beard himself. Genevieve was at first in constant terror; finding, however, that week after week passed, and the danger, though continually talked of, never appeared, she was rather excited and *desennuyee*, by the continual recurrence of these alarms. She would have been perfectly happy in her husband's increasing and devoted tenderness, but for his frequent absences in pursuit of the smugglers either on sea or on shore, and the dangers to which she fancied him exposed: but even those absences and these dangers endeared him to her, and kept alive all the romantic fervour of her attachment. He was not only

the lord of her affections, but the hero of her imagination. The time allotted for her stay insensibly passed away; the four months were under different pretences prolonged to six, and then her confinement drawing near, it was judged safest to defer her journey to Paris till after her recovery.

Genevieve, in due time, became the mother of a son: an event which filled her heart with a thousand delicious emotions of gratitude, pride, and delight. It seemed to have a very different and most inexplicable effect on her husband the baron's behaviour. He became gloomy, anxious, abstracted; and his absences, on various pretexts, more frequent than ever: but what appeared most painful and incomprehensible to Genevieve's maternal feelings, was his indifference to his child. He would hardly be persuaded even to look at it, and if he met it smiling in its nurse's arms, would perhaps gaze for a moment, then turn away as from an object which struck him with a secret horror.

One day as Genevieve was sitting alone in her dressing room, fondling her infant, and thinking mournfully on this change in her husband's conduct, her *femme de chambre*, a faithful creature, who had been brought up with her, and accompanied her from Paris, came into the room, pale as ashes; and throwing herself at her feet, told her, that though regard for her health had hitherto kept her silent, she could no longer conceal the dreadful secret which weighed upon her spirits; she then proceeded to inform the shuddering and horror-struck Genevieve, that the robbers who had excited so much terror, and were now supposed to be at a distance, were then actually in the chateau: that they consisted of the very servants and immediate dependants, with the baron himself at their head. She supposed they had been less on their guard during Genevieve's confinement; and many minute circumstances had at first awaked, and then confirmed her suspicions. Then embracing her mistress's knees, she besought her, for the love of heaven, to return to Paris instantly, with those of her own attendants on whom she could securely depend, before they were all murdered in their beds.

Genevieve, as soon as she had recovered from her first dizzy horror and astonishment, would have rejected the whole as a dream, an impossible fiction. She

thought upon her husband, on all that her fond heart had admired in him, and all that till lately she had found him—his noble form, his manly beauty, his high and honourable bearing, and all his love, his truth, his tenderness for her—and could *he* be a robber, a ruffian, an assassin? No; though her woman's attachment and truth were beyond suspicion, her tale too horribly consistent for disbelief, Genevieve would trust to her own senses alone to confirm or disprove the hideous imputation. She commanded her maid to maintain an absolute silence on the subject, and leave the rest to her.

The same evening the baron informed his wife, that he was obliged to set off before light next morning, in pursuit of a party of smugglers, who had landed at Saint Paul; and that she must not be surprised if she missed him at an early hour. His absence he assured her would not be long: he should certainly return before the evening. They retired to rest earlier than usual. Genevieve, as it may be imagined, did not sleep, but she lay perfectly still as if in a profound slumber. About the middle of the night she heard her husband softly rise from his bed and dress himself; and taking his pistols he left the room. Genevieve rushed to the window which overlooked the court yard, but there neither horses nor attendants were waiting, she flew to another window which commanded the back of the chateau: there too all was still; nothing was to be seen but the moonlight shadows on the pavement. She hastily threw round her a dark cloak or wrapper, and followed her husband, whose footsteps were still within hearing. It was not difficult, for he walked slowly, stopping every now and then, listening, and apparently irresolute; he crossed the court, and several out-buildings, and part of the ruins of a former chateau, till he came to an old well, which being dry, had long been disused and shut up, and moving aside the trap door which covered the mouth of it, he disappeared in an instant. Genevieve with difficulty suppressed a shriek of terror. She followed however with a desperate courage, groped her way down the well, by means of some broken stairs, and pursued her husband's steps, guided only by the sound on the hollow damp earth. Suddenly a distant light and voices broke upon her eye and ear; and stealing along

the wall, she hid herself behind one of the huge buttresses which supported the vault above; she beheld what she was half prepared to see—a party of ruffians, who were assembled round a board drinking. They received the baron with respect as their chief, but with sullen suspicious looks, and an ominous silence. Genevieve could distinguish among the faces many familiar to her, which she was accustomed to see daily around her, working in the gardens or attending in the chateau; among the rest the concierge, or house steward, who appeared to have some authority over the rest. The wife of this man was the nurse of Genevieve's child. The baron took his seat without speaking. After some boisterous conversation among the rest, carried on in an unintelligible dialect, a quarrel arose between the concierge and another villain, both apparently intoxicated; the baron attempted to part them and the uproar became general. The whole was probably a preconcerted plan, for from reproaching each other, they proceeded to attack the baron himself with the most injurious epithets; they accused him of a design to betray them; they compared him to his father, the old baron, who had never flinched from their cause, and had at last died in it; they said they knew well that a large party of regular troops had lately arrived at Saint Brien, and they insisted it was with his knowledge, that he was about to give them up to justice, to make his own peace with government, &c.

The concierge, who was by far the most insolent and violent of these mutineers, at length silenced the others, and affecting a tone of moderation he proposed, and his proposal was received with an approving shout, that the baron should give up his infant son into the hands of the band; that they should take him to the island Guernsey, and keep him there as a pledge of his father's fidelity, till the regular troops were withdrawn from the province. How must the mother's heart have trembled and died away within her! She listened breathless for her husband's reply. The baron had hitherto with difficulty restrained himself, and attempted to prove how absurd and unfounded was their accusation, since his safety was involved in theirs, and he would, as their leader, be considered as the greatest

criminal of all. His eyes now flashed with fury; he sprung upon the concierge like a roused tiger, and dragged him by the collar from amid the mutinous group. A struggle ensued, and the wretch fell, stabbed to the heart by his master's hand; a crowd of ferocious faces then closed around the baron—Genevieve heard—saw no more—her senses left her.

When she recovered she was in perfect silence and darkness, and felt like one awakening from a terrible dream; the first image which clearly presented itself to her mind was that of her child in the power of these ruffians, and their daggers at her husband's throat. The maddening thought swallowed up every other feeling, and lent her for the moment strength and wings; she rushed back through the darkness, fearless for herself; crossed the court, the galleries;—all was still: it seemed to her affrighted imagination, that the chateau was forsaken by its inhabitants. She reached her child's room, she flew to his cradle and drew aside the curtain with a desperate hand, expecting to find it empty; he was quietly sleeping in his beauty and innocence: Genevieve uttered a cry of joy and thankfulness, and fell on the bed in strong convulsions.

Many hours elapsed before she was restored to herself. The first object she beheld was her husband watching tenderly over her, her first emotion was joy for his safety—she dared not ask him to account for it. She then called for her son: he was brought to her, and from that moment she would never suffer him to leave her. With the quick wit of a woman, or rather with the prompt resolution of a mother, trembling for her child, Genevieve was no sooner sufficiently recovered to think, than she had formed her decision and acted upon it; she accounted for her sudden illness and terrors, under pretence that she had been disturbed by a frightful dream: she believed, she said, that the dullness and solitude of the chateau affected her spirits, that the air disagreed with her child, and that it was necessary that she should instantly return to Paris. The baron attempted first to rally and then to reason with her: he consented—then retracted his consent; seemed irresolute—but his affections finally prevailed over his suspicions, and preparations were instantly made for their departure, as if he intended to accompany her.

Putting her with her maid and child into a travelling carriage, he armed a few of his most confidential servants, and rode by her side till they came to Saint Brieux: he then turned back in spite of all her entreaties, promising to rejoin her at Paris within a few days. He had never during the journey uttered a word which could betray his knowledge that she had any motive for her journey, but that which she avowed; only at parting, he laid his finger expressively on his lip, and gave her one look full of meaning: it could not be mistaken, it said, "Genevieve! your husband's life depends on your discretion, and he trusts you." She would have thrown herself into his arms, but he gently replaced her in the carriage, and remounting his horse rode back alone to the chateau.

Genevieve arrived safely at Paris, and commanded her maid as she valued both their lives, and on pain of her eternal displeasure, not to breathe a syllable of what had passed; firmly resolved that nothing should tear the terrible secret from her own breast: but the profound melancholy which had settled on her heart, and her pining and altered looks could not escape the eyes of her affectionate aunt; and her maid either through indiscretion, timidity, or a sense of duty, on being questioned, revealed all she knew, and more than she knew. The aunt in a transport of terror and indignation, sent information to the governor of the police, and Le Noir instantly summoned the unfortunate wife of the baron to a private interview.

Genevieve, though taken by surprise, did not lose her presence of mind, and at first she steadily denied every word of her maid's deposition; but her courage and her affection were no match for the minister's art: when he assured her he had already sufficient proof of her husband's guilt, and promised, with jesuitical equivocation, that if she would confess all she knew, his life should not be touched, that due regard should be had for the honour of his family and hers, and that he, (Le Noir) would exert the power which he alone possessed to detach him from his present courses, and his present associates, without the least publicity or scandal—she yielded, and on this promise being most solemnly reiterated and confirmed by an oath, revealed all she knew.

In a short time afterwards, the baron disappeared, and was never heard of more. In vain did his wretched wife appeal to Le Noir, and recall the promise he had given : he swore to her that her husband still *lived*, but more than this he would not discover. In vain she supplicated, wept, offered all her fortune for permission to share his exile if he were banished, his dungeon, if he were a prisoner—Le Noir was inexorable.

Genevieve, left in absolute ignorance of her husband's fate, tortured by a suspense more dreadful than the most dreadful certainty, by remorse, and grief, which refused all comfort, died broken-hearted : what became of the baron was never known.

I could not learn exactly the fate of his son : it is said that he lived to man's estate, that he took the name of his mother's family, and died a violent death during the Revolution.

May not this singular anecdote be the foundation of all the tales of mysterious freebooters and sentimental bravos, which have been written since the date of its occurrence ? not unlikely at least.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

(From the Monthly Magazine.)

" WHY wilt thou leave me, oh ! gentle child ?
Thy home on the mountains is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams."

" Oh ! green is the turf where my brothers play
Through the long bright hours of the summer's
day ;

They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme ;
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms, they
Lady, kind lady, oh ! let me go ! " [know—

" Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell !
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well :
Flutes on the air in the silly noon—
Harps which the wandering breezes tune ;
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

" My mother sings at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills more sweet than all ;
She sings it under her own green tree,
To the babe half-slumbering on her knee,
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady, oh ! let me go ! "

" Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe to her quiet breast ;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin-door.
Come thou with me to the vineyard nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

" Is my mother gone from her home away ?
But I know that my brothers are there at play !
I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
And the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well—
Or they launch their boats where the blue streams
flow—

Lady, sweet lady, oh ! let me go ! "

" Fair child ! thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow ;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."

" Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill ?—
But the bird and the blue-fly roam o'er it still ;
And the red-deer bound, in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee :
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
Lady, sweet lady, oh ! let me go ! "

THE COUNTERPARTS.

" One of these men is genius to the other."
Comedy of Errors.

MESSER BASILIO, of Milan, who had fixed his residence in Pisa, on his return from Paris, where he had pursued the study of physic, having accumulated, by industry and extraordinary skill, a good fortune, married a young woman of Pisa, of very slender fortune, and fatherless and motherless ; by her he had three sons, and a daughter who in due time was married in Pisa ; the eldest son was likewise married, the younger one was at school ; the middle one, whose name was Lazarus, although great sums had been spent upon his education, made nothing of it ; he was naturally idle and stupid, of a sour and melancholy disposition ; a man of few words, and obstinate to such a degree, that if once he had said no to any thing, nothing upon earth could make him alter his mind. His father, finding him so extremely troublesome, determined to get rid of him, and sent him to a beautiful estate he had lately bought at a small distance from town. There he lived contented, more proud of the society of clowns and clodpoles than the acquaintance of civilized people.

While Lazarus was thus living quietly in his own way, there happened about ten years after a dreadful mortality in Pisa; people were seized with a violent fever, they then fell into a sleep suddenly, and died in that state. The disease was catching; Basilio, as well as other physicians, exerted their utmost skill, as well for their own interest as the general good; but ill fortune would have it that he caught the infection and died. The contagion was such that not one individual of the family escaped death, except an old woman servant. The raging disease having ceased at last, Lazarus was induced to return to Pisa, where he inherited the extensive estates and riches of his father. Many were the efforts made by the different families to induce him to marry their daughters, notwithstanding they were aware of his boorish disposition; but nothing would avail. He said he was resolved to wait four years before he would marry; so that his obstinate disposition being well known, they ceased their importunities. Lazarus, intent upon pleasing himself alone, would not associate with any living soul.

There was, however, one poor man named Gabriel, who lived in a small house opposite to him, with his wife dame Santa. This poor fellow was an excellent fisherman and bird-catcher, made nets, &c., and what with that, and the assistance of his wife, who spun, he made shift to keep his family, consisting of two children, a boy of five, and a girl of three years old. Now it happened that this Gabriel was a perfect likeness of Lazarus; both were red haired, had the same length of beard, every feature, size, gait, and voice so perfectly alike, that one would have sworn they were twins; and had they both been dressed alike, certainly no one but would have mistaken the one for the other; the wife herself would have been deceived but for the clothes, those of Lazarus being fine cloth, and her husband's of coarse wool of a different colour. Lazarus, observing this extraordinary resemblance, could not help fancying that there must be something in it, and began to familiarise himself with his society, sent his wife presents of eatables, wines, &c., and often invited Gabriel to dinner or supper with him, and conversed with him. Gabriel, though poor and untaught, was shrewd and sagacious,

and knew well how to get on the blind side of any one; he so humoured him, that at last Lazarus could not rest an instant without his company.

One day, after dinner, they entered into conversation on the subject of fishing, and the different modes of catching fish, and at last came to the fishing by diving with small nets fastened to the neck and arms; and Gabriel told him of the immense numbers of large fish which were caught in that manner, insomuch that Lazarus became very anxious to know how one could fish diving, and begged of him to let him see how he did it. Upon which Gabriel said he was very willing, and it being a hot summer's day, they might easily take the sport, if he too were willing. Having risen from table, Gabriel marched out, fetched his nets, and away they went. They arrived on the borders of the Arno, in a shady place surrounded by elders; there he requested Lazarus to sit and look on. After stripping, and fastening the nets about him, he dived in the river, and being very expert at the sport, he soon rose again with eight or ten fish of terrible size in his nets. Lazarus could not think how it was possible to catch so many fish under water; it so astonished him, that he determined to try it himself. The day was broiling hot, and he thought it would cool him. By the assistance of Gabriel he undressed, and the latter conducted him in at a pleasant part of the shore, where the water was scarcely knee-deep. There he left him with nets, giving him charge not to go farther than the stake which he pointed out to him. Lazarus, who had never before been in the water, was delighted at its coolness, and observing how often Gabriel rose up with nets full of fish, bethought himself, one must see under as well as above water, otherwise it would be impossible to catch the fish in the dark; therefore, in order to ascertain the point, without thinking of consequences, he put his head under water, and dashed forward beyond the stake. Down he went like a piece of lead; not aware he should hold his breath, and knowing nothing of swimming, he struggled hard to raise himself above the surface. He was almost stifled with the water he had swallowed, and was carried away by the current, so that he very shortly lost his senses. Gabriel, who

was very busy catching a great deal of fish in a very good place, did not care to leave it; therefore poor Lazarus, after rising half dead two or three times, sunk at last never to rise again. Gabriel, after he had got as much fish as he thought would do for him, joyfully turned round to show Lazarus his sport; he looked round and did not see him; he then sought him everywhere, but not finding him, he became quite alarmed, and terrified at the sight of the poor fellow's clothes that were laid on the bank. He dived, and sought the body, and found it at last driven by the current on the beach; at the sight he almost lost his senses; he stood motionless, not knowing what to do, for he feared, that in relating the truth people would think it was all a lie, and that he had drowned him himself, in order to get his money.

Driven thus almost to despair, a thought struck him, and he determined to put it in instant execution. There was no witness to the fact, for every one was asleep, it being the heat of the day; he therefore took the fish, and put them safe in a basket, and for that purpose took the dead body on his shoulders, heavy as it was, laid him on some grass, put his own breeches on the dead limbs, untied the nets from his own arms, and tied them tight to the arms of the corpse. This done, he took hold of him, dived into the water, and tied him fast with the nets to the stake under water. He then came on shore, slipped on Lazarus's shirt, and all his clothes, and even his fine shoes, and sat himself down on a bank, determining to try his luck first in saving himself from his perilous situation, and next to try whether he might not, from his extreme likeness to Lazarus, make his fortune and live at ease. Being a bold and sagacious fellow, he immediately undertook the daring and dangerous experiment, and began to cry out with all his might and main, "Oh! good people, help! help! run and help the poor fisherman, who is drowning." He roared out so, that at last the miller, who lived not far off, came running with I know not how many of his men. Gabriel spoke with a gruff voice, the better to imitate that of Lazarus, and weepingly related that the fisherman, after diving and catching a good deal of fish, had gone again, and that as he had been above an hour under water he was afraid he was

drowned; they inquiring what part of the river he had gone to, he showed them the stake and place. The miller, who could swim very well, rushed in towards the stake, and found the corpse, but being unable to extricate it from the stake, rose up again and cried out, "Oh! yes he is dead sure enough, but I cannot get him up by myself:" upon which two others stripped, and got the body out, whose arms and limbs were lacerated by the nets, which (as they thought) had entangled him, and caused his death. The news being spread abroad, a priest came, the corpse was put in a coffin, and carried to a small church, that it might be owned by the family of Gabriel.

The dreadful news had already reached Pisa, and the unfortunate wife, with her weeping children, came to the church, and there beholding her beloved husband, as she thought, she hung over him, wept, sobbed, tore her hair, and became almost frantic, insomuch that the bystanders were moved to tears. Gabriel, who was a most loving husband and father, could scarce refrain from weeping, and seeing the extreme affliction of his wife, came forward, keeping Lazarus's hat over his eyes, and his handkerchief to his face, as it were to wipe away his tears, and approaching the widow, who took him, as well as others, for Lazarus, he said, in the hearing of all the people, "Good woman, do not give way to such sorrow, nor weep so, for I will not forsake you; as it was to oblige me, and afford me pleasure, that he went a-fishing to-day against his inclination, methinks it is partly to me he owed his death, therefore I will ever be a friend to thee and thine; all expenses shall be paid, therefore return home and be comforted, for while I live thou shalt never want; and should I die, I will leave thee enough to make thee as comfortable as any of thy equals." Thus he went on, weeping and sobbing, as if regretting the loss of Gabriel, and really agonized by the distress of his widow. He was inwardly praised by all present, who believed him to be Lazarus.

The poor widow, after the funeral was performed, returned to Pisa, much comforted by the promises of him, whom she considered as her neighbour Lazarus. Gabriel, who had been long acquainted with the deceased's ways, manners, and mode of living, entered Lazarus's house

as if the master of it; without uttering a syllable ascended into a very beautiful room that looked over a fine garden, pulled out of the dead man's coat he had on a bunch of keys, and opened several chests, and finding some smaller keys, he opened several desks, bureaux, money chests, and found, independent of trunks filled with cloth, linen, and jewels, which the old father, the physician, and brothers of the deceased had left, nearly to the value of two thousand gold florins, and four hundred of silver. He was in raptures all the night, and began to think of the best means to conceal himself from the servants, and appear as the real Lazarus. About the hour of supper he came out of his room, weeping; the servants, who had heard the dreadful situation of the widow Santa, and that it was reported that their master had partly been the cause of the accident, were not much surprised at seeing him thus afflicted, thinking it was on account of Gabriel. He called the servant, and desired him to take a couple of loaves, two bottles of wine, and half his supper to the widow Santa, the which the poor widow scarcely touched. When the servant returned, Gabriel ordered supper, but ate sparingly, the better to deceive the servants, as Lazarus was a very little eater; then left the room without saying a word, and shut himself up in his own room as the deceased used to do. The servants thought there was some alteration in his countenance and voice, but attributed it to the sorrowful event that had occurred. The widow, after having tasted of the supper, and considering the care that had been taken of her, and the promises made by Lazarus, began to take comfort, parted with her relations, who had come to condole with her, and retired to bed. Gabriel, full of thought, could not sleep a wink, and got up in the morning at Lazarus's usual hour, and in all things imitated him. But being informed by the servants that Santa was always in grief, weeping and discomfited, and being a fond husband, and loving her tenderly, he was miserable upon hearing this, and determined to comfort her. Thus resolved, one day after dinner he went to her, and found a cousin of her's with her. Having given her to understand he had some private business with her, the cousin knowing how much she was indebted to him, and her expectations, left the room.

and departed, saying, he begged she would be advised by her worthy neighbour.

As soon as he was gone he shut the door, went into his room, and motioned her to follow; she, struck with the singularity of the case, and fearing for her honour, did not know what to do, whether she should or she should not follow; yet thinking of his kindness, and the hopes she had from his liberality, and taking her eldest son by the hand, she went into the room, where she found him lying on a little bed, on which her husband used to lie when tired; upon which she started and stopped. Gabriel, seeing her come with her son, smiled with pleasurable feelings at the purity of his wife's conduct; one word that he uttered, which he was in the habit of using, staggered the poor Santa, so that she could not utter a syllable. Gabriel, pressing the poor boy to his breast, said, "Thy mother weeps, unaware of thy happy fate, her own, and her husband's." Yet not daring to trust himself before him, though but a child, he took him into the next room, gave him money to play with, and left him there. Returning to his wife, who had caught his words, and partly recognized him, he double-locked the door, and related to her every circumstance that had happened, and how he had managed every thing; she, delighted and convinced, from the repetition of certain family secrets, known to themselves alone, embraced him, giving him as many kisses as she had bestowed tears for his death, for both were loving and tenderly attached. After reciprocal marks of each other's affection, Gabriel said to her that she must be perfectly silent, and pointed out to her how happy their life would hereafter prove; he told her of the riches he had found, and what he intended to do, the which highly delighted her. In going out, Santa pretended to cry on opening the street door, and said aloud, that she might be heard by the neighbours, "I recommend these poor fatherless children to you, signor!" To which he answered, "Fear not, good Mrs Santa;" and walked away, full of thoughts on his future plans.

When evening came on, observing the same uniform conduct of his predecessor, he went to bed, but could not sleep for thinking. No sooner did the dawn appear than he rose and went to the church of St

Catherine, where a devout and worthy pastor dwelt, and who was considered by all the Pisanians as a little saint. Friar Angelico appearing, Gabriel told him he wanted to speak to him on particular business, and to have his advice upon a very important and singular case that had happened to him. The kind friar, although he did not know him, led him into his room. Gabriel, who well knew the whole genealogy of Lazarus, son of Basilio of Milan, related it fully to the friar, likewise the dreadful accident, adding, that he considered himself as a principal cause of it, making him believe it was he who induced the unfortunate man to go a-fishing against his will; he represented the mischief which resulted from it to the widow and children of the deceased, and that he considered himself so much the cause of it, and felt such a weight on his conscience, that he had made up his mind, though Santa was of low condition, and poor, to take her for his wife, if she and her friends approved of it, and to take the children of the poor fisherman under his care as his own; bring them up with his own children, should he have any, and leave them coheirs with them; this, he said, would reconcile him to himself and his Maker, and be approved by men. The holy man, seeing the worthy motives which actuated him, approved of his intention, and recommended as little delay as possible, since he would thereby meet with forgiveness. Gabriel, in order the more effectually to secure his ready co-operation, threw down thirty pieces of money, saying, that in the three succeeding Mondays he wished high mass to be sung for the soul of the deceased. At this tempting sight the friar, although a very saint, leaped with joy, took the cash, and said, "my son, the masses shall be sung next Monday; there is nothing more to attend to now but the marriage, a ceremony which I advise thee to hasten as much as thou canst; do not think of riches or noble birth; thou art, thank heaven, rich enough; and as to birth, we are all children of one father; true nobility consists in virtue and the fear of God, nor is the good woman deficient in either; I know her well, and most of her relations." "Good father," said Gabriel, "I am come to you for the very purpose, therefore, I pray you, put me quickly in the way to forward the business." "When will you

give her the ring?" said the holy man. "This very day," he answered, "if she be inclined." "Well," said the friar, "go thy ways, and leave all to me; go home, and stir not from thence—these blessed nuptials shall take place." Gabriel thanked him, received his blessing, and went home. The holy father carefully put the cash in his desk, then went to an uncle of dame Santa, a shoemaker by trade, and a cousin of her's, a barber, and related to them what had happened; after which they went together to dame Santa, and used every possible argument to persuade her to consent to the match, the which she feigned great difficulty in consenting to, saying that it was merely for the advantage of her children that she submitted to such a thing. I will only add, that the very same morning, by the exertions of the friar, they were married a second time; great rejoicings took place, and Gabriel and his wife laughed heartily at the simplicity of the good friar, and the credulity of the relations and neighbours. They happily lived in peace and plenty, provided for and dismissed the old servants; were blessed with two more children, from whom afterwards sprung some of the most renowned men, both in arms and letters.*

SONG.

Oh would I were among the bowers,
Thy waters, Witham! love to lave,
Where Botolph's far-distinguished towers
Look out upon the German wave.
There is a star upon that stream—
A flower upon those banks there blows—
Heaven cannot boast a lovelier beam,
Nor earth possess a sweeter rose.

How blest were I, how more than blest,
To sit me down such scenes among,
And there, the cot's contented guest,
Divide my life 'twixt love and song;
To guard thee, sweet, and in thine ears
Plead passion, not perchance in vain—
The very vision costs me tears
Of mingled tenderness and pain.

Alas! how different is my lot—
To drag through being far from thee,
Far from that loved, Elysian spot,
Which Witham leaves in tears with me.

* From "Italian Tales of Humour, Gallantry and Romance."

But pilgrim of whatever shore,
No fate from thee my heart shall tear;
And even when life itself's no more,
My spirit will be with thee there.

ISMAEL ADAM.

SONG.

THE sun is careering in glory and might
Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play—
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree;
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay—
And why should not I be as merry as they?

MISS MITTFORD.*

THE ENCHANTER FAUSTUS

AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH was a wonderful princess for wisdom, learning, magnificence, and grandeur of soul. All this was fine,—but she was as envious as a decayed beauty—jealous and cruel—and that spoiled all. However, be her defects what they may, her fame had pierced even to the depths of Germany, whence the Enchanter Faustus set off for her court, that great magician wishing to ascertain by his own wits, whether Elizabeth was as gifted with good qualities as she was with bad. No one could judge this for him so well as himself—who read the stars like his A, B, C, and whom Satan obeyed like his dog—yet, withal, who was not above a thousand pleasant tricks, that make people laugh, and hurt no one. Such, for instance, as turning an old lord into an old lady, to elope with his cook-maid—exchanging a handsome wife for an ugly one, &c. &c.

The Queen, charmed with the pretty things which she heard of him, wished much to see him—and from the mo-

ment that she did, became quite fascinated. On his side, he found her better than he had expected, not but that he perceived she thought a great deal too much of her wit—though she had a tolerable share of it, and still more of her beauty—of which she had rather less.

One day that she was dressed with extraordinary splendour, to give audience to some ambassadors, she retired into her cabinet at the close of the ceremony, and sent for the Doctor. After having gazed at herself in all the mirrors in the room, and seeming very well pleased with their reflection,—for her roses and lilies were as good as gold could buy—her petticoat high enough to show her ankle, and her frill low to expose her bosom,—she sat down *en attitude*, in her great chair. It was thus the Enchanter Faustus found her. He was the most adroit courtier that you could find, though you searched the world over. For though there are good reasons why a courtier may not be a conjuror, there are none why a conjuror may not be a courtier; and Faustus, both in one—knowing the Queen's foible as to her imaginary beauty—took care not to let slip so fine an opportunity of paying his court. He was wonderstruck, thunderstruck, at such a blaze of perfection. Elizabeth knew how to appreciate the moment of surprise. She drew a magnificent ruby from her finger, which the Doctor, without making difficulties about it, drew on his.

"You find me then passable for a Queen," said she, smiling. On this he wished himself at the devil, (his old resting place,) if, not alone that he had ever seen, but if any body else had ever seen, either queen or subject to equal her.

"Oh Faustus, my friend," replied she, "could the beauties of antiquity return, we should soon see what a flatterer you are!"

"I dare the proof," returned the Doctor. "If your majesty will it—but speak, and they are here."

Faustus, of course, never expected to be taken at his word; but whether Elizabeth wished to see if magic could perform the miracle, or to satisfy a curiosity that had often tormented her, she expressed herself amazingly pleased at the idea, and begged it might be immediately realised.

Faustus then requested her majesty to pass into a little gallery near the apart-

* "Dramatic Scenes, Sonnets, and other Poems.
By Mary Russel Mitford. Lond. 1827, 8vo."

ment, while he went for his book, his ring, and his large black mantle.

All this was done nearly as soon as said. There was a door at each end of the gallery, and it was decided that the beauties should come in at one, and go out at the other, so that the Queen might have a fair view of them. Only two of the courtiers were admitted to this exhibition; these were the Earl of Essex and Sir Philip Sydney.

Her majesty was seated in the middle of the gallery, with the Earl and the Knight standing to the right and left of her chair. The enchanter did not forget to trace round them and their mistress certain mysterious circles, with all the grimaces and contortions of the time. He then drew another opposite to it, within which he took his own station, leaving a space between for the actors.

When this was finished, he begged the Queen not to speak a word while they should be on the stage; and, above all, not to appear frightened, let her see what she might.

The latter precaution was needless; for the good Queen feared neither angel nor devil. And now the Doctor inquired what *belle* of antiquity she would first see.

"To follow the order of time," she answered, "they should commence with HELEN."

The magician, with a changing countenance, now exclaimed, "Sit still!"

Sidney's heart beat quick. The brave Essex turned pale. As to the Queen, not the slightest emotion was perceptible.

Faustus soon commenced some muttered incantations and strange evolutions, such as were the fashion of the day for conjurors. Anon the gallery shook, so did the two courtiers, and the Doctor, in a voice of anger, called out,

"Daughter of fair Leda, hear!
From thy far Elysian sphere;
Lovely as when, for his fee,
To Paris Venus promised thee.
Appear—appear—appear!"

Accustomed to command, rather than to be commanded, the fair Helen lingered to the last possible moment; but when the last moment came, so did she, and so suddenly, that no one knew how she got there. She was habited *a la Grecque*,—her hair ornamented with pearls and a superb aigrette. The figure passed slow-

ly onwards—stopped for an instant directly opposite the Queen, as if to gratify her curiosity, took leave of her with a malicious smile, and vanished. She had scarcely disappeared when her majesty exclaimed—"What! that the fair Helen! I don't pique myself on beauty, but may I die if I would change faces with her!"

"I told your majesty how it would be," remarked the enchanter; "and yet there she is, as she was in her best days."

"She has, however, very fine eyes," observed Essex.

"Yes," said Sidney, "they are large, dark, and brilliant—but after all, what do they say?" added he, correcting himself.

"Nothing," replied the favourite.

The Queen, who was this day extravagantly rouged, asked if they did not think Helen's tint too *China-white*.

"China!" cried the Earl; "Delf rather."

"Perhaps," continued the Queen, "it was the fashion of her time, but you must confess that such turned-in toes would have been endured in no other woman. I don't dislike her style of dress, however, and probably I may bring it round again, in place of these troublesome hoops, which have their inconveniences."

"O, as to the dress," chimed in the favourite—"let it pass, it is well enough, which is more than can be said for the wearer."

A conclusion, in which Sidney heartily joined, rhapsodying—

"O Paris, fatal was the hour,
When, victim to the blind God's power,
Within your native walks you bore
That firebrand from a foreign shore;
Who—ah so little worth the strife!—
Was fit for nothing, but a wife."

"Od's my life now," said her majesty,—"but I think she looks fitter for any thing else, Sidney!—My Lord of Essex, how think you?"

"As your majesty does," returned he;—"there is a meaning in that eye."

"And a minute past they said there was none," thought Faustus.

This liberal critique on the fair Helen being concluded, the Queen desired to see the beautiful and hopeless Mariamne.

The enchanter did not wait to be twice asked; but he did not choose to invoke a Princess who had worshipped at holy altars in the same manner as he had sum-

móned the fair Pagan. It was then, by way of ceremony, that turning four times to the east, three to the south, two to the west, and only once to the north, he uttered, with great suavity, in Hebrew—

“Lovely Mariamne, come!
Though thou sleepest far away,
Regal spirit! leave thy tomb!
Let the splendours round thee play,
Silken robe and diamond stone,
Such as, on thy bridal-day,
Flash’d from proud Judea’s throne.”

Scarcely had he concluded, when the spouse of Herod made her appearance, and gravely advanced into the centre of the gallery, where she halted, as her predecessor had done. She was robed nearly like the high-priest of the Jews, except that instead of the Tiara, a veil, descending from the crown of the head, and slightly attached to the cincture, fell far behind her. Those graceful and flowing draperies, threw over the whole figure of the lovely Hebrew an air of indescribable dignity. After having stopped for several minutes before the company, she pursued her way,—but without paying the slightest parting compliment to the haughty Elizabeth.

“Is it possible,” said the Queen, before she had well disappeared,—“is it possible that Mariamne was such a figure as that?—such a tall, pale, meagre, melancholy-looking affair, to have passed for a beauty through so many centuries!”

“By my honour,” quoth Essex, “had I been in Herod’s place, I should never have been angry at her keeping her distance.”

“Yet I perceived,” said Sydney, “a certain touching languor in the countenance—an air of dignified simplicity.”

Her majesty looked grave.

“Fye, fye,” returned Essex, “it was haughtiness—her manner is full of presumption,—aye, and even her height.”

The Queen having approved of Essex’s decision—on her own part, condemned the Princess for her aversion to her spouse, which, though the world alleged to have been caused by his being the cut-throat of her family, she saw nothing to justify, whatever a husband might be. A wife was a wife; and Herod had done quite right in cutting off the heads of the offenders.

Faustus, who affected universal know-

ledge, assured her majesty that all the historians were in error on that point; for he had had it himself from a living witness, that the true cause of Herod’s vengeance was his spiteful old-maid of a sister—Salome’s overhearing Mariamne—one day at prayers—beg of Heaven to rid her of her worthless husband.

After a moment of thought, the Queen, with the same indifference with which she would have called for her waiting-maid—desired to see Cleopatra; for the Egyptian queen not having been quite as *comme il faut* as the British, the latter treated her accordingly. The beautiful Cleopatra quickly made her appearance at the extremity of the gallery,—and Elizabeth expected that this apparition would fully make up for the disappointment which the others had occasioned. Scarcely had she entered, when the air was loaded with the rich perfumes of Arabia.

Her bosom, that had been melting as charity, was open as day,—a loop of diamonds and rubies gathered the drapery as much above the left knee, as it might as well have been below it,—and a woven wind of transparent gauze, softened the figure which it did not conceal.

In this gay and gallant costume, the mistress of Antony glided through the gallery, making a similar pause as the others. No sooner was her back turned, than the courtiers began to tear her person and frippery to pieces,—the Queen calling out, like one possessed, for paper to burn under her nose, to drive away the vapours occasioned by the gums with which the mummy was filled,—declared her insupportable in every sense, and far beneath even the wife of Herod, or the daughter of Leda,—shocked at her Diana drapery, to exhibit the most villanous leg in the world,—and protested that a thicker robe would have much better become her.

Whatever the two courtiers might have thought, they were forced to join in these sarcasms, which the frail Egyptian excited in peculiar severity.

“Such a cocked nose!” said the Queen.

“Such impertinent eyes!” said Essex.

Sydney, in addition to her other defects, found out that she had too much stomach and too little back.

“Say of her as you please,” returned Faustus—“one she is, however, who led the Master of the World in her chains.

But, Madam," added he, turning to the Queen, "as these far-famed foreign beauties are not to your taste, why go beyond your own kingdom, England, which has always produced the models of female perfection—as we may even at this moment perceive—will furnish an object perhaps worthy of your attention in the fair Rosamond." Now Faustus had heard that the Queen fancied herself to resemble the fair Rosamond; and no sooner was the name mentioned, than she was all impatience to see her.

"There is a secret instinct in this impatience," observed the Doctor, craftily; "for, according to tradition, the fair Rosamond had much resemblance to your majesty, though, of course, in an inferior style."

"Let us judge—let us judge," replied the Queen, hastily, "but from the moment she appears, Sir Sydney, I request of you to observe her minutely, that we may have her description, if she is worth it." This order being given, and some little conjuration made, as Rosamond was only a short distance from London, she made her appearance in a second. Even at the door, her beauty charmed every one, but as she advanced, she enchanted them; and when she stopped to be gazed at, the admiration of the company, with difficulty restrained to signs and looks, exhibited their high approbation of the taste of Henry II. Nothing could exceed the simplicity of her dress—and yet in that simplicity she effaced the splendours of day—at least to the spectators. She waited before them a long time, much longer than the others had done; and, as if aware of the command the Queen had given, she turned especially towards Sydney, looking at him with an expressive smile,—but she must go at last; and when she was gone,—“My Lord,” said the Queen, “what a pretty creature! I never saw any thing so charming in my life. What a figure! what dignity without affectation! what brilliancy without artifice! and it is said that I resemble her. My lord of Essex, what think you?” My lord thought, would to Heaven you did; I would give the best steed in my stable that you had even an ugly likeness to her. But he said, “Your majesty has but to make the tour of the gallery in her green robe and primrose petticoat, and if our magician himself would not mistake you

for her, count me the greatest ——— of your three kingdoms.”

During all this flattery with which the favourite charmed the ears of the good Queen, the poet Sydney, pencil in hand, was sketching the vision of the fair Rosamond.

Her majesty then commanded it should be read, and when she heard it, pronounced it very clever; but as it was a real impromptu, not one of those born long before, and was written for a particular audience, as a picture is painted for a particular light—we think it but justice to the celebrated author, not to draw his lines from the venerable antiquity in which they rest, even if we had the MS. copy; but we have not—which at once finishes the business.

After the reading, they deliberated on the next that should succeed Rosamond,—the enchanter, still of opinion, that they need not leave England when beauty was the object in question, proposed the famous Countess of Salisbury—who gave rise to the institution of the garter—the idea was approved of by the Queen, and particularly agreeable to the courtiers, as they wished to see if the *cause* were worthy of the effect, *i. e.* the leg of the garter; but her majesty declared that she should particularly like a second sight of her lovely resemblance, the fair Rosamond. The doctor vowed that the affair was next to impracticable in the order of conjuration,—the recall of a phantom not depending on the powers submitted to the first enchantments. But the more he declared against it, the more the Queen insisted, until he was obliged, at last, to submit, but with the information, that if Rosamond should return, it would not be by the way in which she had entered or retired already, and that they had best take care of themselves, as he could answer for no one.

The Queen, as we have elsewhere observed, knew not what fear was—and the two courtiers were now a little re-assured on the subject of apparitions. The doctor then set about accomplishing the Queen's wishes.—Never had conjuration cost him so much trouble, and after a thousand grimaces and contortions—neither pretty nor polite, he flung his book into the middle of the gallery, went three times round it on his hands and feet, then made the tree against the wall, head down

and heels up; but nothing appearing, he had recourse to the last and most powerful of his spells—what that was must remain for ever a mystery, for certain reasons; but he wound it up by three times summoning with a sonorous voice,—“Rosamond! Rosamond! Rosamond!” At the last of these magic cries, the grand window burst open with the sudden crash of a tempest, and through it descended the lovely Rosamond into the middle of the room.

The Doctor was in a cold sweat, and while he dried himself, the Queen, who thought her fair visitant a thousand times the fairer for the additional difficulty in procuring this second sight, for once let her prudence sleep, and, in a transport of enthusiasm, stepping out of her circle with open arms, cried out, “My dear likeness!” No sooner was the word out, than a violent clap of thunder shook the whole palace; a black vapour filled the gallery, and a train of little fantastic lightnings, serpentine to the right and left in the dazzled eyes of the company.

When the obscurity was a little dissipated, they saw the magician, with his four limbs in air, foaming like a wild boar—his cap here, his wig there, in short, by no means an object of either the sublime or beautiful. But though he came off the worst, yet no one in the adventure escaped *quite clear*, except Rosamond. The lightning burned away my Lord of Essex's right brow; Sir Sydney lost the left moustachio; her Majesty's head-dress smelt villanously of the sulphur, and her hoop-petticoat was so puckered up with the scorching, that it was ordered to be preserved among the royal draperies, as a warning, to all maids of honour to come, against curiosity.

Blackwood's Mag.

HAIDEE.

JUAN and Haidee gazed upon each other

With swimming looks of speechless tenderness,
Which mix'd all feelings, friend, child, lover,
brother,

All that the best can mingle and express;
When two pure hearts are pour'd in one another,
And love too much, and yet cannot love less;
But almost sanctify the sweet excess
By the immortal wish and power to bless.

Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart in heart,
Why did they not then die?—they had lived
too long

Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;
Years could but bring them cruel things or
wrong.

The world was not for them, nor the world's art
For beings passionate as Sappho's song;
Love was born with them, in them, so intense,
It was their very spirit—not a sense.

They should have lived together deep in woods,
Unseen as sings the nightingale; they were
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes

Call'd social, where all vice and hatred are;
How lonely every freeborn creature broods!

The sweetest song birds nestle in a pair;
The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow
Flock o'er the carrion, just as mortals do.

Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,

Haidee and Juan their siesta took,
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
For ever and anon a something shook
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;
And Haidee's sweet lips murmur'd like a brook,
A wordless music, and her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dream as rose-leaves with the air:

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
Walks over it, was she shaken by the dream,
The mystical usurper of the mind—
O'erpowering as to be whate'er may seem
Good to the soul which we no more can bind;
Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.

She dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,
Chain'd to a rock; she knew not how, but stir
She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening
her;

And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,
Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they were
Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high
Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

Anon—she was released, and then she stray'd
O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet,
And stumbled almost every step she made;
And something roll'd before her in a sheet,
Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid;
'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to meet
Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and
grasped,
And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.

The dream changed; in a cave she stood, its walls
Were hung with marble icicles; the work
Of ages on its water-fretted halls,

Where waves might wash, and seals might breed
and lurk;

Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears, and
murk [caught,

The sharp rocks look'd below each drop they
Which froze to marble as it fell, she thought.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,
 Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead brow,
 Which she essay'd in vain to clear, (how sweet
 Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they now !)
 Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat
 Of his quench'd heart ; and the sea dirges low
 Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song
 And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face
 Faded, or alter'd into something new—
 Like to her father's features, till each trace
 More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—
 With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace ;
 And starting, she awoke, and what to view ?
 Oh ! Powers of Heaven ! what dark eye meets
 she there ?

'Tis—'tis her father's—fix'd upon the pair !

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,
 With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see
 Him whom she deem'd a habitant where dwell
 The ocean-buried, risen from death to be
 Perchance the death of one she loved too well
 Dear as her father had been to Haidee,
 It was a moment of that awful kind—
 I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

Up Juan sprung to Haidee's bitter shriek,
 And caught her falling, and from off the wall
 Snatch'd down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak
 Vengeance on him who was the cause of all ;
 Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,
 Smiled scornfully, and said, " Within my call,
 A thousand scimitars await the word :
 Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

And Haidee clung around him ; " Juan, 'tis—
 'Tis Lambro—'tis my father ! Kneel with me—
 He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.
 Oh ! dearest father, in this agony
 Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss
 Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
 That doubt shall mingle with my filial joy ?
 Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
 Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
 Not always signs with him of calmest mood :
 He look'd upon her, but gave no reply ;
 Then turn'd to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
 Oft came and went, as there resolved to die ;
 In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring
 On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

" Young man, your sword ;" so Lambro once more
 said :

Juan replied, " Not while this arm is free !"
 The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,
 And drawing from his belt a pistol, he
 Replied, " Your blood be then on your own head !"
 Then look'd close at the flint, as if to see
 'Twas fresh—for he had lately used the lock—
 And next proceeded quietly to cock.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
 That cocking of a pistol, when you know
 A moment more will bring the sight to bear
 Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so ;

A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
 If you have got a former friend or foe ;
 But after being fired at once or twice,
 The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
 Had stopp'd this Canto, and Don Juan's breath,
 When Haidee threw herself her boy before ;
 Stern as her sire : " On me," she cried, " let
 death
 Descend—the fault is mine ; this fatal shore
 He found—but sought not. I have pledged my
 faith ;
 I love him—I will die with him ; I knew
 Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too."

A minute past, and she had been all tears,
 And tenderness, and infancy : but now
 She stood as one who champion'd human fears—
 Pale, statue-like, and stern, she woo'd the
 blow ;
 And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,
 She drew up to her height, as if to show
 A fairer mark ; and with a fix'd eye scann'd
 Her father's face—but never stopp'd his hand.

He gazed on her, and she on him ; 'twas strange
 How like they look'd ! the expression was the
 same ;

Serenely savage, with a little change
 In the large dark eye's mutual darted flame ;
 For she too was as one who could avenge,
 If cause should be—a lioness, though tame ;
 Her father's blood before her father's face
 Boil'd up, and proved her truly of his race.

I said they were alike, their features and
 Their stature differing but in sex and years ;
 Even to the delicacy of their hands
 There was resemblance, such as true blood
 wears ;
 And now to see them thus divided, stand
 In fix'd ferocity, when joyous tears
 And sweet sensations should have welcomed both,
 Would show what passions are in their full growth.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew
 His weapon, and replaced it ; but stood still,
 And looking on her, as to look her through,
 " Not I," he said, " have sought this stranger's
 Not I have made this desolation : few [ill ;
 Would bear such outrage, and forbear to kill ;
 But I must do my duty—how thou hast
 Done thine, the present vouches for the past.

Let him disarm ; or, by my father's head,
 His own shall roll before you like a ball !"
 He raised his whistle as the word he said,
 And blew, another answer'd to the call,
 And rushing in disorderly, though led
 And arm'd from boot to turban, one and all,
 Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank,
 He gave the word, " Arrest or slay the Frank."

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew
 His daughter ; while compress'd within his
 grasp,
 'Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew—
 In vain she struggled in her father's clasp,
 T 2

His arms were like a serpent's coil; then flew
Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,
The file of pirates: save the foremost, who
Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut
through.

The second had his cheek laid open; but
The third, a wary, cool old swordsman, took
The blows upon his cutlass, and then put
His own well in—so well, ere you could look
His man was floor'd and helpless at his foot,
With the blood running like a little brook,
From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red—
One in the arm—the other on the head.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore,

Juan from the apartment: with a sign
Old Lambrq bade them take him to the shore,
Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine:
They laid him in a boat and plied the oar
Until they reach'd some galliots, placed in line;
On board of one of these, and under hatches,
They stow'd him, with strict orders to the watches.

I leave Don Juan, for the present—safe—
Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded;
Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half
Of those with which his Haidee's bosom
bounded!

She was not one to weep, and rave, and chafe,
And then give way, subdued because sur-
rounded;

Her mother was a Moorish maid from Fez,
Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

There the large olive rains its amber store,
In marble founts; there grain, and flower, and
fruit

Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er;
But there too many a poison tree has root,
And midnight listens to the lion's roar,
And long, long deserts scorch the camel's foot
Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan,
And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And, like the soil beneath it, will bring forth:
Beauty and love were Haidee's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye show'd deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds, all silvery, smooth, and
fair,

Till slowly charged with thunder they display
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And, he himself o'ermaster'd and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;

Thus much she view'd an instant and no more—
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar fell'd.

A vein had burst—and her sweet lips' pure dyes
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran
And her head droop'd as when the lily lies [o'er;
O'ercharged with rain: her summon'd hand-
maids bore
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold—nor death destroy!

Days lay she in that state, unchanged, though chill
With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still;
No hideous sign proclaim'd her surely dead;
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill
All hope; to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of soul,
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
When exquisitely chisel'd, still lay there,
But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect thro's
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair;
O'er the Laocoon's all-eternal throes,
And ever-dying Gladiator's air,
Their energy like life forms all their fame,
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

She woke at length—but not as sleepers wake—
Rather the dead, for life sec. and something new,
A strange sensation which she must partake
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat, still true,
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token without knowing what;
She saw them watch her, without asking why,
And reck'd not who around her pillow sat;
Not speechless, though she spoke not: not a sign
Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and quick
chat

Were tried in vain by those who served—she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
Her father watch'd—she turn'd her eyes away—
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherish'd in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,
Gentle, but without memory she lay:
And yet those eyes, which they would fain be
weaning [ing.
Back to old thoughts, seem'd full of fearful mean-

At last a slave bethought her of a harp;
The harper came and tuned his instrument;
At the first notes—irregular and sharp—
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent;
Then to the wall she turn'd, as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-
And he began a long low island song, [sent,
Of ancient days—ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
 In time to his old tune ; he changed the theme,
 And sung of love ; the fierce name struck through
 Her recollection ; on her flash'd the dream [all
 Of what she was, and is ; if ye could call
 To be so, being : in a gushing stream
 The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded brain,
 Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

Short solace!—vain relief!—thought came too
 quick,

And whirled her brain to madness : she arose
 As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
 And flew at all she met, as on her foes ;
 But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
 Although her paroxysm drew towards its close :
 Hers was a frenzy which disdain'd to rave,
 Even when they smote her—in the hope to save.

Yet she betray'd at times a gleam of sense ;
 Nothing could make her meet her father's face,
 Though on all other things with looks intense
 She gazed, but none she ever could retrace ;
 Food she refused, and raiment ; no pretence
 Avail'd for either ; neither change of place,
 Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her
 Senses to sleep—the power seem'd gone for ever.

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus ; at last
 Without a groan, a sigh, or glance, to show
 A parting pang, the spirit from her pass'd ;
 And they who watch'd her nearest could not
 know

The very instant, till the change that cast
 Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
 Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
 Oh ! to possess such lustre—and then lack !

She died—but not alone ; she held within
 A second principle of life—which might
 Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin ;
 But closed its little being without light,
 And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
 Blossom and bough lie wither'd with one blight ;
 In vain the dews of heaven descend above
 The bleeding flower, and blasted fruit of love.

Thus lived—thus died she ; never more on her
 Shall sorrow light, or shame.—She was not made
 Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
 Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
 By age in earth ; her days and pleasures were
 Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid
 Long with her destiny ; but she sleeps well
 By the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell.

That tale is now all desolate and bare,
 Its dwellings down—its tenants pass'd away,
 None but her own and father's grave is there,
 And nothing outward tells of human clay ;
 Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair—
 No stone is there to show—no tongue to say
 What was ; no dirge, except the hollow seas,
 Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

LORD BARON.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

My mother's grave, my mother's grave !
 Oh ! dreamless is her slumber there,
 And drowsily the banners wave
 O'er her that was so chaste and fair ;
 Yea ! love is dead, and memory faded !
 But when the dew is on the brake,
 And silence sleeps on earth and sea,
 And mourners weep, and ghosts awake,
 Oh ! then she cometh back to me,
 In her cold beauty darkly shaded !

I cannot guess her face or form ;
 But what to me is form or face ?
 I do not ask the weary worm
 To give me back each buried grace
 Of glistening eyes, or tralling tresses !
 I only feel that she is here,
 And that we meet, and that we part ;
 And that I drink within mine ear,
 And that I clasp around my heart,
 Her sweet still voice, and soft caresses !

Not in the waking thought by day,
 Not in the sightless dream by night,
 Do the mild tones and glances play
 Of her who was my cradle's light !
 But in some twilight of calm weather,
 She glides, by fancy dimly wrought,
 A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,
 With all the quiet of a thought,
 And all the passion of a dream,
 Linked in a golden spell together !

Anon

ROUGE ET NOIR.

“ Could I forget
 What I have been, I might the better bear
 What I am destined to. I'm not the first
 That have been wretched—but to think how much
 I have been happier !” SOUTHERN.

NEVER shall I forget that accursed 27th of
 September : it is burnt in upon the tablet
 of my memory ; graven in letters of blood
 upon my heart. I look back to it with a
 strangely compounded feeling of horror
 and delight ; of horror at the black series
 of wretched days and sleepless nights of
 which it was the fatal precursor ; of del-
 ight at that previous career of tranquillity
 and self-respect which it was destined to
 terminate—alas, for ever !

On that day I had been about a fort-
 night in Paris, and in passing through the
 garden of the Palais Royal had stopped to
 admire the beautiful *jet d'eau* in its centre,
 on which the sun-beams were falling
 so as to produce a small rainbow, when I

was accosted by my old friend Major E—, of the Fusileers. After the first surprises and salutations, as he found that the business of procuring apartments and settling my family had prevented my seeing many of the Parisian *lions*, he offered himself as my Cicerone, proposing that we should begin by making the circuit of the building that surrounded us. With its history and the remarkable events of which it had been the scene I was already conversant; but of its detail and appropriation which, as he assured me, constituted its sole interest in the eyes of the Parisians, I was completely ignorant.

After taking a cursory view of most of the sights above ground in this multifarious pile, I was conducted to some of its subterraneous wonders,—to the Cafe du Sauvage, where a man is hired for six francs a night to personate that character, by beating a great drum with all the grinning, ranting, and raving of a madman;—to the Cafe des Aveugles, whose numerous orchestra is entirely composed of blind men and women;—and to the Cafe des Varietes, whose small theatre, as well as its saloons and labyrinths, are haunted by a set of Sirens not less dangerous than the nymphs who assailed Ulysses. Emerging from these haunts, we found that a heavy shower was falling; and while we paraded once more the stone gallery, my friend suddenly exclaimed, as his eye fell upon the numbers of the houses—"one hundred and fifty-four!—positively we are going away without visiting one of the ——" gaming-houses was the meaning of the term he employed, though he expressed it by a word that the fashionable preacher never mentioned to "ears polite."—"I have never yet entered," said I, "a Pandæmonium of this sort; and I never will:—I refrain from it upon principle;—'Principiis obsta;' I am of Dr Johnson's temperament, I can practise abstinence, but not temperance; and every body knows that prevention is better than cure."—"Do you remember," replied E—, "what the same Dr Johnson said to Boswell—'My dear Sir, clear your mind of cant;' I do not ask you to play; but you must have often read, when you were a good little boy, that 'Vice to be hated needs but to be seen,' and cannot have forgotten that the Spartans sometimes made their slaves drunk, and show-

ed them to their children to inculcate sobriety. Love of virtue is best secured by a hatred of its opposite: to hate it you must see it: besides, a man of the world should see every thing."—"But it is so disreputable," I rejoined.—"How completely John-Bullish!" exclaimed E—. "Disreputable! why I am going to take you to an establishment recognised, regulated, and taxed by the Government, the upholders of religion and social order, who annually derive six millions of francs from this source of revenue; and as to the company, I promise you that you shall encounter men of the first respectability, of all sects and parties, for in France every one gambles at these salons, —except the devotees, and they play at home."—He took my arm, and I walked upstairs with him, merely ejaculating as we reached the door—"Mind, I don't play."

Entering an ante-room, we were received by two or three servants, who took our sticks and hats, for which we received tickets, and by the number suspended around I perceived that there was a tolerably numerous attendance within. *Roulette* was the game to which the first chamber was dedicated. In the middle of a long green table was a circular excavation, resembling a large gilt basin, in whose centre was a rotatory apparatus turning an ivory ball in a groove, which, after sundry gyrations, descended to the bottom of the basin where there was a round of little numbered compartments or pigeon-holes, into one of which it finally settled, when the number was proclaimed aloud. Beside this apparatus there was painted on the green baize a table of various successive numbers, with divisions for odd and even, &c. on which the players deposited their various stakes. He who was in the compartment of the proclaimed number was a winner, and if he had singled out that individual one, which of course was of very rare occurrence, his deposit was doubled I know not how many times. The odd or even declared their own fate: they were lost or doubled. This altar of chance had but few votaries, and merely stopping a moment to admire the handsome decorations of the room we passed on into the next.

"This," whispered my companion, for there was a dead silence in the apartment, although the long table was entire-

ly surrounded by people playing,—“this is only the silver room; you may deposit here as low as a five franc piece: let us pass on to the next, where none play but those who will risk bank-notes or gold.” Casting a passing glance at these comparatively humble gamblers, who were, however, all too deeply absorbed to move their eyes from the cards, I followed my conductor into the sanctuary of the gilded Mammon.

Here was a Rouge et Noir table, exactly like the one I had just quitted. In its centre was a profuse display of gold in bowls and rouleaus, with thick piles of bank notes, on either side of which sat a partner of the bank and an assistant, the dragon guards of this Hesperian fruit. An oblong square, painted on each end of the green table, exhibited three divisions, one for Rouge, another for Noir, and the centre was for the stakes of those who speculated upon the colour of the first and last card, with other ramifications of the art which it would be tedious to describe. Not one of the chairs around the table was unoccupied, and I observed that each banker and assistant was provided with a *rateau*, or rake, somewhat resembling a garden hoe, several of which were also dispersed about, that the respective winners might withdraw the gold without the objectionable intervention of fingers. When the stakes are all deposited, the dealer, one of the bankers in the centre, cries out—“*Le jeu est fait*,” after which nothing can be added or withdrawn; and then taking a packet of cards from a basket full before him, he proceeds to deal. Thirty-one is the number of the game: the colour of the first card determines whether the first row be black or red: the dealer turns up till the numbers on the cards exceed thirty-one, when he lays down a second row in the same manner, and whichever is nearest to that amount is the winning row. If both come to the same, he cries “*Apres*,” and recommences with fresh cards, but if each division should turn up *thirty-one*, the bank takes half of the whole money deposited, as a forfeit from the players. In this consists their certain profit, which has been estimated at ten per cent. upon the total stakes. If the red loses, the banker on that side rakes all the deposits into his treasury; if it wins, he throws down the number of Napoleons or notes

necessary to cover the lodgments made by the players, each one of whom rakes off his prize, or leaves it for a fresh venture. E—— explained to me the functions of the different members of the establishment—the Inspector, the Croupier, the Tailleur, the Messieurs de la chambre, &c. and also the meaning of the ruled card and pins which every one held before him, consulting it with the greatest intenseness, and occasionally calling to the people in attendance for a fresh supply. This horoscope was divided by perpendicular lines into columns, headed with an alternate R. and N. for Rouge and Noir, and the pin is employed to perforate the card as each colour wins, as a groundwork for establishing some calculation in that elaborate delusion termed the doctrine of Chances. Some, having several of these records before them, closely pierced all over, were summing up the results upon paper, as if determined to play a game of chance without leaving any thing to hazard; and none seemed willing to adventure without having some species of sanction from these Sibylline leaves.

An involuntary sickness and loathing of heart came over me as I contemplated this scene, and observed the sofas in an adjoining room, which the Parisians, who turn every thing into a joke, have christened “the hospital for the wounded.” There, thought I to myself, many a wretch has thrown himself down in anguish and despair of soul, cursing himself and the world with fearful imprecations, or blaspheming in that silent bitterness of spirit which is more terrific than words. I contrasted the gaudy decorations and panelled mirrors that surrounded me with the smoky and blackened ceiling, sad evidence of the nocturnal lamps lighted up at the shrine of this Baal, and of the unhallowed worship prosecuted through the livelong night. Turning to the window, I beheld the sun shining from the bright blue sky, the rain was over, the birds were singing in the trees, and the leaves fluttering in the wind; the external gaiety giving the character of an appalling antithesis to the painful silence, immovable attitudes, and spell-bound looks of the care-worn figures within. One man, a German, was contending against a run of ill-luck with a dogged obstinacy that was obviously making deep inroads upon

his purse and his peace; for though his face was invisible from being bent over his perforated card, the drops of perspiration standing upon his forehead betrayed the inward agitation. All the losers were struggling to suppress emotions which still revealed themselves by the working of some disobedient muscle, the compression of the lips, the sardonic grin, or the glaring wrath of the eye; while the winners belied their assumed indifference by flushed cheeks and an expression of anxious triumph. Two or three forlorn operators, who had been *cleaned out*, as the phrase is, and condemned to idleness, were eyeing their more fortunate neighbours with a leer of malignant envy; while the bankers and their assistants, in the certainty of their profitable trade, exhibited a calm and watchful cunning, though their features, pale and sodden, betrayed the effect of confinement, heated rooms, and midnight vigils. E—— informed me that the frequenters of these houses were authorized to call for refreshments of any description, but no one availed himself of the privilege; the “*auri sacra fames*,” the pervading appetite of the place, had swallowed up every other. The very thought revolted me. What! eat and drink in this arena of the hateful passions; in this fatal room, from which many a suicide has rushed out to grasp the self-destroying pistol, or plunge into the darkness of the wave! in this room, which is denounced to heaven by the widow’s tears and the orphan’s maledictions! Revolving these thoughts in my mind, I surveyed once more the faces before me, and could not help exclaiming—What a hideous study of human nature!

“As we have employed so much time,” said E——, “in taking the latitude, or rather the longitude of these various phizzes, we shall be expected to venture something: I will throw down a Napoleon, as a sop to Cerberus, and will then convoy you home.”—“Nay,” replied I, “it was for my instruction we came hither; the lesson I have received is well worth the money, so put down this piece of gold and let us begone.”—“Let us at least wait till we have lost it,” he resumed; “and in the mean time we will take our places at the table.” I felt that I blushed as I sat down, and was about to deposit my offering hap hazard, when my companion stopped my hand, and, bor-

rowing a perforated card, bade me remark, that the red and black had zig-zagged, or won alternately for fourteen times; and that there had subsequently been a long run upon the black, which would now probably cross over to the other colour; from all which premises he deduced that I should venture upon the red: which I accordingly did. Sir Balaam’s devil who “now tempts by making rich, not making poor,” was, I verily believe, hovering over my devoted head at that instant; my deposit was doubled, and I was preparing to decamp with my two Naps, when my adviser insisted upon my not balking my luck, as there would probably be a run upon the red, and I suffered my stake to remain, and go on doubling until I had won ten or twelve times in succession. “Now,” cried E——, “I should advise you to pocket the affront, and be satisfied.” Adopting his counsel, I could hardly believe his assertion, or my own eyes, when he handed me over bank-notes to the amount of twenty thousand francs, observing that I had made a tolerably successful *debut* for a beginner.

Returning home in some perturbation and astonishment of mind, I resolved to prepare a little surprise for my wife; and spreading the bank-notes upon the table with as much display as possible, I told her, upon her entering the room, how I had won them; and enquiring whether Aladdin with his wonderful lamp could have spent two or three hours more profitably, I stated my intention of appropriating a portion of it to her use in the purchase of a handsome birth-day present. In a moment the blood rushed to her face, and as quickly receded, leaving it of an ashy paleness, when she spurned the notes from her, exclaiming with a solemn terror—“I would as soon touch the forty pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed his master.” Her penetrating head instantly saw the danger to which I had exposed myself, and her fond heart as quickly gave the alarm to her feelings; but in a few seconds she threw her arms around me, and ejaculated as the tears ran down her cheek—“Forgive me, my dear Charles, pardon my vehemence, my ingratitude; I have a present to ask, a boon to implore—promise that you will grant it me.”—“Most willingly,” I rejoined, “if it be in my power.”—“Give me then your

pledge, never to play again."—"Cheerfully," continued I, for I had already formed that resolution. She kissed me with many affectionate thanks, adding that I had made her completely happy. I believe it, for at that moment I felt so myself.

Many men who are candid and upright in arguing with others, are the most faithless and jesuitical of casuists in chopping logic with themselves. Let no one trust his head in a contest with the heart; the former, suppressing or perverting whatever is disagreeable to the latter, will assume a demure and sincere conviction, while it has all along been playing booty, and furnishing weapons to its adversary. The will must be honest if we wish the judgment to be so. A tormenting itch for following up my good luck, as I termed it, set me upon devising excuses for violating my pledge to my wife, and no shuffling or quibbling was too contemptible for my purpose. I had promised never to play again—"at that house," or if I had not actually said so, I meant to say so: there could be no forfeiture of my word, therefore, if I went to another. Miserable sophistry! yet, wretched as it was, it satisfied my conscience for the moment,—so easily is a weak man deluded into criminal indulgence. Fortified with such valid arguments, I made my *debut* at the Salon des Etrangers, and after a two hours sitting, had the singular good luck to return home a winner of nearly as much as I had gained on the first day. Success for once made me moderate; in the humility of my prosperous play, I resolved only to continue till I had won ten thousand pounds, when I would communicate my adventures to my wife with a solemn abjuration of the pursuit in future; and as I considered myself in possession of the certain secret of winning whatever I pleased, I took credit to myself for my extreme moderation. From Frascati, the scene of my third attempt, by a lucky, or rather unlucky fatality, which my subsequent experience only renders the more wonderful, I retired with a sum exceeding the whole of my previous profits, when, like the tiger who is rendered insatiate by the taste of blood, I instantly became ravenous for larger riches; and already repenting the paltry limitation of the day before, determined on proceeding until I had doubled its

amount. Another day's luck, and even this would have been spurned, for neither Johnson's Sir Epicure Mammon, nor Massinger's Luke, nor Pope's Sir Balaam, underwent a more rapid development of the latent devils of ambition. Indistinct visions of grandeur floated before my eyes; my senses already seemed to be steeped in a vague magnificence; and after hesitating, in a sort of waking dream, between Wanstead House and Fonthill, one of which I held to be too near, and the other too distant from London, I dwelt complacently on the idea of building a mansion at some intermediate station, which should surpass the splendour of both. Sleep presenting to me the same images through a magnifying glass, I went forth next morning to the accomplishment of my destiny with an exaltation of mind little short of delirium.

Weak and wicked reveries!—a single turn of Fortune's wheel reduced me, not to reason, but to an opposite extreme of mortification and despondence. A run of ill-luck swept away in one hour more than half my gains, and unfortunately losing my temper still faster than my money, I kept doubling my stakes in the blindness of my rage, and quitted the table at night, not only lightened of all my suddenly acquired wealth, but loser of a considerable sum besides. I could now judge by experience of the bitterness of soul that I had lately inflicted upon those who had lost what I had won, and inwardly cursed the pursuit whose gratifications could only spring from the miseries of others; but so far from abandoning this inevitable see-saw of wretchedness, I felt as if I had been defrauded of my just property, and burned with the desire of taking my revenge. The heart-sickenling detail of my infirmity, my reverses, and my misery, need not be followed up. Suffice it to say, that a passion, a fury, an actual phrenzy of play absorbed every faculty of my soul; mine was worse than a Promethean fate; I was gnawed and devoured by an inward fire which nothing could allay. Alas! not even poverty and the want of materials could quench it. In my career of prosperity, I felt not the fraud I was practising upon my wife, for I meant to make my peace with ten or twenty thousand pounds in my hand, and a sincere renunciation of gaming in my heart; but now that I was bringing ruin upon

her and my children, the sense of my falsehood and treachery embittering the anguish of my losses, plunged me into unutterable remorse and agony of soul. Still I wanted courage to make the fatal revelation, and at last only imparted it to her in the cowardice of impending disgrace.

Madame Deshoulières says very truly, that gamblers begin by being dupes and end by being knaves; and I am about to confirm it by an avowal to which nothing should have impelled me but the hope of deterring others by an exposure of my own delinquency. A female relation had remitted me seven hundred pounds to purchase into the French funds, with which sum in my pocket I unfortunately called at the Salon des Étrangers in my way to the stock-broker's, and my evil genius suggesting to me that there was a glorious opportunity of recovering my heavy losses, I snatched the notes from my pocket, threw them on the table just before the dealer began—and lost! Stunned by the blow, I went home in a state of calm despair, communicated the whole to my wife in as few words as possible, and ended by declaring that she was a beggar, and her husband disgraced for ever. “Not yet, my dear Charles,” replied the generous woman, her eyes beaming with an affectionate forgiveness,—“not yet; we may still exclaim with the French King after the battle of Pavia, we have lost every thing but our honour;—and, while we retain *that*, our losses are but as a grain of sand. We may be depressed by fortune, but we can only be disgraced by ourselves. As to this seven hundred pounds—take my jewels—they will sell for more than is required; and if our present misfortunes induce you to fly from Paris, and abandon this fatal pursuit, they will assuredly become the greatest blessings of our life.”

No reproach ever passed her lips, or lingered in her eye; nor did I fail to observe the delicacy which, mingling up her own fate with mine, strove to soothe my feelings, by disguising my individual guilt under the cloak of a joint misfortune. Noble minded-woman! Mezentius himself could not have devised a more cruel fate than to tie thee to a soul so dead to shame, and so defunct in gratitude as mine!

Will not the reader loathe and detest me, even worse than I do myself, when I

inform him, that in return for all this magnanimity I had the detestable baseness to linger in Paris; to haunt the gaming-table, to venture the wretched drainings of my purse in the *silver* room, to become an habitual borrower of paltry sums under pledges of repayment which I knew I had not the means of redeeming, and to submit tamely to the indignity of palpable cuts from my acquaintance in the public streets? From frequently encountering at the salons, I had formed a slight friendship with Lord T—, Lord F—, Sir G— W—, Colonel T—, and particularly with poor S—t, before he had consummated the ruin of his fine fortune, and debilitated his frame by paralysis brought on by anxiety; and I was upon terms of intimacy with others of my countrymen, who with various success, but much more ample means than myself were making offerings to the demon of *Rouge et Noir*. Should this brief memoir fall beneath the eye of any of my quondam friends, they may not impossibly derive benefit from its perusal: at all events they may be pleased to know that I have not forgotten their kindnesses. I am aware that I abused their assistance, and wore out their patience; but I never anticipated the horror to which the exhaustion of my own means, and the inability to exert more from others, would reduce me. The anguish of my losses, the misery of my degradation, the agony of mind with which I reflected upon my impoverished wife and family, were nothing, absolutely nothing, compared to the racking torment of being compelled to refrain from gambling. It sounds incredible, but it is strictly true. To sit at the table with empty pockets and to see others playing, was absolutely insupportable. I envied even the heaviest losers—could I have found an antagonist, I would have gambled for an eye, an arm, a leg, for life itself. A thousand devils seemed to be gnawing at my heart—I believed I was mad—I even hope I was.

Yes; I have tasked myself to detail my moral degradation and utter prostration of character, with a fidelity worthy of Rousseau himself, and I feel it a duty not to shrink from my complete exposure. After a night passed in the state of mind I have been describing, in one of those haunts which I was justly entitled to denominate a Hell, I wandered out at day-

break towards the Pont de Jena, as if I could cool my parched lips and burning brain by the heavy shower that was then falling. As the dripping rustics passed me on their market-horses, singing and whistling, their happiness, seeming to be a mockery of my wretchedness, filled me with a malignant rage. By the time I had reached the bridge, the rain had ceased, the rising sun, glancing upon the river threw a bloom over the woods in the direction of Sevres and St Cloud, and the birds were piping in the air. Ever a passionate admirer of Nature, her charms stole me for a moment from myself, but presently my thoughts reverting from the heaven without to the hell within, I gnashed my teeth, and fell back into a double bitterness and despair of soul.

I have always been a believer in sudden and irresistible impulses; an idea which will not appear ridiculous to those who are conversant with the records of crime. A portrait of Sarah Malcolm the murderer, which I had seen many years ago in the possession of Lord Mulgrave, leading me to the perusal of her trial and execution in the Newgate Calendar, induced me to give perfect credit to the averment, that the idea of the crime came suddenly into her head without the least solicitation, and that she felt driven forward to its accomplishment by some invisible power. Similar declarations from many other offenders offer abundant confirmation of the same fact; and it will be in the recollection of many, that the murderer of Mr and Mrs Bonar at Chiselhurst repeatedly declared that he had never dreamt of the enormity ten minutes before its commission, but that the thought suddenly rushed into his mind, and pushed him forward to the bloody deed. Many people cannot look over a precipice without feeling tempted to throw themselves down; I know a most affectionate father who never approaches a window with his infant child without being haunted by solicitations to cast it into the street; and a gentleman of unimpeachable honour, who if he happens, in walking the highway, to see a note-case or handkerchief emerging from a passenger's pocket, is obliged to stop short or cross over the way, so vehemently does he feel impelled to withdraw them. These "toys of desperation," generated in the giddiness of the mind at the bare imagination of any horror, drive

it to commit the reality as a relief from the fearful vision, upon the same principle that delinquents voluntarily deliver themselves up to justice, because death itself is less intolerable than the fear of it. Let it not be imagined that I am seeking to screen any of these unhappy men from the consequences of their hallucination; I am merely asserting a singular property of the mind, of which I myself am about to record a frightful confirmation.

Standing on the bridge, and turning away my looks from the landscape in that despair of heart which I have described, my downcast eyes fell upon the waters gliding placidly beneath me. They seemed to invite me to quench the burning fire with which I was consumed; the river whispered to me with a distinct utterance that peace and oblivion were to be found in its Lethæan bed:—every muscle of my body was animated by an instant and insuperable impulse; and within half a minute from its first maddening sensation, I had climbed over the parapet, and plunged headlong into the water!—The gushing of waves in my ears, and the rapid flashing of innumerable lights before my eyes, are the last impressions I recollect. Into the circumstances* of my preservation I never had the heart to enquire: when consciousness revisited me, I found myself lying upon my own bed with my wife weeping beside me, though she instantly assumed a cheerful look, and told me that I had met with a dreadful accident, having fallen into the river when leaning over to examine some object beneath. That she knows the whole truth I am perfectly convinced, but we scrupulously avoid the subject, by an understood, though unexpressed compact. It is added in her mind to the long catalogue of my offences, never to be alluded to, and, alas! never to be forgotten. She left my bedside for a moment to return with my children, who rushed up to me with a cry of joy; and as they contended for the first kiss, and enquired after my health with glistening eyes, the cruelty, the atrocity of my cowardly attempt struck with a withering remorse upon my heart.—

SMITH. *

* "Gaieties and Gravities."

THE GRAY HAIR.

COME, let me pluck that silver hair
Which 'mid thy clustering curls I see:
The withering type of Time or Care
Hath nothing, sure, to do with thee!

Years have not yet impair'd the grace
That charm'd me once, that chains me now;
And Envy's self, love, cannot trace
One wrinkle on thy placid brow!

Thy features have not lost the bloom
That brighten'd them when first we met;
No :—rays of softest light illumine
Thy unambitious beauty yet!

And if the passing clouds of Care
Have cast their shadows o'er thy face,
They have but left, triumphant, there
A holier charm—more witching grace.

And if thy voice hath sunk a tone,
And sounds more sadly than of yore,
It hath a sweetness, all its own,
Methinks I never mark'd before!

Thus, young and fair, and happy too—
If bliss indeed may here be won—
In spite of all that Care can do;
In spite of all that time hath done;

Is yon white hair a boon of love,
To thee in mildest mercy given?
A sign, a token from above,
To lead thy thoughts from earth to heaven?

To speak to thee of life's decay;
Of beauty hastening to the tomb;
Of hopes that cannot fade away;
Of joys that never lose their bloom?

Or springs the line of timeless snow
With those dark glossy locks entwined,
'Mid Youth's and Beauty's morning glow,
To emblem thy maturer mind!

It does—it does—then let it stay;
Even Wisdom's self were welcome now;
Who'd wish her soberer tints away,
When thus they beam from Beauty's brow?

ALARIC A. WATTS.

HUMAN LIFE.

I WALK'D the fields at morning's prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing:
The sky-lark sung his matin chime,
And all was brightly glowing.

"And thus," I cried, "the ardent boy,
His pulse with rapture beating,
Deems life's inheritance his joy—
The future proudly greeting."

I wander'd forth at noon :—alas!
On earth's maternal bosom
The scythe had left the withering grass
And stretch'd the fading blossom.

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes we fondly cherish,
Like flowers which blossom but to die,
Seem only horn to perish.

Once more, at eve, abroad I stray'd,
Through lonely hay-fields musing;
While every breeze that round me play'd
Rich fragrance was diffusing.

The perfumed air, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appealing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,
Scatter'd the balm of healing.

For thus "the actions of the just,"
When Memory hath enshrined them,
E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their odour leave behind them.

BERNARD BARTON.

MY FIRST FOLLY.

"L'imagination grossit souvent les plus petits objets par une estimation fantastique jusqu'à remplir notre ame."—PENSEES DE PASCAL.

"I have spent all my golden time,
In writing many a loving rhyme;
I have consumed all my youth
In vowing of my faith and truth;
O willow, willow, willow tree,
Yet can I not beleeved bee."

OLD BALLAD.

"Do you take trifle?" said Lady Olivia
to my poor friend Halloran.

"No, Ma'am, I am reading philosophy,"
said Halloran; waking from a fit of abstraction, with about as much consciousness and perception as exists in a petrified oyster, or an alderman dying of a surfeit.—Halloran is a fool.

A trifle is the one good thing, the sole and surpassing enjoyment. He only is happy who can fix his thoughts, and his hopes, and his feelings, and his affections, upon those fickle and fading pleasures, which are tenderly cherished and easily forgotten, alike acute in their excitement and brief in their regret. Trifles constitute my summum bonum. Sages may crush them with the heavy train of argument and syllogism; schoolboys may

assail them with the light artillery of essay and of theme; members of parliament may loathe, doctors of divinity may condemn:—bag wigs and big wigs, blue devils and blue stockings, sophistry and sermons, reasonings and wrinkles, Solon, Thales, Newton's Principia, Mr Walker's Eidouranion, the King's Bench, the bench of Bishops—all these are serious antagonists; very serious!—but I care not; I defy them; I dote upon trifles; and my name is Vyvyan Joyeuse, and my motto is 'Vive la Bagatelle.'

There are many persons who while they have a tolerable taste for the frivolous, yet profess remorse and penitence for their indulgence of it; and continually court and embrace new day-dreams, while they shrink from the retrospect of those which have already faded. Peace be to their everlasting laments, and their ever-broken resolutions! Your true trifier, meaning your humble servant, is a being of a very different order. The luxury which I renew in the recollection of the past, is equal to that which I feel in the enjoyment of the present, or create in the anticipation of the future. I love to count and recount every treasure I have flung away, every bubble I have broken; I love to dream again the dreams of my boyhood, and to see the visions of departed pleasures flitting like Ossian's ghosts around me, "with stars dim twinkling through their forms." I look back with delight to a youth which has been idled away, to tastes which have been perverted, to talents which have been misemployed; and while in imagination I wander back through the haunts of my old idlesse, for all the learning of a Greek professor, for all the morality of Sir John Sewel, I would not lose one single point of that which has been ridiculous and grotesque, nor one single tint of that which has been beautiful and beloved.

Moralists and misanthropists, maidens with starched morals and matrons with starched frills, ancient adorers of bohea and scandal, venerable votaries of whispering and of whist, learned professors of the compassionate sneer and the innocent inuendo, eternal pillars of gravity and good order, of stupidity and decorum, come not near me with your spare and spectacled features, your candid and considerate criticism. In you I have no

I.

hope, in me you have no interest. I am to speak of stories you will not believe, of beings you cannot love; of foibles for which you have no compassion, of feelings in which you have no share.

Fortunate and unfortunate couples, belles in silks and beaux in sentimentals, ye who have wept and sighed, ye who have been wept for and sighed for, victims of vapours and coiners of vows, makers and marrers of intrigue, readers and writers of songs, come to me with your attention and your salts, your sympathy and your cambric; your griefs, your raptures, your anxieties, all have been mine; I know your blushing and your paleness, your self-deceiving and your self-tormenting,

"so com'è inconstante e vaga
Timida, ardita vite degli amanti,
Ch'un poco dolce molto amaro appoggia
E so i costumi, e i lor sospiri, e i canti
E'l parlar rotto, e'l subito silenzio,
E'i brevissimo riso, e i lunghi pianti;
E qual è 'l mel temprato con l'assenzio."

All these things are so beautiful in Italian! but I need not have borrowed a syllable from Petrarch, for shapes of shadowy beauty, smiles of cherished loveliness, glances of reviving lustre, are coming in the mist of memory around me! I am writing 'an ower true tale!'

I never fell seriously in love till I was seventeen. Long before that period I had learned to talk nonsense and tell lies, and had established the important points that a delicate figure is equivalent to a thousand pounds, a pretty mouth better than the bank of England, and a pair of bright eyes worth all Mexico. But at seventeen a more intricate branch of study awaited me.

I was lounging away my June at a pretty village in Kent, with little occupation beyond my own meditations, and no company but my horse and dogs. My sisters were both in the south of France; and my uncle, at whose seat I had pitched my camp, was attending to the interests of his constituents and the wishes of his patron in Parliament. I began after the lapse of a week to be immensely bored; I felt a considerable dislike of an agricultural life, and an incipient inclination for laudanum. I took to playing backgammon with the rector. He was more than a match for me, and used to grow most un-

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clerically hot when the dice, as was their duty, befriended the weaker side. At last, at the conclusion of a very long hit, which had kept Mrs Penn's tea waiting full an hour, my worthy and wigged friend flung deuce-ace three times in succession, put the board in the fire, overturned Mrs Penn's best china, and hurried to his study to compose a sermon on patience.

Then I took up reading. My uncle had a delightful library where a reasonable man might have lived and died. But I confess I never could endure a long hour of lonely reading. It is a very pretty thing to take down a volume of Tasso or Racine, and study accent and cadence for the benefit of half a dozen *listening* belles, all dividing their attention between the work and the work-basket, their feelings and their flounces, their tears and their trimmings, with becoming and laudable perseverance. It is a far prettier thing to read Petrarch or Rousseau with a single companion, in some sheltered spot so full of passion and of beauty, that you may sit whole days in its fragrance and dream of Laura and Julie. If these are out of the way, it is endurable to be tied down to the moth-eaten marvels of antiquity, poring to-day that you may pore again to-morrow, and labouring for the nine days' wonder of some temporary distinction, with an ambition which is almost frenzy, and an emulation which speaks the language of animosity. But to sit down to a novel or a philosopher, with no companion to participate in the enjoyment, and no object to reward the toil, this indeed—oh! I never could endure a long hour of lonely reading; and so I deserted Sir Roger's library, and left his Marmontel and his Aristotle to the slumbers from which I had unthinkingly awakened them.

At last I was roused from a state of most Persian torpor by a note from an old lady, whose hall, for so an indifferent country-house was by courtesy denominated, stood at the distance of a few miles. She was about to give a ball. Such a thing had not been seen for ten years within ten miles of us. From the sensation produced by the intimation you might have deemed the world at an end. Prayers and entreaties were offered up to all the guardians and all the milliners; and the old gentlemen rose in a passion,

and the old lace rose in price. Everything was everywhere in a flurry; kitchen, and parlour, and boudoir, and garret,—Babel all! Ackermann's Fashionable Repository, the Ladies' Magazine, the New Pocket-book, all these, and all other publications whose frontispieces presented the 'fashions for 1817,' personified in a thin lady with kid gloves and a formidable obliquity of vision, were in earnest and immediate requisition. Needles and pins were flying right and left; dinner was ill dressed that dancers might be well dressed; mutton was marred that misses might be married. There was not a school-boy who did not cut Homer and capers; nor a boarding-school beauty who did not try on a score of dancing shoes, and talk for a fortnight of Angiolini. Every occupation was laid down, every carpet was taken up; every combination of hands-a-cross and down the middle was committed most laudably to memory; and nothing was talked, nothing was meditated, nothing was dreamed, but love and romance, fiddles and flirtation, warm negus and handsome partners, dyed feathers and chalked floors.

In all the pride and condescension of an inmate of Grosvenor Square, I looked upon Lady Motley's 'At Home.' "Yes," I said, flinging away the card with a tragedy twist of the fingers,—“yes; I will be there. For one evening I will encounter the tedium and the taste of a village ball. For one evening I will doom myself to figures that are out of date, and fiddles that are out of tune; dowagers who make embroidery by wholesale, and demoiselles who make conquests by profession: for one evening I will endure the inquiries about Almack's and St Paul's, the tales of the weddings that have been and the weddings that are to be, the round of curtsies in the ball-room and the round of beef at the supper-table: for one evening I will not complain of the everlasting hostess and the everlasting Boulanger, of the double duty and the double bass, of the great heiress, and the great plum-pudding;

'Come one, come all,
Come dance in Sir Roger's great Hall."

And thus, by dint of civility, indolence, quotation, and antithesis, I bent up each corporal agent to the terrible feat, and 'would have the honour of waiting upon her ladyship,'—in due form.

I went : turned my uncle's one-horse chaise into the long old avenue about an hour after the time specified, and perceived by the lights flashing from all the windows, and the crash of chairs and carriages returning from the door, that the room was most punctually full, and the performers most pastorally impatient. The first face I encountered on my entrance was that of my old friend Villars ; I was delighted to meet him, and expressed my astonishment at finding him in a situation for which his inclination, one would have supposed, was so little adapted.

"By Mercury," he exclaimed, "I am metamorphosed, fairly metamorphosed, my good Vyvyan ; I have been detained here three months by a fall from Sir Peter, and have amused myself most indefatigably by humming tunes and reading news-papers, winding silk, and guessing conundrums. I have made myself the admiration, the adoration, the very worship of all the coteries in the place ; am reckoned very clever at cross purposes, and very apt at 'what's my thought like ?' The 'squires have discovered I can carve, and the matrons hold me indispensable at loo. Come ! I am of little service to-night, but my popularity may be of use to you : you don't know a soul !—I thought so ;—read it in your face the moment you came in,—never saw such a—there, Vyvyan, look there ! I will introduce you." And so saying my companion half limped, half danced with me up to Miss Amelia Mesnil, and presented me in due form.

When I look back to any particular scene of my existence, I can never keep the stage clear of second-rate characters. I never think of Mr Kean's Othello without an intrusive reflection upon the subject of Mr Cooper's Cassio ; I never call to mind a gorgeous scattering forth of roses from Mr Caning, without a painful idea of some cotemporary effusion of poppies from Mr Hume. And thus, beautiful Margaret, it is in vain that I endeavour to separate your fascination from the group which was collected around you. Perhaps that dominion, which at this moment I feel almost revived, recurs more vividly to my imagination, when the forms and figures of all by whom it was contested are associated in its renewal.

First comes Amelia the magnificent, the

acknowledged belle of the country, very stiff and very dumb in her unheeded and uncontested supremacy ; and next, the most black-browed of foxhunters, Augusta, enumerating the names of her father's stud, and dancing as if she imitated them ; and then the most accomplished Jane, vowing that for the last month she had endured immense *ennui*, that she thinks Lady Olivia prodigiously *fade*, that her cousin Sophy is quite *brillante* to-night, and that Mr Peters plays the violin a *merveille*.

"I am bored, my dear Villars—positively bored ! the light is bad and the music abominable ; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation ; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I shook hands with my friend, bowed to three or four people, and was moving off. As I passed to the door I met two ladies in conversation ; "Don't you dance any more, Margaret ?" said one. "Oh no," replied the other, "I am bored, my dear Louisa—positively bored ; the light is bad and the music abominable ; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation ; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I never was distanced in a jest. I put on the look of a ten years' acquaintance and commenced parley. "Surely you are not going away yet ; you have not danced with me, Margaret ; it is impossible you can be so cruel !" The lady behaved with wonderful intrepidity. "She would allow me the honour,—but I was very late ;—really I had not deserved it ;"—and so we stood up together.

"Are you not very impertinent ?"

"Very ; but you are very handsome. Nay : you are not to be angry ; it was a fair challenge, and fairly received."

"And you will not even ask my pardon ?"

"No ! it is out of my way ! I never do those things ; it would embarrass me beyond measure. Pray let us accomplish an introduction : not altogether an usual one ; but that matters little. Vyvyan Joyeuse—rather impertinent, and very fortunate—at your service."

"Margaret Orleans,—very handsome, and rather foolish,—at your service !"

Margaret danced like an angel. I knew she would. I could not conceive by what

blindness I had passed four hours without being struck. We talked of all things that are, and a few beside. She was something of a botanist, so we began with flowers; a digression upon China roses carried us to China—the Mandarins with little brains, and the ladies with little feet—the Emperor—the Orphan of China—Voltaire—Zayre—criticism—Dr Johnson—the great bear—the system of Copernicus—stars—ribbons—garters—the Order of the Bath—Sea bathing—Dawlish—Sidmouth—Lord Sidmouth—Cicero—Rome—Italy—Alfieri—Metastasio—fountains—groves—gardens—and so, as the dancing concluded, we contrived to end as we began, with Margaret Orleans and botany.

Margaret talked well on all subjects and wittily on many. I had expected to find nothing but a romping girl, somewhat amusing, and very vain. But I was out of my latitude in the first five minutes, and out of my senses in the next. She left the room very early, and I drove home, more astonished than I had been for many years.

Several weeks passed away, and I was about to leave England to join my sisters on the continent. I determined to look once more on that enslaving smile, whose recollection had haunted me more than once. I had ascertained that she resided with an old lady who took two pupils, and taught French and Italian, and music and manners, at an establishment called Vine House. Two days before I left the country, I had been till a late hour shooting at a mark with a duelling pistol, an entertainment, of which, perhaps from a lurking presentiment, I was very fond. I was returning alone when I perceived, by the light of an enormous lamp, a board by the way-side bearing the welcome inscription, "Vine House." "Enough," I exclaimed, "enough! one more scene before the curtain drops,—Romeo and Juliet by lamplight!"—I roamed about the dwelling-place of all I held dear, till I saw a figure at one of the windows in the back of the house, which it was quite impossible to doubt. I leaned against a tree in a sentimental position, and began to chant my own rhymes thus:

"Pretty coquette, the ceaseless play
Of thine unstudied wit,

And thy dark eye's remembered ray
By buoyant fancy lit,
And thy young forehead's clear expanse
Where the locks slept, as through the dance,
Dreamlike, I saw thee flit,
Are far too warm, and far too fair
To mix with aught of earthly care,
But the vision shall come when my day is
done,
A frail, and a fair, and a fleeting one

And if the many boldly gaze
On that bright brow of thine,
And if thine eye's undying rays
On countless coxcombs shine,
And if thy wit flings out its mirth,
Which echoes more of air than earth,
For other ears than mine,
I heed not this, ye are fickle things,
And I like your very wanderings;
I gaze, and if thousands share the bliss,
Pretty capricious! I heed not this.

In sooth I am a wayward youth,
As fickle as the sea,
And very apt to speak the truth,
Unpleasing though it be.
I am no lover, yet, as long
As I have heart for jest or song,
An image, sweet, of thee
Locked in my heart's remotest treasures,
Shall ever be one of its boarded pleasures;
This from the scoffer thou hast won,
And more than this he gives to none."

"Are they your own verses?" said my idol at the window.

"They are yours, Margaret! I was only the versifier; you were the muse herself."

"The muse herself is obliged to you. And now what is your errand? for it grows late, and you must be sensible—no, that you never will be—but you must be aware, that this is very indecorous."

"I am come to see you, dear Margaret;—which I cannot without candles;—to see you, and to tell you, that it is impossible I can forget—"

"Bless me! what a memory you have. But you must take another opportunity for your tale! for—"

"Alas! I leave England immediately!"

"A pleasant voyage to you! there, not a word more: I must run down to coffee."

"Now may I never laugh more," I said, "if I am baffled thus;" so I strolled back to the front of the house and proceeded to reconnoitre. A bay-window was half open, and in a small neat drawing room I perceived a group assembled:—an old lady, with a high muslin cap and

red ribbons; was pouring out the coffee;—her nephew, a tall awkward young gentleman, sitting on one chair and resting his legs on another, was occupied in the study of Sir Charles Grandison;—and my fair Margaret was leaning on a sofa, and laughing immoderately. “Indeed, Miss,” said the matron, “you should learn to govern your mirth; people will think you came out of Bedlam.”

I lifted the window gently, and stepped into the room. “Bedlam, madam!” quoth I, “I bring intelligence from Bedlam, I arrived last week.”

The tall awkward young gentleman stared; and the aunt half said, half shrieked,—“What in the name of wonder are you?”

“Mad, madam! very particularly mad! mad as a hare in March, or a Cheapside blood on Sunday morning. Look at me! do I not foam? listen to me! do I not rave?—Coffee, my dear madam, coffee; there is no animal so thirsty as your madman in the dog-days.”

“Eh! really!” said the tall awkward young gentleman.

“My good sir,” I began;—but my original insanity began to fail me, and I drew forthwith upon Ossian’s,—“Fly! receive the wind and fly; the blasts are in the hollow of my hand, the course of the storm is mine!”

“Eh! really!” said the tall awkward young gentleman.

“I look on the nations and they vanish: my nostrils pour the blast of death: I come abroad on the winds: the tempest is before my face; but my dwelling is calm, above the clouds; the fields of my rest are pleasant.”

“Do you mean to insult us?” said the old lady.

“Ay! do you mean to insult my aunt?—really!” said the tall awkward young gentleman.

“I shall call in my servants,” said the old lady.

“I am the humblest of them,” said I, bowing.

“I shall teach you a different tune,” said the tall awkward young gentleman, “really?”

“Very well, my dear sir; my instrument is the barrel organ;” and I cocked my sweet little pocket companion in his face “Vanish, little Kastril; for by Hannibal, Heliogabalus, and Holophernes

time is valuable; madness is precipitate, and hair-triggers are the word: vanish!”

“Eh! really!” said the tall awkward young gentleman, and performed an entrechat which carried him to the door: the old lady had disappeared at the first note of the barrel organ. I locked the door, and found Margaret in a paroxysm of laughter. “I wish you had shot him,” she said, when she recovered. “I wish you had shot him: he is a sad fool.”

“Do not talk of him; I am speaking to you, beautiful Margaret, possibly for the last time! Will you ever think of me? perhaps you will. But let me receive from you some token that I may dote upon in other years; something that may be a hope to me in my happiness, and a consolation in calamity. Something—nay! I never could talk romance; but give me one lock of your hair, and I will leave England with resignation.”

“You have earned it like a true knight,” said Margaret; and she severed from her head a long glossy ringlet. “Look,” she continued; “you must to horse, the country has risen for your apprehension.” I turned towards the window. The country had indeed risen. Nothing was to be seen but gossoons in the van, and gossips in the rear, red faces and white jackets, gallants in smock frocks, and gay damsels in program. Bludgeons were waving, and torches were flashing, as far as the gaze could reach. All the chivalry of the place was arming and chafing, and loading for a volley of pebbles and oaths together.

I kneeled down and kissed her hand. It was the happiest moment of my life! “Now,” said I, “an revoir, my sweet Margaret,” and in a moment I was in the lane.

“Gentlemen, be pleased to fall back!—farther yet,—a few paces farther! Stalwart Kern, in buckskin, be pleased to lay down your cat-o’-nine-tails!—Old knight of the plush jerkin, ground your poker!—So, fair damsel with the pitchfork, you are too pretty for so rude an encounter!—Most miraculous Magog, with the sledge-hammer, flit!—Sooty Cupid, with the link, light me from Paphos.—Ha! tall friend of the barrel-organ, have you turned staff-officer? Etna and Vesuvius!—wild fire and wit!—blunderbusses and steam!—fly. Ha! have I not Burgundy in my brain, murder in my plot, and a

whole train of artillery in my coat-pocket." Right and left the ranks opened for my egress, and in a few minutes I was alone on the road, and whistling "lilli-bullero."

This was my first folly. I looked at the lock of hair often, but I never saw Margaret again. She has become the wife of a young clergyman, and resides with him on a small living in Staffordshire. I believe she is very happy, and I have forgotten the colour of her eyes.

Knight's Quarterly Mag.

TO A ROSE

BROUGHT FROM NEAR ALLOWAY RIVER,
IN AUTUMN, 1822.

New York.

WILD rose of Alloway ! my thanks—
Thou mind'st me of that autumn noon,
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes of bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief;
We've cross'd the winter sea, and thou
Art wither'd, flower and leaf.

And wilt not thy death doom be mine,
The doom of all things wrought of clay,
And wither'd my life's leaf like thine,
Wild rose of Alloway ?

Not so *his* memory, for whose sake
My bosom bore thee far and long;
His—who an humbler flower could make
Immortal as his song.

The memory of *BURNS*—a name
That calls, when brim'd her festal cup,
A nation's glory, and her shame,
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
Forgot—she's canonized his mind,
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed
Where the bard-peasant first drew breath—
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument, that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle,
To that bard-peasant given !

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour,—
And know, however low his lot,
A poet's pride and power !

The pride that lifted *BURNS* from earth,
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendancy o'er rank and birth—
The rich, the brave, the strong.

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions, then,
Despair—thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with poesy's
Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death,
Few nobler ones than *BURNS* are there,
And few have worn a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light up the cheek :

And his, that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The poet's mastery

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine, and its showers,
O'er passion's moments, bright and warm,
O'er reason's dark cold hours ;

On fields where brave men " die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth ?

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When " Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"
Or " Auld lang syne" is sung !

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his Cottar's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With " Logan's" hanks and braes.

And when he breathes his master lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frame of clay
Come thronging at his call ;

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived—died—in form and soul a man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures—the poor alone can know
The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood and in youth,
Pride of his fellow men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward, and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear, and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard!—his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven
The birds of fame are flown.

Praise to the man!—a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined,—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come—
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have press'd
The Switzer's snows, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the west,
My own green-forest land,

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not, graven on the heart,
The name of ROBERT BURNS!

THE BRIGANDS.

THE brigands appear to me to be the most important personages of modern Italy, as they are the only public men who are now tolerated there. Attached to liberty, and jealous of their own independence, they defend both with acrimony, and protest with arms in their hands against any one attempting to oppress them. God forbid that I should be looked upon as the apologist of robbers; but why should I not be permitted to relate their deeds? A very respectable man has written the history of celebrated dogs, in order that their virtues might be admired: I, therefore, who am no admirer of animals, may surely

* The above beautiful verses—beautiful in their structure, and still more so in their sentiment—are taken from an American publication. We know not the author; perhaps he is entirely unknown; but we should have little hesitation in anticipating much from one who has spoken thus of a brother poet. His is not the drivelling admiration of a foolish versifier, nor the laboured tribute of a frigid heart, that would, forsooth, fain *apologize* for such a man as ROBERT BURNS:—it is the expression, rather, of a deeply sensitive and philosophic writer, who is properly alive to all the beauty of character developed in the life of that singularly-gifted individual, as well as to all the excellence of his varied productions, and who sees, with elevated feeling, in

“The homage of earth's proudest isle
To that hard-peasant given,”

one of the most striking spectacles of the triumph of mind over every disadvantage which modern times afford. The character of BURNS has been but barely done justice to by Currie and others—less, we conceive, from a want of charity towards its blemishes, than a want of sympathy with its beauties: and we, therefore, look forward to the publication of his life, in “Constable's Miscellany,” from the pen of J. G. Lockhart, Esq., with eager hope of something worthy alike of that distinguished gentleman, of the poet, and his country.—Ed

compile the memorials of famous brigands, for the purpose of holding up their crimes to detestation.

I have often reflected upon the causes of *Brigandage* in Italy, and I imagine I am not mistaken in attributing it principally to the decline of power, and to disorders in the administration. A people, endued with vigour and enthusiasm, reduced by the effect of bad laws, and false institutions, to be the inert witnesses of public affairs, turns its activity elsewhere, and nourishes private hatred, secret vengeance, and family quarrels, which pervert the mind by limiting the sphere of its ideas. The last bonds of society then become relaxed, and individuals raise themselves upon its ruins, either by their vices or by their virtues. Free from every tie, absolved from every duty, the wicked relapse into the state of nature, in which their actions are governed by their passions, which acknowledge no other restraints but what force opposes to them.

Society becomes an amphitheatre, in which those who are inoffensive are constrained to defend themselves, owing to the incapability of the laws to protect them from the violence of others, which they are often under the necessity of imitating, in order to repress. Such is the almost legal origin of brigandage, into which many plunge, less through depravity of character than generosity of sentiment. An act of infidelity punished, an insult repressed, a wrong avenged, an ill-brooked act of injustice, are usually the motives that alienate an inoffensive man from that society of which he afterwards becomes the terror and the scourge.

Constrained to seek a refuge from the rigour of the laws, and sometimes from the arbitrary power of a magistrate, he is kindly welcomed by a gang of outlaws, who, associating him in their crimes, involve him in the common persecution. Their union, formed through fear, is cemented by guilt: formerly he was a thoughtless youth, who had humbled rivals; he is now become an assassin, who lays waste a whole province.

Having rushed into the career of crime, he still observes some of his former habits, and it is not uncommon to see him coupling religious observances with the most atrocious misdeeds.

Some carefully preserve the sacred relics they have plundered from a traveller

whom they have murdered; others assist at the rites of religion, and generously pay the clergyman who celebrates them: Some show a particular devotion to the Virgin, and pass every Friday in fasting and prayer; others recommend themselves with fervour to the souls in purgatory, in order that they may assist them in the consummation of a crime: They send offerings, purchase prayers, and gain indulgences to redeem them from eternal suffering.

Amnesties have accustomed them to despise the government, which often offers to pardon them, and does not refuse to receive their assistance.

The *Vardarelli*, who baffled all the attempts of the Neapolitan government to destroy them, yielded at last to a proposal made to them in the name of the King, to enter into his service, *in order to watch over the public security*. An Austrian officer, who was charged with this commission, presented himself before them under the double character of a commissary of his Majesty and that of a free mason. The chief of the robbers answered his signs, and welcomed him into his camp, as Attila received the ambassadors from the East. He dictated the conditions of the treaty, discussed some points of controversy, and announced the suspension of hostilities, publishing that peace was concluded between him and his sovereign. Not to fail in the customary ceremonial, he invited to a sumptuous banquet Captain Tilla, which was the name of the royal envoy, with whom he entered into a long conversation respecting the present state of Europe, and the later events by which it had been agitated. Towards the end of the dinner, he drank to the health of the King and the royal family, which the Austrian officer thought himself necessitated to pledge, by drinking in honour of his hosts. He took leave of them, being honoured by several volleys, performed in *masonic time*. This negotiation, a parallel of which is not to be met with in the archives of European diplomacy, cost the government several thousands, to which Captain Tilla declared the expenses of his embassy amounted. —The *Vardarelli* were insidiously slaughtered, a few months after they had placed themselves under the protection of the laws.

During the later vicissitudes of Italy, the brigands resumed the political charac-

ter they formerly enjoyed under their leaders, and which, in the long repose the provinces experienced, they had lost. They generously declared themselves in favour of the ancient governments that had persecuted them, and disdained that pardon which they might have expected from the new ones. They were then seen rising in the name of religion, fighting for privileges, and bringing back their country under the shade of legitimacy and the throne. In this long struggle, the brigands displayed an energy that might be called heroism, were it not rather to be looked upon as ferocity. One of them, covered with wounds, and having lost a leg, continued to defend himself against the soldiers by whom he was attacked. Another set fire to a hay-loft, and perished in the midst of the flames, in order not to expose himself as a trophy to his enemies.

Some Calabrese banditti, having been pursued by a numerous body of troops, were arrested in their flight by a river, which the continual rains had rendered impossible to be forded. Despairing of their safety as well as of their pardon, they destroyed their ammunition, they embraced one another, and disappeared together in the midst of the torrent.

Bizzarro, the terror of the Calabrias, was always accompanied by his wife, who made him a father at the moment when his life was exposed to the most imminent danger. Fearful that the cries of the infant might discover his retreat, he determined to sacrifice it; and, tearing it from the embraces of its mother, he murdered it in her presence. The wretched woman stifled her grief, not to expose herself to the same fate; but no sooner did she perceive Bizzarro overwhelmed with sleep and wine, than she seized his arms, and avenged the death of her son. A reward had been set upon the head of this monster; his widow came to demand it, confessing her crime, and exhibiting the trunkless head of her husband.

A chief of banditti was taken, and condemned to lose his right hand before being hanged: The executioner, who was inexperienced, having failed in his first attempt, was about to repeat it: the criminal requested and obtained permission to cut it off himself. He chopped off his hand, and, presenting it to the executioner, said to him coolly, "Learn another time to be more expert in your business."

I perceive, however, that I am trespassing upon the feelings of my readers; but I imagined that a few facts would be more illustrative than any argument to the abettors of ignorance and despotism. The depravation of the ranks of society is not to be placed on the same footing as that of individuals: nature, education, and example, have undoubtedly great influence upon the personal disposition of an individual; but the corruption of a nation is the work of governments and bad institutions. Whoever has the courage to cut off his own hand to expiate a crime, would be capable of burning it, like Scævola, to fulfil a duty, and leave an honourable name behind him, instead of subjecting himself to an ignominious death.

CAVALIER DE ANGELIS.

ITALIAN BANDITTI.*

Frascati, Nov. 11, 1818.

CONSTERNATION fills this little peaceful town. Yesterday evening, Lucien Buonaparte's villa was entered by a gang of banditti;—but I must tell you the story in order as it happened.

About four in the afternoon, *Monsignore*, (as the old priest of the family is through courtesy called,) set out to take his accustomed walk; and, unluckily for himself, directed his steps up the hill to the ruins of ancient Tusculum; when, suddenly from the bushes which shade the cavity of the amphitheatre, two armed robbers sprang out, dragged him among the thickets, where four others were lying in ambush; and having stripped him of his watch, money, and clothes, they tied his hands behind his back, and gave him notice, that the first moment he attempted to speak, or make the smallest noise, would be the last of his life. They kept him prisoner there till after sunset, when they crept through the wood to the house, and made a halt among the thick laurels and shrubs close to it. In the meantime the dinner-bell rang, the family

*From "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," &c. By Maria Graham. Edin. 1822. 3 vols.

sat down to table, but as Monsignore was not to be found, a servant was sent into the pleasure-ground in search of him, who left the house-door unfastened. The banditti softly made their approaches. Five of them entered unseen and unheard, and the sixth staid to guard the door. Monsignore seized this moment to betake himself to his heels, and gained a remote out-house, where he buried himself overhead among straw, and was found many hours after more dead than alive.

In the meantime the five robbers, with their fire-arms presented, cautiously advanced into the house, but they were soon descried by the servants, whose shrieks they stilled in a moment by the menace of instant death, if they moved a step, or uttered a sound. One maid-servant, however, escaped, and gave the alarm to the party in the dining-room, who all fled in different directions to conceal themselves, excepting the unfortunate secretary, who had previously left the room to inquire into the cause of the tumult, and was seized, on his way down stairs, by the robbers, who mistook him for the Prince; and, in spite of his protestations, was carried off, together with the head-butler, and a poor *Facchino*,* whom they encountered on the grounds, to the mountain above Velletri, a distance of seven miles, without stopping.

This morning the captured *Facchino*, like another Regulus, has been sent as ambassador, or *charge d'affaires*, from the banditti to the Prince, to propose terms, which are, to deliver up their prisoners on the payment of a ransom of 4000 crowns; or, on the non-payment of it, within four-and-twenty hours, to shoot them. Lucien Buonaparte sent back one half of their demand in money, and an order on his banker for the rest. The robbers sent back the order, torn through the middle, with a further demand of 4000 crowns in hard money, besides the 2000 they had already received, under pain of the immediate death of their prisoners. The Prince received this insolent mandate in his palace at Rome, where he took refuge this morning, and has been obliged to obey it.

I wonder the government do not feel ashamed that such outrages should be perpetrated within ten miles of Rome, and that they should be obliged to admit dele-

gates from banditti into the very seat of government—the capital itself. A detachment of troops, and about two hundred armed peasants, levied by Lucien Buonaparte, are ready for the pursuit of the villains, the moment their captives are released—but, till then, they dare not move: for the *eyrie* on which they have perched themselves, commands a view of the whole country in every direction, and they have sworn to put the prisoners to death the moment they see the approach of an armed man.

The Pope's soldiers, indeed, it would seem, are not much to be depended upon themselves, for it is not long since the guard from the Trinita de Monti, and the Porta del Popolo, at Rome, walked off one fine moon-light night, with their arms and accoutrements, to the hills, and joined a party of banditti.

It was the intention of the banditti, who entered Lucien Buonaparte's villa, to have seized both him and his daughter, who had been betrothed that very day to Prince Ercolani, a young Bolognese nobleman; and had they succeeded, their demands would have had no bounds.

Frascati, Nov. 29.

After a captivity of two days and a half the prisoners returned, and the troops and armed peasantry instantly began the pursuit. The mountain on which they were stationed, it is said, was previously completely surrounded with guards, and every part of it has been searched,—an immense reward has been offered for the apprehension even of one of them—but all in vain. No traces of them have been discovered; and Lucien Buonaparte, in addition to the ransom, has had to pay an immense sum to the peasantry he hired, without the satisfaction of bringing the offenders to justice.

The unfortunate secretary has been confined to bed ever since, partly from the effects of fright, fatigue, and cold, and partly from a wound he received in his forehead in the scuffle, when he was first taken prisoner. The captured butler, and *Facchino*, whom I have seen, say that the robbers did not treat them ill, and gave them plenty of food; more, indeed, than

* Porter, or out-door labourer.

they could eat; for, it may be supposed, that in such a situation, their appetite could not be very keen. Neither could they enjoy much repose, surrounded with cocked carabines. The captain of those banditti, who was a remarkably little man, used to say to them, with great politeness, "We shall really be sorry to murder you, gentlemen; but if the Prince does not send the money, we must do it—our honour is engaged."

They knew, indeed, too well, he would keep his word; for it is not long since a poor young woman was carried off between Velletri and Terracina, and the ransom they required not being paid, she was murdered, and her body left on the mountains.

Nor is this the only exploit of the sort in this neighbourhood. A few weeks ago, a Roman gentleman and his daughters were taking a walk after mass on a Sunday, close to the town of Palestrina, when a party of banditti rushed upon them, and carried them off to the mountains. The poor old man, who was asthmatic, and unable to keep pace with the rapidity of the flight, was brutally murdered, before the eyes of his unfortunate daughters, whose ransom enriched these monsters with the wealth of the man they had slain.

About two months ago, a bride, on the day of her nuptials, was carried off from a villa near Albano, while sitting at table, surrounded by her husband and relations, and after passing a night on the mountain, she was liberated, on the payment of a heavy ransom, without insult or injury.

Rome, February 4th, 1818.

You have been misinformed about our robbery; our ears were not cut off, neither were we left without any clothes, and I must beg to assure you, whatever you may have heard to the contrary, that we were not murdered. Our assailants, who were four in number, or perhaps more, but four only appeared, were, indeed, by no means sparing in their threats to put an end to us, and held their cocked pistols over and over again at our heads; but this was done in order to frighten us into

giving them all we had; for though I am convinced they would have had no more scruple in killing us, than a butcher a sheep, or a sportsman a partridge, if they could have got a single ducat by it; yet, as that was not the case, and as the mere abstract act of murdering a set of harmless people cannot afford any extraordinary gratification; they granted my reiterated prayer, which the gentlemen disdained to second, to take our money and spare our lives; and we have good reason to bless ourselves in escaping out of the hands of these banditti with no injury except to our purses. Some gentlemen of our acquaintance have not been so fortunate, having been very roughly handled; but that I attribute entirely to their having had pistols, and not having had a lady to plead for them, and cajole the ruffians with her silver tongue.

We hear fresh accounts every day of captives carried off to the mountains by the banditti, and the most daring outrages practised with impunity. A party of them came down the other evening into the town of Terracina, took the post-master out of his own house, and barbarously murdered him. They had, it seems, vowed vengeance against him, on account of the steps he had taken to bring them to justice.

A few days ago, *Barbone*, the noted chief who holds his reign in the woody fastnesses of Monte Algido,* in defiance of the powers of papal justice; and who, during four years, has been the terror of the whole country; after performing various recent achievements at the head of his band, went in open day alone into the town of Velletri, ordered, and ate an excellent dinner at the inn, drank the best wines, walked about with the utmost nonchalance, and talked about the very robberies he had been committing. He was, however, recognized at last; but, strange to say, he made his escape, though slightly wounded in the leg by a shot.

The numerous bands of robbers which infest this country by no means live either upon their depredations on travellers, or the ransom of their prisoners: Their grand resource is the plunder of the farmers, particularly those who live among

*Anciently Mount Algidum, a high and beautiful hill in the same chain as the Alban Mount, about twelve miles from Rome.

the hills, many of whom are extremely rich, not only in flocks and cattle, and such sort of rural property, but in money. The whole range of the Volscian Hills, which extend from the Alban Mount far into the kingdom of Naples, and branch off into various chains, stretching up to the Appenines, and through the heart of Calabria, are all infested with banditti. The French would allow no robber but themselves, and kept the country tolerably clear of them; but since they went away, they have increased and multiplied.*

The consequence of all the horrible outrages that have been practised during these nine months, has been, that the Secretary of State has at last issued a proclamation, inviting all the banditti to surrender themselves, and engaging to pay them a certain sum per day, to maintain them at the public charge, and to furnish them with good accommodations in the Castle St Angelo, and after six months *honourable* imprisonment, to liberate them again!

This is a high premium for robbery and murder! And the more heinous the crimes they have committed, the higher is to be their reward! The chiefs get double as much as the rest. The way for a man to get a pension in Rome, seems to be to turn an assassin.

A considerable body of these banditti have already delivered themselves up upon the faith of this engagement, and are now living in clover at the Castle St Angelo. People flock to see them as if they were wild beasts. We went a few days ago, and I intend to repeat my visit, for their appearance and manners are, beyond description, interesting. We found them amusing themselves in a large open court, apparently enjoying the novelty of their situation, and the notice they at-

tracted. They are a very fine looking set of men,—fine limbs, fine features, fine flashing dark eyes and hair, and bright brown complexions. Their air and deportment is free and independent, expressing undaunted confidence and fearless resolution. But their countenance!—I can give you no idea of the sinister expression—the confirmed villany that many of them wore, especially when they talked and laughed.

Their dresses were very rich and picturesque. One of them had a magnificent embroidered scarf twisted round him, which he laughed as he said he had taken from a lady.

The captain boasted of having killed eighteen men with his own hand. His wife was with him: She is only nineteen, and the most beautiful creature I think I ever beheld. Several people have made presents to these wretches, and more especially to this woman, a practice I must say I think highly reprehensible; and I am afraid the example was set by an English lady of high rank, the D— of D—, whom, as the distinguished patroness of learning, taste, and talent, I should have thought would scarcely have deigned to have become the patroness of thieves.

Several of them had little images of the Virgin and the saints suspended round their necks. One of them took out his little Madonna, kissed it, and said he should never have had any success without it,—that it had often saved his life, and that whenever he wanted any thing, he always prayed to it. Another, being asked what they would do when they were liberated, replied, with a face which it would be vain to describe,—“Oh, we shall repent!”—*ci pentiremo*. I wonder if the poor wretches who were executed on the guillotine the other day, deserved it better than those who, in six months, are to be released with free pardons to prey on society again.*

* The English completely rid Sicily of robbers, simply by making all proprietors, townships, &c., responsible for the robberies committed within their estate, or jurisdiction. The system is still persevered in; and, from being the most notorious country for robbery in the world, the crime is now unheard of. A man may now travel alone, and unguarded, all over the island, with a bag of money in his hand, in perfect safety. Several friends of ours, lately, though known to be remarkably well furnished with cash, made the whole tour, at different times, without fire-arms, and with only one attendant.

* Since my return from Italy, I have learned that government have not kept their faith with the robbers, and that at the end of twelve months, they were still in the Castle St Angelo. I leave the whole of this transaction without any comment.

THE SICK CHILD.

I PASS'd the cot but yesterday,
 'Twas neat and clean, its inmates gay,
 All pleased and pleasing, void of guile,
 Pursuing sport or healthful toil.

To-day the skies are far more bright,
 The woods pour forth more wild delight,
 The air seems all one living hum,
 And every leaflet breathes perfume.
 Then why is silence in the cot,
 Its wonted industry forgot,
 The fire untrimm'd, the floor unred,
 The chairs with clothes and dishes spread,
 While, all in woeful dishabille,
 Across the floor the children steal?
 Alas! these smother'd groans! these sighs!
 Sick, sick the little darling lies;
 The mother, while its moan ascends,
 Pale, o'er the cradle, weeping, bends;
 And, all absorbed in speechless woe,
 The father round it paces slow.
 Behind them close, with clasped hands,
 The kindly village matron stands,
 Bethinking what she shall direct,
 For all night long, without effect,
 Her patient care has been applied,
 And all her various simples tried,
 And glad were she could that be found
 Would bring the baby safely round.

Meanwhile, the little innocent,
 To deeper moans gives ampler vent,
 Lifts up its meek but burden'd eye,
 As if to say, "Let me but die,
 For me, your cares, your toils give o'er,
 To die in peace, I ask no more."

But who is there with aspect kind,
 Where faith, and hope, and love are join'd,
 And pity sweet? The man of God,
 Who soothes, exhorts, in mildest mood,
 And to the pressure of the case,
 Applies the promises of grace—
 Then lifts his pleading voice and eye,
 To Him enthron'd above the sky,
 Who, compass'd once with pains and fears,
 Utter'd a long cry, wept bitter tears,
 And hence, the sympathetic glow,
 He feels for all his people's woe—
 For health restored, and length of days,
 To the sweet Babe he humbly prays,
 But 'specially that he may prove,
 An heir of faith, a child of love,
 That, when withdrawn from mortal eyes,
 May bloom immortal in the skies—
 And for the downcast parent pair,
 Beneath this load of grief and care—
 That grace divine may bear them up,
 And sweeten even this bitter cup,
 Which turns to gall their present hopes,
 With consolation's cordial drops—
 He pauses—Now the struggle's done,
 His span is closed—his race is run,
 No—yet he quivers—Ah! that thrill!
 That wistful look—Ah! now how still.

I.

But yesterday the cot was gay,
 With smiling virtue's seraph train!
 There sorrow dwells with death to-day,
 When shall the cot be gay again?

JOHN STRUTHERS.

MEAN AND GREAT FIGURES.

MADE BY SEVERAL PERSONS.

I.

OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE GREAT FIGURES IN
 SOME PARTICULAR ACTION OR CIRCUMSTANCE OF
 THEIR LIVES.

Alexander the Great, after his victory,
 at the straits of Mount Taurus, when he
 entered the tent, where the Queen and
 the Princesses of Persia fell at his feet.

Socrates, the whole last day of his life,
 and particularly from the time he took
 the poison, until the moment he expired.

Cicero, when he was recalled from his
 banishment, the people through every
 place he passed meeting him with shouts
 of joy and congratulation, and all Rome
 coming out to receive him.

Regulus, when he went out of Rome
 attended by his friends to the gates, and
 returned to Carthage according to his
 word of honour—although he knew he
 must be put to a cruel death, for advising
 the Romans to pursue their war with
 that commonwealth.

Scipio the Elder, when he dismissed a
 beautiful captive lady presented to him
 after a great victory, turning his head a-
 side to preserve his own virtue.

The same Scipio when he and Hannibal
 met before the battle, if the fact be true.

Cincinnatus, when the messengers sent
 by the Senate to make him dictator, found
 him at the plough.

Ephialtes, when the Persian ambas-
 sador came to his house, and found him in
 the midst of poverty.

Virgil, when, at Rome, the whole audi-
 ence rose up, out of veneration, as he en-
 tered the theatre.

Mahomet the Great, when he cut off his
 beloved mistress's head on a stage erected
 for that purpose, to convince his soldiers,
 who taxed him for preferring his love to
 his glory.

Cromwell, when he quelled a mutiny
 in Hyde Park.

X

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, at his trial.

Cato, of Attica, when he provided for the safety of his friends, and had determined to die.

Sir Thomas More, during his imprisonment, and at his execution.

Marius, when the soldier sent to kill him in the dungeon, was struck with so much awe and veneration that his sword fell from his hand.

Douglas, when the ship he commanded was on fire, and he lay down to die in it, because it should not be said, that one of his family ever quitted their post.

II.

OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE A MEAN CONTEMPTIBLE FIGURE, IN SOME ACTION OR CIRCUMSTANCE OF THEIR LIVES.

Antony, at Actium, when he fled after Cleopatra.

Pompey, when he was killed on the sea shore in Egypt.

Nero and Vitellius, when they were put to death.

Lepidus, when he was compelled to lay down his share of the Triumvirate.

Cromwell, the day he refused the kingship out of fear.

Perseus, King of Macedon, when he was led in triumph.

Richard the second, of England, after he was deposed.

King James the Second of England, when the Prince of Orange sent to him at midnight to leave London.

King William the Third of England, when he sent to beg the House of Commons to continue his Dutch guards, and was refused.

Queen Anne of England, when she sent Whitworth to Muscovy on an embassy of humiliation, for an insult committed here on that prince's ambassador.

The Lord Chancellor Bacon, when he was convicted of bribery.

The late Duke of Marlborough, when he was forced, after his own disgrace, to carry his duchess's gold key to the queen.

The old Earl of Pembroke, when a Scotch lord gave him a lash with a whip at Newmarket, in presence of all the nobility, and he bore it with patience.

King Charles the Second of England, when he entered into the second Dutch war; and in many other actions during his whole reign.

Philip the Second of Spain, after the defeat of the Armada.

The Emperor Charles the Fifth, when he resigned his crown, and nobody would believe his reasons.

King Charles the First of England, when, in gallantry to his queen, he thought to surprise her with a present of a diamond buckle, which he pushed into her breast, and tore her flesh with the tongue; upon which she drew it out, and flung it on the ground.

Fairfax, the parliament general, at the time of King Charles's trial.

Julius Caesar, when Antony offered to put a diadem on his head, and the people shouted for joy to see him decline it; which he never offered to do, till he saw their dislike in their countenances.

Coriolanus when he withdrew his army from Rome, at the entreaty of his mother.

Hannibal, at Antiochus's court.

Beau Fielding, at fifty years old, when in a quarrel upon the stage, he was run into his breast, which he opened and showed to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity; but they all fell a laughing.

The Count de Bussy Rabutin, when he was recalled to court after twenty years banishment into the country, and affected to make the same figure he did in his youth.

SWIFT.

HUMAN LIFE.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noon-tide lullaby;
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound;
For now the caudle cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail

The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin,
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine.
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
' 'Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smiled.'

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
 Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
 Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
 And violets scattered round; and old and young,
 In every cottage porch with garlands green,
 Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
 While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
 Moves in her virgin veil, the gentle bride.

And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
 When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
 And weeping's heard where only joy has been;
 When by his children borne, and from his door
 Slowly departing to return no more,
 He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life;—so gliding on,
 It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
 Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
 As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,
 As any that the wandering tribes require,
 Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
 As any sung of old in hall or bower
 To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching-hour!

ROGERS.

THE DEEP THINKER.

A Sketch of a Character.

IN the course of my rambles about Paris, my attention had been frequently attracted towards a person of singular appearance. The component parts of his body were as incongruous as the composition of his dress; and I afterwards discovered that both were exactly typical of his mind. He was a man of about fifty; short and fat; with a large head; a face ruddy, plump and puddingly; the lower part of which, from the upper lip to the chin, was considerably longer than the distance from the same point to the forehead; the forehead was flat, low, and narrow; the nose, the vulgarest of all possible snubs; and the eye, for he had but one, large, round, and motionless, and of a dull, untransparent blue colour. The expression of such a countenance, it need scarcely be said, was that of a dark, deep, unfathomable stupidity; yet it would not of itself, perhaps, have been remarkable but for the evident attempts of its owner to look wise, and grave, and profound, by which attempts it was rendered irresistibly comical. His arms were too short even for his short body; but Nature might have been pardoned this mock adaptation

of limb, had she not committed a slight error in the measurement of his legs, and furnished him with a pair—which, strictly speaking, was not a pair—because one was full three inches shorter than the other. His dress was composed of a long, straight-cut English black coat; a short white waistcoat of the newest Parisian mode, from which issued, I had almost said *rushed*, a profusion of frill; and his nether-garment, which fastidiousness would have me term inexpressibles, must, in obedience to strict propriety, be called *indescrībables*. It was of nankeen “waxing pale and wan,” but, in form, neither pantaloons, nor—a hem!—breeches, being too long for the one, and too short for the other, just reaching to that precise part of the calf which left one in painful doubt whether the original intention was, that it should rise to the knee, or descend to the ankle. His stockings were of white silk, with embroidered clocks; and, to remedy, as well as possible, the trifling oversight which has been alluded to, he wore on one foot a clumsy high shoe, whilst the other, as if in bold defiance of it, was decorated with a pump, so neat, so slight, so bounteously supplied with ribbon, that it might have excited the envy of Vestris himself. The whole of this goodly compound was surmounted by a large flat hat, not black, not dove-coloured, not even white—but of a light foxy brown, underlined with green!

That this vision should flit before one, without exciting a strong desire to know who and what it was, was impossible. In answer to my many inquiries about him, I was told that he was Mr S—, the English philosopher; I had never before heard of any English philosopher, properly so called, of that name; that he was a profound man, a deep thinker, *a man of mind*. This latter phrase at once determined my opinion of him, and I set him down in *my mind* for a fool. I was not mistaken. Now let it be observed, in passing, that the word *mind*—a word just now much in fashion—ought always to be received with extreme caution. It is a well-sounding word, and will sometimes lead the hearer into a belief, that the utterer is in possession of a good stock of the commodity it describes. The contrary is generally the case, and I can number up forty-three persons of my own acquaintance, who, constantly talking about *mind*—liking such a one, be-

cause he is a *man of mind*—disliking another because she is not a *woman of mind*—possess not amongst them all as much of what they call *mind* as, if thrown into one common heap, might be contained in a nut-shell.

Looking upon this philosopher as a curiosity, I was anxious for an opportunity of conversing with him. This soon occurred; for, one day as I was standing in the garden of the Tuileries he came towards me, and immediately entered into conversation. My occupation at the time was certainly not exactly calculated to inspire a philosopher with very exalted notions of me, or to induce a desire for my more intimate acquaintance; for, in company with several other children of less mature age than myself, I was watching the movements of the gold and silver fish in one of the basins, and occasionally poking at them with my stick. His great *mind*, however, drew no unfavourable conclusions from the triviality of my employment, for he conceived me worthy at once to enjoy the benefit of a lecture, which was, as he believed, profound and rational, and the result of years of experience and observation. It was, in reality, nothing else but an unintelligible jargon, compounded of the common places and cant-phrases of the newspapers, with which he was in the habit of muddling his brain, and which entirely regulated what he called his opinion.

Having, as is usual with philosophers, opened the conversation with a remark on the weather, he proceeded: "You find Paris a pleasant city, I dare say? You, Sir, have been long a resident in this vortex of what might be not inaptly termed the—this vortex of the—you smile; but be assured, Sir, when I speak thus of this great capital, I speak as one who has brought his mind to bear upon the causes which have made it what it is, and led to the present state of things—for, though I do not include in the catalogue of thinking beings the idlers you see around us, the march of intellect has been such that no man of profound views, who has watched with any attention the great political machine, can have failed to observe the progress made within these last forty years towards the—the—in short, I do not hesitate to go further, and say that it is not here alone—not here alone—but throughout Europe, Sir; for it is only by taking a

liberal and enlarged view of the question, as who that is unfettered by the narrow-minded spirit of party does not—for the spread of knowledge is such that the mighty grasp of intellect, which till the changes effected by the Revolution—and a Revolution which, considered whether with regard to its causes or its consequences—and it is not by narrow views that a rational estimate can be formed. No, Sir, every thinking man, in this enlightened age, dares to think for himself; for the dissemination of a more rational system has taught man that, as a sentient being, endowed with what I may call the glorious privilege of intellectual research, it is only by bringing a philosophic eye, aided by a keen spirit of inquiry, freed from those absurd prejudices,—moral, religious, and political—moral, religious, and political, mark me, Sir,—ay, and our rulers would do well to consider that—for it is not with us as in Spain, where the fetters of ignorance, though they are somewhat loosened, and the struggles making in the great cause of liberty, which even now agitate the Spanish dependencies in America, will go far towards a reform, and must eventually succeed, though the gigantic power of Russia might interpose, as it would willingly do; but clouded by darkness and superstition—for even Russia is not emancipated from these trammels, though rapid strides have been made—not that I would assert that it is there, as in educated Europe, where every man of common sense brings a thinking mind to bear upon the question—No, no, Sir; that country is not yet ripe for reform, and the meanest understanding may perceive the distinction; the French Revolution, that volcano of mind, as it may be called—that burst of mental energy—felt as it still is in its moral results—for the moral result is the true touchstone, believe me—yet the great leading principle of mind—of mind, Sir, ought to be applied—and I say it, who have taken an unbiassed view of things and thought deeply. My Sunday paper is of my opinion; and I repeat, that if any thing is to be done, it can only be effected by the grasp of intellect and the march of improvement. Mark my words, Sir. Good morning to you."

This is not the only person I have met with, whose brain, being muddled by the common-places of his newspaper, has mis

taken the stupidity thus engendered for profound cogitation, and fancied himself—a DEEP THINKER.

New Monthly Mag.

HEAVEN.

O HEAVEN!—O beautiful and boundless sky!
Upon whose breast stars and pale planets lie,
Unnumbered and innumerable, ever
Mocking with bright'ning eyes man's vain endeavour!
—

Thou radiant wilderness, through which the moon
Moves like a spirit, without voice or tune
Accompanied, or song or choral shout,
Save what the universal spheres send out
For aye,—inaudible, though vast and deep,—
Thou world of worlds, within whose arms the sun
Awakens; and, when his bright task is done,
Like a reposing child, lies down to sleep,
Amongst thy golden bowers!—

— O gentle Heaven!

Art thou indeed the home,—the happy shore,
Where creatures wearied of this earth are driven,—
Where Hate is not,—where Envy cannot soar,
And nought save unimaginable Love,
And tenderest Peace (a white and winged dove),
And beauty and perennial bloom are seen,
And angels breathing in Elysian air
Divinest music, and young shapes, more fair
Than Hours pacing soft through pathways ever
green!—

BARRY CORNWALL.

VULGARITY AND AFFECTATION.

Few subjects are more nearly allied than these two—vulgarity and affectation. It may be said of them truly that “thin partitions do their bounds divide.” There cannot be a surer proof of a low origin or of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel. One must feel a strong tendency to that which one is always trying to avoid: whenever we pretend, on all occasions, a mighty contempt for any thing, it is a pretty clear sign that we feel ourselves very nearly on a level with it. Of the two classes of people, I hardly know which is to be regarded with most distaste, the vulgar aping the genteel, or the genteel constantly sneering at and endeavouring to distinguish themselves from

the vulgar. These two sets of persons are always thinking of one another; the lower of the higher with envy, the more fortunate of their less happy neighbours with contempt. They are habitually placed in opposition to each other; jostle in their pretensions at every turn; and the same objects and train of thought (only reversed by the relative situation of either party) occupy their whole time and attention. The one are straining every nerve, and outraging common sense, to be thought genteel; the others have no other object or idea in their heads than not to be thought vulgar. This is but poor spite; a very pitiful style of ambition. To be merely not that which one heartily despises, is a very humble claim to superiority: to despise what one really is, is still worse.

Gentility is only a more select and artificial kind of vulgarity. It cannot exist but by a sort of borrowed distinction. It plumes itself up and revels in the homely pretensions of the mass of mankind. It judges of the worth of every thing by name, fashion, opinion; and hence, from the conscious absence of real qualities or sincere satisfaction in itself, it builds its supercilious and fantastic conceit on the wretchedness and wants of others. Violent antipathies are always suspicious, and betray a secret affinity. The difference between the “Great Vulgar and the Small” is mostly in outward circumstances. The coxcomb criticises the dress of the clown, as the pedant cavils at the bad grammar of the illiterate, or the prude is shocked at the backslidings of her frail acquaintance. Those who have the fewest resources in themselves, naturally seek the food of their self-love elsewhere. The most ignorant people find most to laugh at in strangers: scandal and satire prevail most in country-places; and a propensity to ridicule every the slightest or most palpable deviation from what we happen to approve, ceases with the progress of common sense and decency*. True worth

* “If a European, when he has cut off his beard and put false hair on his head, or bound up his own natural hair in regular hard knots, as unlike nature as he can possibly make it; and after having rendered them immovable by the help of the fat of hogs, has covered the whole with flour, laid on by a machine with the utmost regularity; if when thus attired he issues forth, and meets a Cherokee Indian, who has bestowed as much time

does not exult in the faults and deficiencies of others; as true refinement turns away from grossness and deformity, instead of being tempted to indulge in an unmanly triumph over it. Raphael would not faint away at the daubing of a sign-post, nor Homer hold his head the higher for being in the company of a Grub-street bard. Real power, real excellence, does not seek for a foil in inferiority; nor fear contamination from coming in contact with that which is coarse and homely. It reposes on itself, and is equally free from spleen and affectation. But the spirit of gentility is the mere essence of spleen and affectation;—of affected delight in its own *would-be* qualifications, and of ineffable disdain poured out upon the involuntary blunders or accidental disadvantages of those whom it chooses to treat as its inferiors.

Thus a fashionable Miss titters till she is ready to burst her sides at the uncouth shape of a bonnet, or the abrupt drop of a courtesy (such as Jeanie Deans would make) in a country-girl who comes to be hired by her Mamma as a servant:—yet to show how little foundation there is for this hysterical expression of her extreme good opinion of herself and contempt for the untutored rustic, she would herself the next day be delighted with the very same shaped bonnet if brought her by a French Milliner and told it was all the fashion, and in a week's time will become quite familiar with the maid, and chatter with her (upon equal terms) about caps and ribbons and lace by the hour together. There is no difference between them but that of situation in the kitchen or in the parlour: let circumstances bring them together, and they fit like hand and glove. It is like mistress, like maid. Their talk, their thoughts, their dreams, their likings and dislikes are the same. The mistress' head runs continually on dress and finery, so does the maid's: the young lady longs to ride in a coach and six, so does the maid if she could: Miss forms a *beau ideal*

of a lover with black eyes and rosy cheeks, which does not differ from that of her attendant: both like a smart man, the one the footman and the other his master, for the same reason: both like handsome furniture and fine houses: both apply the terms, *shocking* and *disagreeable*, to the same things and persons: both have a great notion of balls, plays, treats, song-books and love-tales: both like a wedding or a christening, and both would give their little fingers to see a coronation, with this difference, that the one has a chance of getting a seat at it, and the other is dying with envy that she has not.

Indeed, this last is a ceremony that delights equally the greatest monarch and the meanest of his subjects—the vilest of the rabble. Yet this which is the height of gentility and the consummation of external distinction and splendour, is, I should say, a vulgar ceremony. For what degree of refinement, of capacity, of virtue is required in the individual who is so distinguished, or is necessary to his enjoying this idle and imposing parade of his person? Is he delighted with the state-coach and gilded panels? So is the poorest wretch that gazes at it. Is he struck with the spirit, the beauty and symmetry of the eight cream-coloured horses? There is not one of the immense multitude, who flock to see the sight from town or country, St Giles's or Whitechapel, young or old rich or poor, gentle or simple, who does not agree to admire the same object. Is he delighted with the yeomen of the guard, the military escort, the groups of ladies, the badges of sovereign power, the kingly crown, the marshal's truncheon and the judge's robe, the array that precedes and follows him, the crowded streets, the windows hung with eager looks? So are the mob, for they "have eyes and see them!" There is no one faculty of mind or body, natural or acquired, essential to the principal figure in this procession more than is common to the meanest and most despised attendant on it. A wax-work figure would answer the same purpose: a Lord Mayor of London has as much tinsel to be proud of. I would rather have a king do something that no one else has the power or magnanimity to do, or say something that no one else has the wisdom to say, or look more handsome,

at his toilet, and laid on with equal care and attention his yellow and red ochre on particular parts of his forehead or cheeks, as he judges most becoming; whoever of these two despises the other for this attention to the fashion of his country, whichever first feels himself provoked to laugh, is the barbarian."—Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses, Vol. I. p. 231.—2.

more thoughtful, or benign than any one else in his dominions. But I see nothing to raise one's idea of him in his being made a show of: if the pageant would do as well without the man, the man would do as well without the pageant! Kings have been declared to be "lovers of low company:" and this maxim, besides the reason sometimes assigned for it, *viz.* that they meet with less opposition to their wills from such persons, will I suspect be found to turn at last on the consideration I am here stating, that they also meet with more sympathy in their tastes. The most ignorant and thoughtless have the greatest admiration of the baubles, the outward symbols of pomp and power, the sound and show, which are the habitual delight and mighty prerogative of kings. The stupidest slave worships the gaudiest tyrant. The same gross motives appeal to the same gross capacities, flatter the pride of the superior and excite the servility of the dependant: whereas a higher reach of moral and intellectual refinement might seek in vain for higher proofs of internal worth and inherent majesty in the object of its idolatry, and not finding the divinity lodged within, the unreasonable expectation raised would probably end in mortification on both sides!—There is little to distinguish a king from his subjects but the rabble's shout—if he loses that and is reduced to the forlorn hope of gaining the suffrages of the wise and good, he is of all men the most miserable.—But enough of this.

The essence of vulgarity, I imagine, consists in taking manners, actions, words, opinions on trust from others, without examining one's own feelings or weighing the merits of the case. It is coarseness or shallowness of taste arising from want of individual refinement, together with the confidence and presumption inspired by example and numbers. It may be defined to be a prostitution of the mind or body to ape the more or less obvious defects of others, because by so doing we shall secure the suffrages of those we associate with. To affect a gesture, an opinion, a phrase, because it is the rage with a large number of persons, or to hold it in abhorrence because another set of persons very little, if at all, better informed, cry it down to distinguish themselves from the former, is in either case equal vulgarity and absurdity.—A thing is not

vulgar merely because it is common. 'Tis common to breathe, to see, to feel, to live. Nothing is vulgar that is natural, spontaneous, unavoidable. Grossness is not vulgarity, ignorance is not vulgarity, awkwardness is not vulgarity: but all these become vulgar when they are affected and shown off on the authority of others, or to fall in with *the fashion* or the company we keep. Caliban is coarse enough, but surely he is not vulgar. We might as well spurn the clod under our feet, and call it vulgar. Cobbett is coarse enough, but he is not vulgar. He does not belong to the herd. Nothing real, nothing original can be vulgar: but I should think an imitator of Cobbett a vulgar man. Emery's Yorkshireman is vulgar, because he is a Yorkshireman. It is the cant and gibberish, the cunning and low life of a particular district; it has "a stamp exclusive and provincial." He might "gabble most brutishly" and yet not fall under the letter of the definition: but "his speech bewrayeth him," his dialect (like the jargon of a Bond-street loungee) is the damning circumstance. If he were a mere blockhead, it would not signify: but he thinks himself a *knowing hand*, according to the notions and practices of those with whom he was brought up, and which he thinks *the go* every where. In a word, this character is not the offspring of untutored nature but of bad habits; it is made up of ignorance and conceit. It has a mixture of *slang* in it. All slang phrases are for the same reason vulgar; but there is nothing vulgar in the common English idiom. Simplicity is not vulgarity; but the looking to affectation of any sort for distinction is. A cockney is a vulgar character, whose imagination cannot wander beyond the suburbs of the metropolis: so is a fellow who is always thinking of the High-street, Edinburgh. We want a name for this last character. An opinion is vulgar that is stewed in the rank breath of the rabble: nor is it a bit purer or more refined for having passed through the well cleansed teeth of a whole court. The inherent vulgarity is in having no other feeling on any subject than the crude, blind, headlong, gregarious notion acquired by sympathy with the mixed multitude or with a fastidious minority, who are just as insensible to the real truth, and as indifferent to every thing but their

own frivolous and vexatious pretensions. The upper are not wiser than the lower orders, because they resolve to differ from them. The fashionable have the advantage of the unfashionable in nothing but the fashion. The true vulgar are the *servum pecus imitatorum*—the herd of pretenders to what they do not feel and to what is not natural to them, whether in high or low life. To belong to any class, to move in any rank or sphere of life, is not a very exclusive distinction or test of refinement. Refinement will in all classes be the exception, not the rule; and the exception may fall out in one class as well as another. A king is but an hereditary title. A nobleman is only one of the House of Peers. To be a knight or alderman is confessedly a vulgar thing. The king the other day made Sir Walter Scott a baronet, but not all the power of the Three Estates could make another Author of Waverley. Princes, heroes are often common-place people: Hamlet was not a vulgar character, neither was Don Quixote.

There is a well-dressed and an ill-dressed mob, both which I hate. *Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo*. The vapid affectation of the one is to me even more intolerable than the gross insolence and brutality of the other. If a set of low-lived fellows are noisy, rude, and boisterous to show their disregard of the company, a set of fashionable coxcombs are, to a nauseous degree, finical and effeminate to show their thorough breeding. The one are governed by their feelings, however coarse and misguided, which is something: the others consult only appearances, which are nothing, either as a test of happiness or virtue. Hogarth in his prints has trimmed the balance of pretension between the downright blackguard and the *soi-disant* fine gentleman unanswerably. It does not appear in his moral demonstrations (whatever it may do in the genteel letter-writing of Lord Chesterfield, or the chivalrous rhapsodies of Burke) that vice by losing all its grossness loses half its evil. It becomes more contemptible, not less disgusting. What is there in common, for instance, between his beaux and belles, his rakes and his coquets, and the men and women, the true heroic and ideal characters in Raphael? But his people of fashion and quality are just upon a par with the low, the selfish

the *unideal* characters in the contrasted view of human life, and are often the very same characters, only changing places. If the lower ranks are actuated by envy and uncharitableness towards the upper, the latter have scarcely any feelings but of pride, contempt, and aversion to the lower. If the poor would pull down the rich to get at their good things, the rich would tread down the poor as in a vine-press, and squeeze the last shilling out of their pockets and the last drop of blood out of their veins. If the headstrong self-will and unruly turbulence of a common ale-house are shocking, what shall we say to the studied insincerity, the insipid want of common sense, the callous insensibility of the drawing-room and *boudoir*? I would rather see the feelings of our common nature (for they are the same at bottom) expressed in the most naked and unqualified way, than see every feeling of our nature suppressed, stifled, hermetically sealed under the smooth, cold, glittering varnish of pretended refinement and conventional politeness. The one may be corrected by being better informed; the other is incorrigible, wilful, heartless depravity. I cannot describe the contempt and disgust I have felt at the tone of what would be thought good company, when I have witnessed the sleek, smiling, glossy, gratuitous assumption of superiority to every feeling of humanity, honesty, or principle, as a part of the etiquette, the mental and moral *costume* of the table, and every profession of toleration or favour for the lower orders, that is, for the great mass of our fellow-creatures, treated as an indecorum and breach of the harmony of well-regulated society. In short, I prefer a bear-garden to the adder's den. Or to put this case in its extremest point of view, I have more patience with men in a rude state of nature outraging the human form, than I have with apes "making mops and mows" at the extravagances they have first provoked. I can endure the brutality (as it is termed) of mobs better than the inhumanity of courts. The violence of the one rages like a fire; the insidious policy of the other strikes like a pestilence, and is more fatal and inevitable. The slow poison of despotism is worse than the convulsive struggles of anarchy. "Of all evils," says Hume, "anarchy is the shortest

lived." The one may "break ont like a wild overthrow;" but the other from its secret, sacred stand, operates unseen, and undermines the happiness of kingdoms for ages, lurks in the hollow cheek and stares you in the face in the ghastly eye of want and agony and woe. It is dreadful to hear the noise and uproar of an infuriated multitude stung by the sense of wrong, and maddened by sympathy: it is more appalling to think of the smile answered by other gracious smiles, of the whisper echoed by other assenting whispers, which doom them first to despair and then to destruction. Popular fury finds its counterpart in courtly servility. If every outrage is to be apprehended from the one, every iniquity is deliberately sanctioned by the other, without regard to justice or decency. If there are watchwords for the rabble, have not the polite and fashionable their hackneyed phrases, their fulsome unmeaning jargon as well? Both are to me anathema!

HAZLITT.

SONG.

"Old man, old man, thy locks are gray,
And the winter winds blow cold;
Why wander abroad on thy weary way,
And leave thy home's warm fold?"

"The winter winds blow cold, 'tis true,
And I am old to roam;
But I may wander the wide world through,
Ere I shall find my home."

"And where do thy children loiter so long?
Have they left thee, thus old and forlorn,
To wander wild heather and hills among,
While they quaff from the lusty horn?"

"My children have long since sunk to rest,
To that rest which I would were my own;
I have seen the green turf placed over each
breast,
And read each loved name on the stone."

"Then haste to the friends of thy youth, old
man,
Who loved thee in days of yore;
They will warm thy old blood with the foam-
ing can,
And sorrow shall chill it no more."

"To the friends of my youth in far distant parts,
Over moor, over mount I have sped;
But the kind I found in their graves, and the
hearts
Of the living were cold as the dead."

The old man's cheek as he spake grew pale;
On the grass-green sod he sank,
While the evening sun o'er the western vale
Set 'mid clouds and vapours dank.
On the morrow that sun in the eastern skies
Rose ruddy and warm and bright;
But never again did that old man rise
From the sod which he press'd that night.

HENRY NEELE.

DIRGE.

Bless'd is the turf, serenely bless'd,
Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,
Where life's long journey turns to sleep,
Nor ever pilgrim wakes to weep.
A little sod, a few sad flowers,
A tear for long-departed hours,
Is all that feeling hearts request
To hush their weary thoughts to rest.
There shall no vain ambition come
To lure them from their quiet home;
Nor sorrow lift, with heart-strings riven,
The meek imploring eye to heaven;
Nor sad remembrance stoop to shed
His wrinkles on the slumberer's head;
And never, never love repair
To breathe his idle whispers there!

LEIGH HUNT.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown.
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion;
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emo-
tion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,

And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure :
 Others I see whom these surround—
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Ev'n as the winds and waters are ;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne and yet must bear,
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan ;
 They might lament,—for I am one
 Whom men love not ; and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in memory
 yet.

SHELLEY.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON,

Who expired at Missolonghi on the 19th April, 1824.

He's gone ! the glorious spirit's fled !
 The minstrel's strains are hush'd and o'er,
 And lowly lies the mighty dead
 Upon a far and foreign shore.
 Still as the harp o'er Babel's streams,
 For ever hangs his tuneful lyre,
 And he, with all his glowing dreams,
 Quench'd like a meteor's fire !

So sleeps the great, the young, the brave.
 Of all beneath the circling sun,
 A muffled shroud—a dungeon grave—
 To him, the bard, remain alone.
 So, genius, ends thy blazing reign—
 So mute the music of the tongue,
 Which pour'd but late the loftiest strain
 That ever mortal sung.

Yet musing on his early doom,
 Methinks for him no tears should be,
 Above whose bed of rest shall bloom
 The laurels of eternity.
 But, oh ! while glory gilds his sleep,
 How shall the heart its loss forget ?
 His very fame must bid it weep,
 His praises wake regret.

His memory in the tears of Greece
 Shall be embalmd for evermore,
 And till her tale of troubles cease,
 His spirit walk her silent shore.

Then even the winds that wake in sighs,
 Shall still seem whispering of his name ;
 And lonely rocks and mountains rise
 His monuments of fame !

But where is he ?—ye dead—ye dead,
 How secret and how silent all !
 No voice comes from the narrow bed—
 No answer from the dreary pall.
 It hath no tale of future trust,
 No morning beam, no wakening eye,
 It only speaks of "dust to dust,"
 Of trees that fall—to lie.

"My bark is yet upon the shore,"
 And thine is launch'd upon the sea,
 Which eye of man may not explore,
 Of fathomless eternity !
 Perchance, in some far-future land,
 We yet may meet—we yet may dwell ;
 If not, from off this mortal strand,
 Immortal, fare thee well !

JOHN MALCOLM

RIP VAN WINKLE.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky ; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times

of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, with lattice windows, gable fronts surmounted with weather-cocks, and built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses, (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten,) there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed, that he was a simple good natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbour, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their play things, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a

dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be for the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder, for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never even refuse to assist a neighbour in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to any body's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, it was impossible.

In fact, he declared it was no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than any where else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do. So that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, which ever can

be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener by constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, that held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talk listlessly over village gossip, or tell endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's

money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, (for every great man has his adherents,) perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When any thing that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, call the members all to nought, nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but

never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on in its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene, evening was gradually advancing, the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys, he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air; "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked down anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised

to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small

piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cockstail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene, but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even-ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On awaking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering

among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the wo-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dozed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolick should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He however made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of net-work in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of fea-

they foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—every thing was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges.—A half starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rung for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large ricketty wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle

speeches; or Van Bummel, the School-master, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they? name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotted and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stoney-Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the school-master?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stoney-Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle?" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I am changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from

doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool, the old man wont hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer.—He caught his daughter and her child in his arms.—"I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her: she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to any thing else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could

get into the regular tract of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine pins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE NEGRO'S LAMENT

FOR

MUNGO PARK.

WHERE the wild Joliba
Rolls his deep waters,
Sate at their evening toil
Afric's dark daughters;
Where the thick mangroves
Broad shadows were flinging,
Each o'er her lone loom
Bent mournfully singing—
"Alas! for the white man! o'er deserts a ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bosom'd
stranger!

"Through the deep forest
Fierce lions are prowling;
Mid thickets entangling
Hyænas are howling;
There should he wander,
Where danger lurks ever,
To his home, where the sun sets,
Return shall he never.
Alas! for the white man! o'er deserts a ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bosom'd
stranger!

"The hands of the Moor
In his wrath do they bind him?
Oh! seal'd is his doom
If the savage Moor find him.
More fierce than hyænas
Through darkness advancing,
Is the curse of the Moor,
And his eyes' fiery glancing!
Alas! for the white man! o'er deserts a ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bosom'd
stranger!

"A voice from the desert!
'My wilds no not hold him;
Pale thirst doth not rack,
Nor the sand-storm enfold him.
The death-gale pass'd by,
And his breath fail'd to smother,
Yet ne'er shall he wake
To the voice of his mother!
Alas! for the white man! o'er deserts a ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bosom'd
stranger!

"O loved of the lotus
Thy waters adorning,
Pour, Joliba! pour
Thy full streams to the morning!
The halcyon may fly
To thy wave as her pillow;
But woe to the white man
Who trusts in thy billow!
Alas! for the white man! o'er deserts a ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bosom'd
stranger!

"He launch'd his light bark,
Our fond warnings despising,

And sail'd to the land
Where the day-beams are rising.
His wife from her bower
May look forth in her sorrow,
But he shall ne'er come
To her hope of to-morrow !

Alas ! for the white man ! o'er deserts a ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bosom'd
stranger !"

P. M. JAMES.

ON IMPUDENCE AND MODESTY.

I HAVE always been of opinion, that the complaints against Providence have been ill-grounded, and that the good or bad qualities of men are the causes of their good or bad fortune, more than what is generally imagined. There are, no doubt, instances to the contrary, and pretty numerous ones too ; but few in comparison of the instances we have of a right distribution of prosperity and adversity ; nor, indeed, could it be otherwise, from the common course of human affairs. To be endowed with a benevolent disposition, and to love others, will almost infallibly procure love and esteem ; which is the chief circumstance in life, and facilitates every enterprise and undertaking ; besides the satisfaction that immediately results from it. The case is much the same with the other virtues. Prosperity is naturally, though not necessarily, attached to virtue and merit ; and adversity, in like manner, to vice and folly.

I must, however, confess, that this rule admits of an exception with regard to one moral quality, and that modesty has a natural tendency to conceal a man's talents, as impudence displays them to the utmost, and has been the only cause why many have risen in the world, under all the disadvantages of low birth, and little merit. Such indolence and incapacity is there in the bulk of mankind, that they are apt to receive a man for whatever he has a mind to put himself off for ; and admit his overbearing airs as a proof of that merit which he assumes to himself. A decent assurance seems to be the natural attendant of virtue ; and few men can distinguish impudence from it ; as, on the other hand, diffidence being the natural result of vice and folly, has drawn disgrace upon modesty, which, in

outward appearance, so nearly resembles it.

As impudence, though really a vice, has the same effects upon a man's fortune, as if it were a virtue ; so, we may observe, that it is almost as difficult to be attained, and is, in that respect, distinguished from all the other vices, which are acquired with little pains, and continually increase upon indulgence. Many a man being sensible that modesty is extremely prejudicial to him in making his fortune, has resolved to be impudent, and to put a bold face upon the matter ; but it is observable that such people have seldom succeeded in the attempt, but have been obliged to relapse into their primitive modesty. Nothing carries a man through the world like a true, genuine, natural impudence. Its counterfeit is good for nothing, nor can ever support itself. In any other attempt, whatever faults a man commits, and is sensible of, he is so much nearer his end, but, when he endeavours at impudence, if he ever failed in the attempt, the remembrance of it will make him blush, and will infallibly disconcert him : after which, every blush is a cause for new blushes, till he be found out to be an arrant cheat, and a vain pretender to impudence.

If any thing can give a modest man more assurance, it must be some advantages of fortune, which chance procures to him. Riches naturally gain a man a favourable reception in the world, and give merit a double lustre, when a person is endowed with it ; and supply its place, in a great measure, when it is absent. 'Tis wonderful to observe what airs of superiority fools and knaves with large possessions give themselves above men of the greatest merit in poverty. Nor do the men of merit make any strong opposition to these usurpations ; or rather seem to favour them by the modesty of their behaviour. Their good sense and experience make them diffident of their judgment, and cause them to examine every thing with the greatest accuracy ; as, on the other hand, the delicacy of their sentiments makes them timorous lest they commit faults, and lose, in the practice of the world, that integrity of virtue, so to speak, of which they are so jealous. To make wisdom agree with confidence is as difficult as to reconcile vice to modesty.

DAVID HUME.

STORY OF

MACGREGOR AND LAMONT.

I KNOW not if ever you have heard the following traditional story of a chieftain of the Macgregors residing at the time on his freehold in Glenorchy.—His son had gone in the shooting season with a party of young associates to the moors in the braes of the country. They met with a young gentleman of the name of Lamont from Cowal, who, attended by a servant, was going to Fort-William. They all went to the kind of inn that was in the place, and took a refreshment together; in the course of which, at the close of the day, a trifling dispute arose betwixt Lamont and young Macgregor. Dirks were drawn, and before friends could interfere, Macgregor fell mortally wounded. In the confusion, Lamont escaped, and, though pursued, under the cover of night got securely to the house of Macgregor, which happened to be the first habitation which met his eye at the dawn of morning. The Chieftain had got up and was standing at the door.—‘Save my life!’ said the stranger, ‘for men are in pursuit of me to take it away.’—‘Whoever you are,’ says Macgregor, ‘here you are safe.’

Lamont was but just brought to an inner apartment, and introduced to the family, when a loud inquiry was made at the door, if a stranger had entered the house. ‘He has,’ says Macgregor, ‘and what is your business with him?’—‘In a scuffle,’ cried the pursuers, ‘he has killed your son; deliver him up that we may instantly revenge the deed.’ Macgregor’s lady and his two daughters filled the house with their cries and lamentations.—‘Be quiet,’ says the Chief, with his eyes streaming with tears, ‘and let no man presume to touch the youth—for he has Macgregor’s word and honour for his safety; and *as God lives* he shall be safe and secure whilst in my house!’

In a little, after Lamont had experienced the most kind and hospitable treatment, the chieftain accompanied him, with twelve men under arms, to Inverary, and, having landed him in safety on the other side of Lochfine, took him by the hand and thus addressed him:—‘Lamont, now you are safe;—no longer can I, or will I, protect you;—keep out of the

way of my clan.—May God forgive and bless you!’

This happened some short time before the severe act of proscription against the Clan Gregor in 1633, when, to the discredit of justice, a weak government sacrificed a whole people for the atrocities of a few. Macgregor lost his property, and was hunted for his life in consequence of this iniquitous act. He took shelter in the house of this very Lamont,—noted for his urbanity, and his deep contrition for the misfortune of his younger years; and who, by every act of kindness to his venerable guest, and some branches of his family, revered the providence which had thus put it in his power to repay to the family of his benefactor, in some measure, the loss he had occasioned them in the death of a son.

SCENE FROM

“THE TRYAL, A COMEDY.”

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

MR WITHERINGTON’S house: *Enter Witherington and his two Nieces Agnes and Mariane, hanging upon his arms, coaxing him in a playful manner as they advance towards the front of the Stage.*

With. Poo, poo, get along, young gipsies, and don’t tease me any more.

Ag. So we will, my good Sir, when you have granted our suit.

Mar. Do, dear uncle, it will be so pleasant!

With. Get along, get along. Don’t think to wheedle me into it. It would be very pleasant, truly, to see an old fellow, with a wig upon his bald pate, making one in a holy-day mummerly with a couple of mad caps.

Ag. Nay, don’t lay the fault upon the wig, good Sir, for it is as youthful, and as sly, and as saucy looking as the best head of hair in the country. As for your old wig, indeed, there was so much curmudgeon-like austerity about it, that young people fled from before it, as, I dare say, the birds do at present, for I am sure that it is stuck up in some cherry orchard, by this time, to frighten the sparrows.

With. You are mistaken, young mistress, it is up stairs in my wig-box.

Ag. Well, I am glad it is any where but upon your pate, uncle. (*Turning his face towards Mariane.*) Look at him, pray! is he not ten years younger since he wore it? Is there one bit of an old grumbler to be seen about him now?

Mar. He is no more like the man he was than I am like my god-mother, (*Clapping his shoulder.*) You must even do as we have bid you, Sir, for this excuse will never bring you off.

With. Poo, poo, it is a foolish girl's whimsey: I'll have nothing to do with it.

Ag. It is a reasonable woman's desire, gentle guardian, and you must consent to it. For if I am to marry at all, I am resolved to have a respectable man and a man who is attached to me, and to find out such a one, in my present situation, is impossible. I am provoked beyond all patience with your old greedy lords, and match-making aunts, introducing their poor noodle heirs-apparent to me. Your ambitious esquires, and proud obsequious baronets are intolerable, and your rakish younger brothers are nauseous: such creatures only surround me, whilst men of sense keep at a distance, and think me as foolish as the company I keep. One would swear I was made of amber, to attract all the dust and chaff of the community.

With. There is some truth in this, 'faith.

Ag. You see how it is with me: so my dear, loving, good uncle, (*coaxing him.*) do let Mariane take my place for a little while. We are newly come to Bath; nobody knows us: we have been but at one ball, and as Mariane looks so much better than me, she has already been mistaken for the heiress, and I for her portionless cousin: I have told you how we shall manage it; do lend us your assistance!

With. So in the disguise of a portionless spinster, you are to captivate some man of sense, I suppose?

Ag. I would fain have it so.

With. Go, go, thou art a fool, Agnes! who will fall in love with a little ordinary girl like thee? why there is not one feature in thy face that a man would give a farthing for.

Mar. You are very saucy, uncle.

Ag. I should despair of my beauty, to be sure, since I am reckoned so much like you, my dear Sir; yet old nurse told me that a rich lady, a great lady, and the

prettiest lady that ever wore silk, fell in love, once on a time, with Mr Anthony, and would have followed him to the world's end too, if it had not been for an old hunk of a father, who deserved to be drubbed for his pains. Don't you think he did, Sir?

With. (*endeavouring to look angry.*) Old nurse is a fool, and you are an impudent hussy. I'll hear no more of this nonsense. (*Breaks from them and goes towards the door: they run after him, and draw him back again.*)

Ag. Nay, good Sir, we have not quite done with you yet: grant our request, and then scamper off as you please.

Mar. I'll hold both your arms till you grant it.

With. (*to Mar.*) And what makes you so eager about it, young lady? you expect, I suppose, to get a husband by the trick. O fy, fy! the poorest girl in England would blush at such a thought, who calls herself an honest one.

Ag. And Mariane would reject the richest man in England who could harbour such a suspicion. But give yourself no uneasiness about this, Sir; she need not go a husband-hunting, for she is already engaged.—(*Mariane looks frightened, and makes signs to Agnes over her uncle's shoulder, which she answers with a smile of encouragement.*)

With. Engaged! she is very good, truly, to manage all this matter herself, being afraid to give me any trouble, I suppose. And pray what fool has she picked out from the herd, to enter into this precious engagement with?

Ag. A foolish enough fellow, to be sure, your favourite nephew, cousin Edward.

With. Hang the silly booby! how could he be such an idiot! but it can't be, it shan't be!—it is folly to put myself into a passion about it. (*To Mariane, who puts her hand on his shoulder to soothe him.*) Hold off your hands, Ma'am! This is news indeed to amuse me with of a morn'ing.

Ag. Yes, uncle, and I can tell you more news; for they are not only engaged, but as soon as he returns from abroad they are to be married.

With. Well, well, let them marry in the devil's name, and go a begging if they please.

Ag. No, gentle guardian, they need not

go a begging; they will have a good fortune to support them.

With. Yes, yes, they will get a prize in the lottery, or find out the philosopher's stone, and coin their old shoes into guineas.

Ag. No, Sir, it is not that way the fortune is to come.

With. No; he has been following some knight-errant, then, I suppose, and will have an island in the South Sea for his pains.

Ag. No, you have not guessed it yet. (*Stroking his hand gently.*) Did you never hear of a good, kind, rich uncle of theirs, the generous Mr Withrington? he is to settle a handsome provision upon them as soon as they are married, and leave them his fortune at last.

With. (*lifting up his hand.*) Well, I must say thou art the sancest little jade in the kingdom! But did you never hear that this worthy uncle of theirs, having got a new wig, which makes him ten years younger than he was, is resolved to embrace the opportunity, and seek out a wife for himself?

Ag. O! that is nothing to the purpose; for what I have said about the fortune must happen, though he should seek out a score of wives for himself.

With. Must happen! but I say it shall not happen. Whether should you or I know best?

Ag. Why me, to be sure.

With. Ha, ha, ha! how so, baggage?

Ag. (*resting her arm on his shoulder, looking archly in his face.*) You don't know, perhaps, that when I went to Scotland last summer, I travelled far and far, as the tale says, and farther than I can tell; till I came to the Isle of Sky, where every body has the second sight, and has nothing to do but tear a little hole in a tartan-plaidy, and peering through it in this manner, sees every thing past, present, and to come. Now, you must know, I gave an old woman half a crown and a roll of tobacco for a peep or two through her plaid, and what do you think I saw, uncle?

With. The devil dancing a hornpipe, I suppose.

Ag. There was somebody dancing, to be sure, but it was not the devil though. Who do you think it was now?

With. Poo, poo!

Ag. It was uncle himself, at Mariane's wedding, leading down the first dance,

with the bride. I saw a sheet of parchment in a corner too, signed with his own blessed hand, and a very handsome settlement it was. So he led down the first dance himself, and we all followed after him, as merry as so many hay-makers.

With. Thou hast had a sharp sight, 'faith!

Ag. And I took a second peep through the plaidy, and what do you think I saw then, Sir?

With. Nay, prate on as thou wilt.

Ag. A genteel family house, where Edward and Mariane dwelt, and several little brats running up and down in it. Some of them so tall, and so tall, and some of them no taller than this. And there came good uncle amongst them, and they all flocked about him so merrily; every body was so glad to see him, the very scullions from the kitchen were glad; and methought he looked as well pleased himself as any of them. Don't you think he did, Sir?

With. Have done with thy prating.

Ag. I have not done yet, good Sir; for I took another peep still, and then I saw a most dismal changed family indeed. There was a melancholy sick bed set out in the best chamber; every face was sad, and all the children were weeping. There was one dark-eyed rogue amongst them, called little Anthony, and he threw away his bread and butter, and roared like a young bull, for woe's me! old uncle was dying. (*Observing Withrington affected.*) But old uncle recovered though, and looked as stout as a veteran again. So I gave the old woman her plaidy, and would not look through any more.

With. Thou art the wildest little witch in the world, and wilt never be at rest till thou hast got every thing thine own way, I believe.

Ag. I thank you, I thank you, dear uncle! (*leaping round his neck,*) it shall be even so, and I shall have my own little boon into the bargain.

With. I did not say so.

Ag. But I know it will be so, and many thanks to you, my dear good uncle! (*Mariane ventures to come from behind,—Withrington looks gently to her, she holds out her hand, he hesitates, and Agnes joins their hands together, giving them a hearty shake.*)

With. Come, come, let me get away from you now: you are a couple of insinuating gipsies. [Exit, hastily.

WYOMING.

ON Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming !
 Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
 And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
 Of what thy gentle people did befall,
 Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
 That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
 Sweet land ! may I thy lost delights recall,
 And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
 Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore !

Delightful Wyoming ! beneath thy skies,
 The happy shepherd swains had nought to do,
 But feed their flocks on green declivities,
 Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
 From morn, till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
 With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
 Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew :
 And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
 Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
 His leave, how might you the flamingo see
 Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
 And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree :
 And ev'ry sound of life was full of glee,
 From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men,
 While heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
 The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and
 then,
 Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
 Heard but in transatlantic story rung,
 For here the exile met from ev'ry clime,
 And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue :
 Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
 Were but divided by the running brook ;
 And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
 On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
 The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning
 hook.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
 Would sound to many a native roundelay.
 But who is he that yet a dearer land
 Remembers, over hills and far away ?
 Green Albyn !* what though he no more survey
 Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
 Thy pellocks rolling from the mountain bay,
 Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
 And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan
 roar ! †

Alas ! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
 That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief
 Had forced him from a home he loved so dear !
 Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
 And pled the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
 That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee ;
 And England sent her men, of mien the chief,
 Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
 To plant the tree of life,— to plant fair freedom's
 tree.

Gertrude of Wyoming.

* Scotland.

† The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

DEATH OF GERTRUDE.

"CLASP me a little longer, on the brink
 Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress ;
 And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh !
 think,
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
 And friend to more than human friendship just.
 Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,
 And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
 God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in
 dust !

"Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
 The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
 Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
 And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
 With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
 Of peace,—imagining her lot was cast
 In heav'n ; for ours was not like earthly love.
 And must this parting be our very last ?
 No ! I shall love thee still, when death itself is
 past.—

"Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—
 And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
 If I had lived to smile but on the birth
 Of one dear pledge ;—but shall there then be none,
 In future times—no gentle little one,
 To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me !
 Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,
 A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
 Lord of my bosom's love ! to die beholding thee !"

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips ! but still their
 bland
 And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
 With love that could not die ! and still his hand
 She presses to the heart no more that felt.
 Ah heart ! where once each fond affection dwelt,
 And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
 Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—
 Of them that stood encircling his despair,
 He heard some friendly words ;—but knew not
 what they were.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ANECDOTE OF CERVANTES.

'LOVING reader,' says he, in the preface to
 Persiles and Sigismunda, 'as two of my
 friends and myself were coming from the
 famous town of Esquivias—famous, I say,
 on a thousand accounts ; first, for its illustrious
 families, and, secondly, for its more illustrious
 wines, &c. I heard somebody galloping after us,
 with intent, as I imagined, to join our company ;
 and, indeed, he soon justified my conjecture,
 by calling out to us to ride more softly. We accord-

ingly waited for this stranger, who, riding up to us upon a she-ass, appeared to be a grey student, for he was clothed in grey, with country buskins such as peasants wear to defend their legs in harvest time, round-toed shoes, a sword provided, as it happened, with a tolerable chape, a starched band, and an even number of three thread breses: for the truth is, he had but two; and as his band would every now and then shift to one side, he took incredible pains to adjust it again. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are going, belike, to solicit some post or pension at court: his eminence of Toledo must be there, to be sure, or the king at least, by your making such haste. In good faith, I could hardly overtake you, though my ass hath been more than once applauded for a tolerable ambler." To this address one of his companions replied, "We are obliged to set on at a good rate, to keep up with that there mettlesome nag, belonging to Signior Miguel de Cervantes." Scarce had the student heard my name, when springing from the back of his ass, while his pannel fell one way, and his wallet another, he ran towards me, and taking hold of my stirrup, "Aye, aye," cried he, "this is the sound cripple! the renowned, the merry writer; in a word, the darling of the muses!" In order to make some return to these high compliments, I threw my arms about his neck, so that he lost his band by the eagerness of my embraces, and told him that he was mistaken, like many of my well-wishers. "I am indeed Cervantes," said I, "but not the darling of the muses, or in any shape deserving of those encomiums you have bestowed; be pleased, therefore, good Signior, to remount your beast, and let us travel together like friends the rest of the way." The courteous student took my advice, and as we jogged on softly together, the conversation happening to turn on the subject of my illness, the stranger soon pronounced my doom, by assuring me that my distemper was a dropsy, which all the water of the ocean, although it were not salt, would never be able to quench. "Therefore, Signior Cervantes," added the student, "you must totally abstain from drink, but do not forget to eat heartily: and this regimen will effect your recovery without physic." "I have received the same advice from other people," answered I, "but I cannot help drinking,

as if I had been born to do nothing else but drink. My life is drawing to a period, and by the daily journal of my pulse, which, I find, will have finished its course by next Sunday at the farthest, I shall also have finished my career; so that you come in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me, though I shall have no opportunity of showing how much I am obliged to you for your good-will." By this time we had reached the Toledo bridge, where, finding we must part, I embraced my student once more, and he having returned the compliment with great cordiality, spurred up his beast, and left me as ill-disposed on my horse as he was ill-mounted on his ass; although my pen itched to be writing some humorous description of his equipage: but, adieu, my merry friends all; for I am going to die, and I hope to meet you again in the other world, as happy as heart can wish.'

SONNET.

WHAT art thou, MIGHTY ONE! and where thy seat?
 Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
 And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
 The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet;
 Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
 Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead
 noon,
 Or, on the red wing of the fierce Monsoon,
 Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
 In the drear silence of the polar span
 Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
 Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
 Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
 Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace,
 Who glows through all the fields of boundless
 space.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

O D E,

Written in the year 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping pilgrim there.

COLLINS.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST
EDINBURGH THEATRICAL FUND
DINNER,

*Held at Edinburgh, on Friday, 23d Feb.
1827.**

THE EDINBURGH THEATRICAL FUND WAS

* No apology, we trust, is necessary for placing in *THE CASQUET* the above account of a dinner which, as containing the first public acknowledgment of Sir Walter Scott regarding the Waverley Novels, has a claim to better preservation than the pages of a newspaper can yield. Some of the speeches on the more immediate objects of the meeting, or on subjects of little permanent interest, we have thought proper to omit; but we have been careful in retaining the full newspaper account of all that Sir Walter said, and have also been cautious in abridging the speeches of Mr Patrick Robertson, in respect of the honest and fervent words which he uttered on succeeding to the chair—

The following remarks on the meeting we extract from a clever little periodical published at Glasgow, called "The Ant." They occur in "The Heron Correspondence."

"Never was dinner so delayed, or so little worth being waited for, till the company was stupefied, and in that mood taken by surprise on the entrance of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Fife, and other gentlemen, by the centre door. When they were recognised, every man stood up and cheered, as the Chairman, with his 'peers,' halted his way up the middle passage to the elevated seat beneath the royal canopy at the cross table, looking down the room. There was no grace before meat, and very little at it, believe me, for we were all as ravenous as wolves, and every man was there 'his own carver.'"

"As I sent you more than one of the Edinburgh papers, it is needless for me to recapitulate the proceedings of the evening, as, upon the whole, they were faithfully reported; although it was impossible for them to convey an idea of the intense spirit of sociality, and intimate brotherhood of feeling, as it were, which speedily pervaded the meeting, and distinguished it from the stiff formality and ostentatious parade of public dinners in general. All that I can do, is merely to gather up a few crumbs of intelligence that escaped the regular caterers for the public, or were deemed too trivial for their notice. Sir Walter spoke of the memory of the Duke of York with the feeling of one who had lost a friend, but we were obliged to pledge it and many other toasts with empty glasses. Mr Robertson, the jolly Croupier, even whose rotundity hardly made him visible to one-half of the company, so lowly was he seated, did not relish this, and prevented Sir Walter from going farther till he, at least, was supplied. At a later period, he rose up and declared, with rich emphasis, that 'the room was still full of waiters, but empty of wine,' and at last we all got to Port. The Chairman hesitated considerably in his opening or formal speech. He seemed to have written and

established 2d April 1819, under the patronage of His late Royal Highness FREDERICK Duke of York, who was distinguished for his benevolent attention to charitable institutions. The Institution, however, from various circumstances, slumbered till the present year, when, following the plan adopted by the Direc-

forgot it; but no sooner was the task-work over, than he felt at his own ease, and made his auditors be at theirs. In fact, each of us very speedily experienced the same agreeable feeling that would have been ours had we been seated at table with Sir Walter, and been on terms of perfect intimacy with him. At length, Lord Meadowbank got up and petrified us all by his direct, and, as it at first appeared, scandalously rude allusion to his friend's being the Author of 'Waverley.' The next sensation was that of wonder, how Sir Walter, so involved, would contrive to extricate himself from the dilemma. He rose up; a smile played upon his rough and shaggy, but expressive face; and in a low tone, which yet was heard in the remotest corner of the room, revealed the truth that no one there had doubted, but that every one was electrified to hear from his own lips—that he was the author—or, as he added, the sole author of the writings that have placed 'Waverley' and its successors at the head of the Romance literature of the world. There was, as you may guess, cheering at this till the roof sent back the thundering plaudits; but yet, methinks, Tom, had such an announcement been made in Glasgow, we would have been more hearty and vehement in our expressions of joy and congratulation. Many round about me seemed as if afraid to derange their prettily starched cravats, or discompose their beautiful and laboriously dressed heads—'curled like to Jove's'—by their enthusiasm, which, accordingly, they appeared almost to check midway. But I may have been wrong; and the youths of Edinburgh may not be puppyish after all. Be that as it may, I must conclude. Mackay's speech was well written; but he has only one way of delivery, whether of 'my conscience!' or 'the immortal Garrick,' &c. He can sing plaintively, however, and with feeling, as well as comically and with mirth, as he that night evinced. The badinage between him and Sir Walter was highly dramatic—so much so, as to appear premeditated to some. Good-nature, rather than very good taste, at all events, prompted the giving a second-rate actor's health next, after such a ceremony as the revelation of the 'Veiled Prophet.' The more minute touches—in which it was that the Chairman excelled,—of course could not be detailed in the newspaper reports—as where he alluded to his son's being a hussar—where he spoke of auld Scotland, and 'every lass in her cottage, and countless in her castle'—and of Mrs Siddons—Miss Anne Page, and 'her probabilities'—and Lord Ogilby and his 'twinge'—nor can they convey to you the Northumbrian raciness of his 'harra'—or P. Robertson's mellow tones, smacking of old port and good living."

tors of the London Fund, a public dinner, in aid of the Edinburgh Fund, was announced, SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. in the Chair.

The dinner took place in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, on Friday, 23d February 1827.

Sir Walter Scott took the Chair, amid enthusiastic greetings, at six o'clock, supported on his right hand by the Earl of Fife, and on the left by Lord Meadowbank. On the right of the Earl of Fife were Sir John Hope of Pinkie, Bart. Admiral Adam, Robert Dundas, Esq. of Arniston, and several officers of the 7th Hussars; and on the left of the Chair sat Baron Clerk Rattray, Gilbert Innes, Esq. of Stow, James Walker, Esq. of Dalry, and several officers: Patrick Robertson, Esq. Advocate, and Sir Samuel Stirling of Glorat, Bart. Croupiers.

The cloth being removed, "Non Nobis Domine" was sung by Messrs Thorne, Swift, Collyer, and Hartley, after which the following toasts were given from the chair:—

"The King"—all the honours.

"The Duke of Clarence and the Royal Family."

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in proposing the next toast, which he wished to be drunk in solemn silence, said it was to the memory of a regretted Prince, whom we had lately lost. Every individual would at once conjecture to whom he alluded. He had no intention to dwell on his military merits. They had been told in the senate; they had been repeated in the cottage; and whenever an Englishman was near, his name was never far distant. But it was chiefly in connection with the business of this meeting, which his late Royal Highness had condescended in a particular manner to patronize, that they were called on to drink to his memory. To that charity he had sacrificed his time, and had given up the little leisure which he had from important business. He was always ready to attend on every occasion of this kind, and it was in that view that he proposed to drink to the memory of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York.—Drank in solemn silence.

SIR WALTER SCOTT then requested that gentlemen would fill a bumper, as full as it would hold, while he would say only a few words. He was in the habit of hearing speeches, and he knew the

feelings with which long ones were regarded. He was sure that it was perfectly unnecessary for him to enter into any vindication of the dramatic art, which they had come here to support. This, however, he considered to be the proper time, and proper occasion, for him to say a few words on that love of representation which was an innate feeling in human nature. It was the first amusement that the child had—it grew greater as he grew up; and, even in the decline of life, nothing amused so much as when a common tale is well told. The first thing a child does is to ape his schoolmaster, by flogging a chair. It was an enjoyment natural to humanity. It was implanted in our very nature, to take pleasure from such representations, at proper times, and on proper occasions.

In all ages the theatrical art had kept pace with the improvement of mankind, and with the progress of letters and the fine arts. As man has advanced from the ruder stages of society, the love of dramatic representation has increased, and all works of this nature have been improved, in character and in structure. They had only to turn their eyes to the history of ancient Greece, although he did not pretend to be very deeply versed in ancient history. Its first tragic poet commanded a body of troops at the battle of Marathon. The second and next, were men who shook Athens with their discourses, as their theatrical works shook the theatre itself. If they turned to France in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, they would find, that it was referred to by all Frenchmen as the golden age of the drama there. And England, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, began to mingle deeply and wisely in the general politics of Europe, not only not receiving laws from others, but giving laws to the world, and vindicating the rights of mankind, (cheers.) There have been various times when the dramatic art subsequently fell into disrepute. Its professors have been stigmatized; and laws have been passed against them, less dishonourable to them than to the statesmen by whom they were passed, and to the legislators by whom they were adopted. What were the times in which these laws were passed—was it not when virtue was seldom inculcated as a moral duty, that we were required to relinquish the most ra-

tional of all our amusements, when the clergy were enjoined celibacy, and when the laity were denied the right to read their Bibles? He thought that it must have been from a notion of penance that they erected the drama into an ideal place of profaneness, and the tents of sin. He did not mean to dispute, that there were many excellent persons who thought differently from him, and they were entitled to assume that they were not guilty of any hypocrisy in doing so. He gave them full credit for their tender consciences in making these objections, which did not appear to him relevant; and if they were persons of worth and piety, he would crave the liberty to tell them, that the first part of their duty was charity, and that, if they did not choose to go to the Theatre, they at least could not deny that they might give away, from their superfluity, what was required for the relief of the sick, the support of the aged, and the comfort of the afflicted. These were duties enjoined by our holy religion itself, (*Loud cheers.*)

The performers are in a particular manner entitled to the support or regard, when in old age or distress, of those who had partaken of the amusements of those places which they render an ornament to society. Their art was of a peculiarly delicate and precarious nature. They had to serve a long apprenticeship. It was very long before even the first-rate geniuses could acquire the mechanical knowledge of the stage business. They must languish long in obscurity before they can avail themselves of their natural talents; and after that, they have but a short space of time, during which they are fortunate if they can provide the means of comfort in the decline of life. That comes late, and lasts but a short time; after which they are left dependent. Their limbs fail,—their teeth are loosened,—their voice is lost,—and they are left, after giving happiness to others, in a most disconsolate state. The public were liberal and generous to those deserving their protection. It was a sad thing to be dependent on the favour, or, he might say, in plain terms, on the caprice of the public; and this more particularly for a class of persons, of whom extreme prudence is not the character. There might be instances of opportunities being neglected; but let them tax

themselves, and consider the opportunities they had neglected, and the sums of money they had wasted; let every gentleman look into his own bosom, and say whether these were circumstances which would soften his own feelings, were he to be plunged into distress. He put it to every generous bosom,—to every better feeling,—to say what consolation was it to old age to be told, that you might have made provision at a time which had been neglected—(*loud cheers*)—and to find it objected, that if you had pleased you might have been wealthy. He had hitherto been speaking of what, in theatrical language, was called *stars*, but they were sometimes fallen ones. There were another class of sufferers naturally and necessarily connected with the Theatre, without whom it was impossible to go on. The sailors have a saying, every man cannot be a boatswain. If there must be persons to act Hamlet, there must also be persons to act Laertes, the King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern, otherwise a drama cannot go on. If even Garrick himself were to rise from the dead, he could not act Hamlet alone. There must be generals, colonels, commanding-officers, subalterns. But what are the private soldiers to do? Many have mistaken their own talents, and have been driven in early youth to try the stage, to which they are not competent. He would know what to say to the poet and the artist. He would say that it was foolish, and he would recommend to the poet to become a scribe, and the artist to paint sign-posts—(*loud laughter*)—But you could not send the player adrift, for if he cannot play Hamlet, he must play Guildenstern. Where there are many labourers, wages must be low, and no man in such a situation can decently support a wife and family, and save something off his income for old age. What is this man to do in latter life? Are you to cast him off like an old hinge, or a piece of useless machinery, which has done its work? To a person who had contributed to our amusement, this would be unkind, ungrateful, and unchristian. His wants are not of his own making, but arise from the natural sources of sickness and old age. It cannot be denied that there is one class of sufferers, to whom no imprudence can be ascribed, except on first entering on the

profession. After putting his hand to the dramatic plough, he cannot draw back; but must continue at it, and toil, till death release him, or charity, by its milder assistance, steps in to render that want more tolerable.—He had little more to say, except that he sincerely hoped that the collection to-day, from the number of respectable gentlemen present, would meet the views entertained by the patrons. He hoped it would do so. They should not be disheartened. Though they could not do a great deal, they might do something. They had this consolation, that every thing they parted with from their superfluity would do some good. They would sleep the better themselves when they have been the means of giving sleep to others. It was ungrateful and unkind, that those who had sacrificed their youth to our amusement, should not receive the reward due to them, but should be reduced to hard fare in their old age. We cannot think of poor Falstaff going to bed without his cup of sack, or Macbeth fed on bones as marrowless as those of Banquo.—(*Loud cheers and laughter.*)—As he believed that they were all as fond of the dramatic art as he was in his young days, he would propose that they should drink “The Theatrical Fund,” with three times three.

MR MACKAY, on behalf of his brethren, returned their thanks, in a speech of some length, for the toast just drunk: and concluded by proposing the health of the Patrons of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund.—(*Cheers.*)

LORD MEADOWBANK begged to return the thanks of the patrons for the honour now conferred on them. He could bear testimony to the anxiety which they all felt for the interests of the institution, which it was this day’s meeting to establish. For himself, he was quite surprised to find his humble name associated with so many others more distinguished, as a patron of that institution. But he then happened to hold a high and important public station in the country. It was a matter of regret that he had so little means in his power of being of service. But it would afford him at all times the greatest pleasure to give assistance. As a testimony of the feelings with which he now rose, he begged to propose a health, which he was sure, in an assembly of Scotsmen, would be received, not with an ordinary

feeling of delight, but with rapture and enthusiasm. He knew that it would be painful to his feelings if he were to speak to him in the terms which his heart prompted; and that he had sheltered himself under his native modesty from the applause which he deserved. But it was gratifying at last to know that these clouds were now dispelled, and that the Great Unknown—the mighty magician—(*here the room literally rung with applause, which were continued for some minutes*)—the minstrel of our country, who had conjured up, not the phantoms of departed ages, but realities, now stands revealed before the eyes and affections of his country. In his presence it would ill become him, as it would be displeasing to that distinguished person, to say, if he were able, what every man must feel, who recollects the enjoyment he has had from the great efforts of his mind and genius. It has been left for him, by his writings, to give his country an imperishable name. He had done more for his country, by illuminating its annals, by illustrating the deeds of its warriors and statesmen, than any man that ever existed, or was produced, within its territory. He has opened up the peculiar beauties of this country to the eyes of foreigners. He has exhibited the deeds of those patriots and statesmen to whom we owe the freedom we now enjoy. He would give the health of Sir Walter Scott, which was drunk with enthusiastic cheering.

SIR WALTER SCOTT certainly did not think that, in coming here to-day, he would have the task of acknowledging, before 300 gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than 20 people, was remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; yet he was sure that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of Not Proven. He did not now think it necessary to enter into the reasons of his long silence. A variety of reasons had led to the concealment; perhaps caprice had the greatest share in it. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself. (*Long and loud cheering.*) He was afraid to think on what he had done,

"Look on't again I dare not." He had thus far unbosomed himself, but as this would go to the public, he wished to speak seriously; and when he said that he was the author, he meant that *he was the total and undivided author*. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken, and the rod buried. You will allow me further to say, with Prospero, "your breath has filled my sails;" and to crave one single toast in the capacity of the author of these novels; and he would dedicate a bumper to the health of one who has represented some of those characters, of which he had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a degree of liveliness which rendered him grateful. He would propose the health of his friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie, (*loud applause*)—and he was sure, that when the author of Waverley and Rob Roy drinks to Nicol Jarvie, it would be received with that degree of applause to which that gentleman has always been accustomed, and that they would take care that on the present occasion it should be PRODIGIOUS!—(*Long and vehement applause.*)

MR MACKAY, after a short pause, exclaimed, in the character of Bailie Jarvie,—"My conscience! My worthy faither the deacon could not have believed that siccan a great honour should befa' me his son—that I should hae had sic a compliment paid to me by the Great Unknown."

SIR WALTER SCOTT—Not unknown now, Mr Bailie.

MR MACKAY.—He had been long identified with the Bailie, and he was vain of the cognomen which he had now worn for eight years; and he questioned if any of his brethren in the Council had gi'en sic universal satisfaction to a' parties—(*loud laughter and applause.*)—Before he sat down, he begged to propose "The Lord Provost and the City of Edinburgh."

BAILIE BONAR returned thanks.

MR PATRICK ROBERTSON.—They had heard this evening a declaration which had been received with intense delight; which will be published in every newspaper, and will be hailed with joy by all Europe. He had one toast assigned him which he had great pleasure in giving. He was sure that the stage had in all

ages a great effect on the morals and manners of the people. It was very desirable that the stage should be well regulated; and there was no criterion by which its regulation could be better determined than by the moral character and personal respectability of the performers. He was not one of those stern moralists who objected to the Theatre. The most fastidious moralist could not possibly apprehend any injury from the Stage or Edinburgh, as it was presently managed, and so long as it was adorned by that illustrious individual, Mrs Henry Siddons, whose public exhibitions were not more remarkable for feminine grace and delicacy, than was her private character for every virtue which could be admired in domestic life. He would conclude with reciting a few words from Shakespeare, in a spirit not of contradiction to those stern moralists, who disliked the theatre, but of meekness:—"Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? do you hear? let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time." He then gave Mrs Henry Siddons, and success to the Theatre-Royal of Edinburgh.

MR MURRAY.—Gentlemen, I rise to return thanks for the honour you have done Mrs Siddons; in doing which, I am somewhat diffculted, from the extreme delicacy which attends a brother's expatiating upon a sister's claims to honours publicly paid—(*hear, hear*)—yet, Gentlemen, your kindness emboldens me to say, that were I to give utterance to all a brother's feelings, I should not exaggerate those claims—(*loud applause.*) I therefore, Gentlemen, thank you most cordially for the honour you have done her, and shall now request permission to make an observation on the establishment of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund.—Mr Mackay has done Mrs Henry Siddons and myself the honour to ascribe the establishment to us; but, no, Gentlemen, it owes its origin to a higher source—the publication of the novel of Rob Roy—the unprecedented success of the opera adapted from that popular production—(*hear, hear.*) It was that success which relieved the Edinburgh Theatre from its difficulties, and enabled Mrs Siddons to carry into effect the establishment of a fund she had long desired, but was prevented from effecting, from the unsettled state of her theatrical con-

cerns. I therefore hope, that, in future years, when the aged and infirm actor derives relief from this fund, he will, in the language of the gallant Highlander, "cast his eye to good old Scotland, and not forget Rob Roy."—(*Loud applause.*)

SIR WALTER SCOTT here stated, that Mrs Siddons wanted the means, but not the will, of beginning the Theatrical Fund. He then alluded to the great merits of Mr Murray's management, and of his merits as an actor, which were of the first order, and of which every person who attends the Theatre must be sensible; and after alluding to the embarrassments with which the Theatre was threatened, he concluded by giving the health of Mr Murray, which was drunk with three times three.

MR MURRAY.—Gentlemen, I wish I could believe that, in any degree, I merited the compliments with which it has pleased Sir Walter Scott to preface the proposal of my health, or the very flattering manner in which you have done me the honour to receive it. The approbation of such an assembly is most gratifying to me, and might encourage feelings of vanity, were not such feelings crushed by my conviction, that no man holding the situation I have so long held in Edinburgh could have failed, placed in the peculiar circumstances in which I have been placed. Gentlemen, I shall not insult your good taste by eulogiums upon your judgment or kindly feeling; though to the first I owe any improvement I have made as an actor, and certainly my success as a Manager to the second—(*Applause.*) When, upon the death of my dear brother, the late Mr Siddons, it was proposed that I should undertake the management of the Edinburgh Theatre, I confess I drew back, doubting my capability to free it from the load of debt and difficulty with which it was surrounded. In this state of anxiety I solicited the advice of one who had ever honoured me with his kindest regard, and whose name no member of my profession can pronounce without feelings of the deepest respect and gratitude—I allude to the late Mr John Kemble.—(*Great applause.*) To him I applied; and with the repetition of his advice I shall cease to transgress upon your time—(*Hear, hear.*)—"My dear William, fear not, integrity and assiduity must prove an overmatch for all

difficulty; and though I approve your not indulging a vain confidence in your own ability, and viewing with respectful apprehension the judgment of the audience you have to act before, yet be assured that judgment will ever be tempered by the feeling that you are acting for the widow and the fatherless." (*Loud applause.*) Gentlemen, those words have never passed from my mind; and I feel convinced that you have pardoned my many, many errors, from the feeling that I was striving for the widow and the fatherless. (*Long and enthusiastic applause followed Mr Murray's address.*)

SIR WALTER SCOTT gave the health of the Stewards.

MR VANDENHOFF, in name of the Stewards, returned thanks, in a speech, and concluded by proposing "The memory of Garrick—the father and founder of Theatrical Funds; whose benevolence in consulting the welfare of his brethren reflected a lustre on his moral worth, equal to the splendour which his talents shed over the profession of which he was so distinguished an ornament."

MR J. CAY apologized for the absence of Professor Wilson, from indisposition, and gave the University of Edinburgh, of which he was one of the brightest ornaments.

LORD MEADOWBANK, after a suitable eulogium, gave the Earl of Fife, which was drunk with three times three.

THE EARL OF FIFE expressed his high gratification at the honour conferred on him. He intimated his approbation of the institution, and his readiness to promote its success by every means in his power. He concluded with giving the health of the Theatrical Company of Edinburgh.

MR PATRICK ROBERTSON rose to propose the health of an illustrious friend—Mr Jeffrey, (*loud cheers.*) who was unfortunately prevented from attending this meeting by ill health. In Scotland he was acknowledged as the most distinguished advocate who had ever appeared at the bar,—as the highest ornament of literature,—and throughout Europe he was equally known and admired as a critic. (*Applause.*) If he could pay him an additional compliment, he would only have to speak the sentiments of the junior members of his profession, whose hearts were endeared to him by

his kindness, frankness, and cordial manner, no less than his splendid talents attracted their admiration. (*Applause.*) To say more, particularly in Edinburgh, where his talents and accomplishments were so well known and appreciated, would only heap coals of fire on his own head. He would conclude by once more proposing the health of Mr Jeffrey, which was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Mr J. MACONCHIE gave "the health of Mrs Siddons senior—the most distinguished ornament of the stage."

SIR WALTER SCOTT said, that if any thing could reconcile him to old age, it was the reflection that he had seen the rising as well as the setting sun of Mrs Siddons. He remembered well their breakfasting near to the theatre—waiting the whole day—the crushing at the doors at six o'clock—and their going in and counting their fingers till seven o'clock. But the very first step—the very first word which she uttered, was sufficient to overpay him for all his labours. The house was literally electrified; and it was only from witnessing the effects of her genius, that he could guess to what a pitch theatrical excellence could be carried. Those young fellows who have only seen the setting sun of this distinguished performer, beautiful and serene as that was, must give us old fellows, who have seen its rise, leave to hold our heads a little higher.

MR DUNDAS of Arncliffe proposed a name, which he said had been too long unnoticed, but which must be revered by all who took an interest in the drama; "The memory of Home, the author of Douglas," a name which must be remembered as long as the stage, the drama, or the language of England continues to exist. — Drunk in silence.

SIR WALTER SCOTT said he had too long delayed proposing a toast which must be ever hailed with pleasure in a Scottish meeting. He meant the land that bore us,—the Land of Cakes; every river, every loch, every hill, from Tweed to Johnnie Groat's house—every lass in her cottage and countess in her castle;—(*Applause.*) So long as her sons should stand by her, as their fathers had done, she must be a happy country and a respected one. And he who would not drink a bumper to this toast, may he never drink whisky more.

Mr H. G. BELL proposed the health of

James Sheridan Knowles.—This health being drunk,

SIR WALTER SCOTT said—Gentlemen, I crave a bumper all over. The last toast reminds me of a neglect of duty. Unaccustomed to a public duty of this kind, errors in conducting the ceremonial of it may be excused, and omissions pardoned. Perhaps I have made one or two omissions in the course of the evening, for which I trust you will grant me your pardon and indulgence. One thing in particular I have omitted, and I would now wish to make amends for it by a libation of reverence and respect to the memory of Shakespeare. He was a man of universal genius, and from a period soon after his own era to the present day, he has been universally idolized. When I come to his honoured name, I am like the sick man who hung up his crutches at the shrine, and was obliged to confess that he did walk better than before. The only one to whom I can at all compare him, is the wonderful Arabian dervise, who dived into the body of each, and in that way became familiar with the thoughts and secrets of their hearts. He was a man of obscure origin, and as a player, limited in his acquirements. But he was born evidently with a universal genius. His eyes glanced at all the varied aspects of life, and his fancy portrayed with equal talents the king on the throne, and the clown who cracks his chesnuts at a Christmas fire. Whatever note he takes, he strikes it just and true, and awakens a corresponding cord in our own bosoms. Gentlemen, I propose "The memory of William Shakspeare."

Glee, "Lightly tread, 'tis hallowed ground."

After the glee Sir Walter arose, and begged to propose as a toast the health of a lady. The toast (said he) is flattering to the national vanity of a Scotchman, as the lady whom I intend to propose is a native of this country. From the public, her works have met with the most favourable reception. One piece of hers in particular was often acted here of late years, and gave pleasure of no mean kind to many brilliant and fashionable audiences. In her private character she (he begged leave to say) is as remarkable as in a public sense she is for her genius. In short, he would in one word name—
"Joanna Baillie."

W. MENZIES, Esq. Advocate, rose to

propose the health of a gentleman for many years connected at intervals with the dramatic art in Scotland. And when he announced him as one whom the Chairman had honoured with his friendship, he was sure that all present would cordially join him in drinking "The health of Mr Terry."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—It was a good old proverb, "that we should keep our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws,"—and this reminded him that there was one name which had a particular right to notice on this occasion. It was that of the person who first established dramatic entertainments in Edinburgh,—one, in short, to whom the drama in this city owes much. He succeeded, not without trouble, and perhaps at some considerable sacrifice, in establishing a Theatre. The younger part of the company may not recollect the Theatre to which I allude; but there are some who with me may remember by name, the Theatre in Carrubber's Close. There Allan Ramsay established his little Theatre. His own pastoral was not fit for the stage, but it has its own admirers in those who love the Doric language in which it is written; and it is not without merits of a very peculiar kind. But, laying aside all considerations of his literary merit, Allan was a good jovial honest fellow, who would crack a bottle with the best—The Memory of Allan Ramsay.

MR MURRAY, on being requested, sung, " 'Twas merry in the hall," and at the conclusion was greeted with repeated rounds of applause.

MR JONES.—One omission I conceive has been made.—The cause of the fund has been ably advocated, but it is still susceptible, in my opinion, of an additional charm:

"Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh what were man?—a world without a sun!"

And there would not be a darker spot in poetry than would be the corner in Shakespeare Square, if, like its neighbour, the Register Office, the Theatre were deserted by the ladies. They are, in fact, our most attractive stars—"The Patronesses of the Theatre—the Ladies of the city of Edinburgh." This toast I ask leave to drink with all the honours which conviviality can confer.

MR PATRICK ROBERTSON.—I feel that I am about to tread on ticklish ground. I am approaching the often disputed point of the North Loch, concerning which, public opinion has been so much excited. The subject is undoubtedly one of importance. What shall be done with it is yet uncertain. I have studied the law, but cannot determine on its complexity. The talk is of a new Theatre, and a bill may be presented for its erection, saving always, and provided the expenses be defrayed, and carried through, provided always it be not opposed. Bearsford Park, or some such place, might be selected, provided always due notice was given, and so we might have a playhouse, as it were, by possibility. But wherever the new theatre may be erected, I trust we shall meet the Old Company. I mean to take no advantage of the absence of the Lord Provost, neither am I the advocate of Mr Cockburn. But reserving considerations of the interests of both parties, there should be advertisements placarded on the parish kirk doors, hereby intimating that the citizens of Edinburgh intend to erect in this city, for the better accommodation of the old Company, a new theatre—site unknown—*(Great laughter.)*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—Wherever the new Theatre is built, I hope it will not be large. There are two errors which we commonly commit—the one arising from our pride, the other from our poverty. If there are 12 plans, it is odds but the largest, without any regard to comfort, or an eye to the probable expense, is adopted. There was the College projected on this scale, and undertaken in the same manner, and who shall see the end of it? It has been building all my life, and may probably last during the lives of my children, and my children's children. Let it not be said, when we commence a new theatre, as was said on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of a certain building, "behold the endless work begun." Play-going folks should attend somewhat to convenience. The new theatre should, in the first place, be such as may be finished in 18 months or two years; and in the second place, it should be one in which we can hear old friends with comfort. It is better that a Theatre should be crowded now and then, than to have a large Theatre with benches

continually empty, to the discouragement of the actors, and the discomfort of the spectators. (*Applause.*) He then rose, and commenting in flattering terms on the genius of Mackenzie, and his private worth, proposed "The health of Henry Mackenzie, Esq."

Immediately afterwards he said: Gentlemen,—It is now wearing late, and I shall request permission to retire. Like Partridge I may say, "*non sum qualis eram.*" At my time of day, I can agree with Lord Ogelby as to his rheumatism, and say, "There's a twinge." I hope, therefore, you will excuse me for leaving the chair.—The worthy Baronet then retired amidst long, loud, and rapturous cheering.

Mr PATRICK ROBERTSON was then called to the Chair by acclamation.

GENTLEMEN,—said Mr Robertson,—I TAKE THE LIBERTY OF ASKING YOU TO FILL A BUMPER TO THE VERY BRIM. THERE IS NOT ONE OF US WHO WILL NOT REMEMBER, WHILE HE LIVES, BEING PRESENT AT THIS DAY'S FESTIVAL, AND THE DECLARATION MADE THIS NIGHT BY THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST LEFT THE CHAIR. THAT DECLARATION HAS RENT THE VEIL FROM THE FEATURES OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN—A NAME WHICH MUST NOW MERGE IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT KNOWN. IT WILL BE HENCEFORTH COUPLED WITH THE NAME OF SCOTT, WHICH WILL BECOME FAMILIAR LIKE A HOUSEHOLD WORD. WE HAVE HEARD THE CONFESSION FROM HIS OWN IMMORTAL LIPS—(Tremendous Cheering), AND WE CANNOT DWELL WITH TOO MUCH OR TOO FERVENT PRAISE, ON THE MERITS OF ONE OF THE GREATEST MEN WHICH SCOTLAND HAS PRODUCED.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

THERE is a voice of magic power
To charm the old, delight the young—
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,
In every clime, in every tongue,
Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,
In whispers low, in poet's lays,
There lives not one who has not hung
Enraptured on the voice of praise.

The timid child, at that soft voice,
Lifts for a moment's space the eye;
It bids the fluttering heart rejoice,
And stays the step prepared to fly:
'Tis pleasure breathes that short quick sigh,
And flushes o'er that rosy face;
Whilst shame and infant modesty
Shrink back with hesitating grace.

The lovely maiden's dimpled cheek
At that sweet voice still deeper glows;
Her quivering lips in vain would seek
To hide the bliss her eyes disclose:
The charm her sweet confusion shows
Oft springs from some low broken word.
O praise! to her how sweetly flows
Thine accent from the loved one heard!

The hero, when a people's voice
Proclaims their darling victor near,
Feels he not then his soul rejoice,
Their shouts of love, of praise to hear?
Yes! fame to generous minds is dear—
It pierces to their inmost core;
He weeps, who never shed a tear;
He trembles who ne'er shook before.

The poet too—ah! well I deem,
Small is the need the tale to tell;
Who knows not that his thought, his dream,
On thee at noon, at midnight, dwell?
Who knows not that thy magic spell
Can charm his every care away?
In memory cheer his gloomy cell,
In hope can lend a deathless day.

'Tis sweet to watch affection's eye;
To mark the tear with love replete;
To feel the softly-breathing sigh,
When Friendship's lips the tones repeat;
But oh! a thousand times more sweet
The praise of those we love to hear!
Like balmy showers in summer heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound,
By dwelling on his fair one's name;
The mother listens for the sound
Of her young warrior's growing fame.
Thy voice can soothe the mourning dame,
Of her soul's wedded partner riven,
Who cherishes the hallow'd flame,
Parted on earth, to meet in heaven;—

That voice can quiet passion's mood;
Can humble merit raise on high;
And from the wise, and from the good,
It breathes of immortality!
There is a lip, there is an eye,
Where most I love to see it shine;
To hear it speak, to feel it sigh—
My mother, need I say 'tis thine!

MISS MITFORD.

SIX SONNETS.

I.

TO A LADYE.

SWEET rois of vertew and of gentilnes ;
 Delytsum lyllie of everie lustynes ;
 Richest in bontie, and in bewtie cleir,
 And everie vertew that to hevin is deir,
 Except onlie that ye ar mercyles !
 Into your garthe this day I did persew :
 Thair saw I flouris that fresche wer of hew ;
 Baythe quhite and rid most lustye wer to seyne ;
 And halsum herbis upone stalkis grene ;
 Yet leif nor flour fynd could I name of Rew.
 I doute that Merche, with his canlde blastis keyne,
 Has slayne this gentill herbe, that I of mene ;
 Quhois petewus deithe dois to my hart sic pane,
 That I would vrak to plant his rute agane.

WILLIAM DUNBAR [circ. an. 1500.]

II.

FEAR OF DEATH.

SINCE nature's works be good, and death doth serve
 As nature's worke : why should we feare to die ?
 Since feare is vain but when it may preserve :
 Why should we feare that which we cannot flie ?
 Feare is more paine than is the paine it fears,
 Disarming human minds of native might :
 While each conceit an ougly figure bears,
 Which were not evil well view'd in reason's light.
 Our only eyes, which dimm'd with passions be,
 And scarce discern the dawne of coming day,
 Let them be clear'd, and now begin to see,
 Our life is but a step in dustle way.
 Then let us hold the blisse of peacefull minde,
 Since this we feele, great losse we cannot finde.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

III.

DEGENERACY OF THE WORLD.

WHAT hapless hap had I for to be born
 In these unhappy Times and dying days
 Of this now doating World, when Good decays,
 Love's quite extinct and virtue's held a scorn !
 When such are only priz'd, by wretched ways,
 Who with a golden fleece them can adorn ;
 When avarice and Lust are counted praise,
 And bravest minds lve orphan-like forlorn !
 Why was not I born in that golden age, [arts
 When gold was not yet known ? and those black
 By which base worldling's vilely play their parts,
 With horrid acts staining Earth's stately Stage ?
 To have been then, O Heaven ; 't had been my bliss,
 But bliss me now, and take me soon from this.

DRUMMOND of Hawthornden.

IV.

TO MR LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining ? Time will run
 On smother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well-touch'd, or artful voice,
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air ?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

JOHN MILTON.

V.

WORLDLINESS.

THE world is too much with us !—late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,
 Little there is in Nature we call ours :
 We have given away our hearts—a sordid boon !
 That sea which bares its bosom to the moon,
 Those clouds that will be weeping at all hours,
 And are upgather'd now like summer flowers,
 For this—for every thing—we are out of tune !
 They move us not !—O God, I'd rather be
 A Pagan, cradled in a creed outworn,
 So might I—standing on this pleasant lea—
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn !
 Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
 Or hear old Triton blow his many-wreathed horn.

WORDSWORTH.

VI.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead !—
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new mown mead ;
 That is the Grasshopper's ;—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights ; for when tired out with fun
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never !—
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one, in drowsiness half lost,
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS.

A FAMILY SCENE.

The great use of delineating absurdities is, that we may know how far human folly can go; the account, therefore, ought, of absolute necessity, to be faithful.

JOHNSON.

THE first appearance of the Holm was highly prepossessing. It was a large, handsome-looking house, situated in a well-wooded park, by the side of a broad placid river, and an air of seclusion and stillness reigned all round, which impressed the mind with images of peace and repose. The interior of the house was no less promising—there was a spacious hall and a handsome staircase, with all appliances to boot—but as they approached the drawing-room, all the luxurious indolence of thought, inspired by the tranquillity of the scenery, was quickly dispelled by the discordant sounds which issued from thence, and, when the door was thrown open, the footman in vain attempted to announce the visitors. In the middle of the room all the chairs were collected to form a coach and horses for the Masters and Misses Fairbairn.—One unruly-looking urchin sat in front, cracking a long whip with all his might—another acted as guard behind, and blew a shrill trumpet with all his strength—while a third, in a night-cap and flannel lappet, who had somewhat the air of having quarrelled with the rest of the party, paraded up and down, in solitary majesty, beating a drum. On a sofa sat Mrs Fairbairn, a soft, fair, genteel-looking woman, with a crying child of about three years old at her side, tearing paper into shreds, seemingly for the delight of littering the carpet, which was already strewn with headless dolls, tailless horses, wheelless carts, &c. As she rose to receive her visitors it began to scream.

“I’m not going away, Charlotte, love—don’t be frightened,” said the fond mother, with a look of ineffable pleasure.

“You no get up—you shan’t get up,” screamed Charlotte, seizing her mother’s gown fiercely to detain her.

“My darling, you’ll surely let me go to speak to uncle—good uncle, who brings you pretty things, you know;”—but, during this colloquy, uncle and the ladies had

made their way to the enthralled mother, and the bustle of a meeting and introduction was got over. Chairs were obtained by the footman with some difficulty, and placed as close to the mistress of the house as possible, aware, that, otherwise, it would not be easy to carry on even question and answer amid the tumult that reigned.

“You find us rather noisy, I am afraid,” said Mrs Fairbairn with a smile, and in a manner which evidently meant the reverse; “but this is Saturday, and the children are all in such spirits, and they won’t stay away from me—Henry, my dear, don’t crack your whip quite so loud—there’s a good boy—that’s a new whip his papa brought him from London; and he’s so proud of it!—William, my darling, don’t you think your drum must be tired now?—If I were you I would give it a rest.—Alexander, your trumpet makes *rather* too much noise—one of these ladies has got a headache—wait till you go out—there’s my good boy, and then you’ll blow it at the cows and the sheep, you know, and frighten them—Oh! how you’ll frighten them with it!”

“No, I’ll not blow it at the cows;—I’ll blow it at the horses, because then they’ll think it’s the mail-coach.”—And he was running off, when Henry jumped down from the coach-box.

“No, but you shan’t frighten them with your trumpet, for I shall frighten them with my whip. Mama, aren’t horses best frightened with a whip?”—and a struggle ensued.

“Well, don’t fight, my dears, and you shall both frighten them,” cried their mama.

“No, I’m determined he shan’t frighten them; I shall do it,” cried both together, as they rushed out of the room, and the drummer was preparing to follow.

“William, my darling, don’t you go after these naughty boys; you know they’re always very bad to you. You know they wouldn’t let you into their coach with your drum.”—Here William began to cry.—“Well, never mind, you shall have a coach of your own—a much finer coach than theirs; I wouldn’t go into their ugly dirty coach; and you shall have ———” Here something of a consolatory nature was whispered, William was comforted, and even prevailed upon to relinquish his drum for his mama’s

ivory work-box, the contents of which were soon scattered on the floor.

"These boys are gone without their hats," cried Mrs Fairbairn in a tone of distress. "Eliza, my dear, pull the bell for Sally to get the boys' hats."—Sally being despatched with the hats, something like a calm ensued, in the absence of he of the whip and the trumpet; but as it will be of short duration, it is necessary to take advantage of it in improving the introduction into an acquaintance with the Fairbairn family.

Mrs Fairbairn was one of those ladies, who, from the time she became a mother, ceased to be any thing else. All the duties, pleasures, charities, and decencies of life, were henceforth concentrated in that one grand characteristic; every object in life was henceforth viewed through that single medium. Her own mother was no longer her mother; she was the grand-mama of her dear infants, her brothers and sisters were mere uncles and aunts, and even her husband ceased to be thought of as her husband from the time he became a father. He was no longer the being who had claims on her time, her thoughts, her talents, her affections; he was simply Mr Fairbairn, the noun masculine of Mrs Fairbairn, and the father of her children. Happily for Mr Fairbairn, he was not a person of very nice feelings, or refined taste; and although, at first, he did feel a little unpleasant when he saw how much his children were preferred to himself, yet, in time, he became accustomed to it, then came to look upon Mrs Fairbairn as the most exemplary of mothers, and finally resolved himself into the father of a very fine family, of which Mrs Fairbairn was the mother. In all this there was more of selfish egotism, and animal instinct, than of rational affection, or Christian principle; but both parents piqued themselves upon their fondness for their offspring, as if it were a feeling peculiar to themselves, and not one they shared in common with the lowest and weakest of their species. Like them, too, it was upon the bodies of their children that they lavished their chief care and tenderness, for, as to the immortal interests of their souls, or the cultivation of their minds, or the improvement of their tempers, these were but little attended to, at least in comparison of their health and personal appearance.

Alas! if there "be not a gem so precious as the human soul," how often do these gems seem as pearls cast before swine; for how seldom is it that a parent's greatest care is for the immortal happiness of that being whose precarious, and at best transient, existence engrosses their every thought and desire! But, perhaps, Mrs Fairbairn, like many a foolish ignorant mother, did her best, and had she been satisfied with spoiling her children herself for her own private amusement, and not have drawn in her visitors and acquaintances to share in it, the evil might have passed uncensured. But Mrs Fairbairn, instead of shutting herself up in her nursery, chose to bring her nursery down to her drawing-room, and instead of modestly denying her friends an entrance into her purgatory, she had a foolish pride in showing herself in the midst of her angels. In short, as the best things, when corrupted, always become the worst, so the purest and tenderest of human affections, when thus debased by selfishness and egotism, turn to the most tiresome and ridiculous of human weaknesses,—a truth but too well exemplified by Mrs Fairbairn.

"I have been much to blame," said she, addressing Miss Bell, in a soft, whining, sick-child sort of voice, "for not having been at Belleyue long ago; but dear little Charlotte has been so plagued with her teeth, I could not think of leaving her—for she is so fond of me, she will go to nobody else—she screams when her maid offers to take her—and she won't even go to her papa."

"Is that possible?" said the Major.

"I assure you it's very true—she's a very naughty girl sometimes," bestowing a long and rapturous kiss on the child. "Who was it that beat poor papa for taking her from mama last night? Well, don't cry—no, no, it wasn't my Charlotte. She knows every word that's said to her, and did from the time she was only a year old."

"That is wonderful!" said Miss Bell; "but how is my little favourite Andrew?"

"He is not very stout yet, poor little fellow, and we must be very careful of him." Then turning to Miss St Clair, "Our little Andrew has had the measles, and you know the dregs of the measles are a serious thing—much worse than the measles themselves. Andrew—Andrew Waddell

my love, come here and speak to the ladies." And thereupon Andrew Waddell, in a night-cap, riding on a stick, drew near. Being the Major's namesake, Miss Bell, in the ardour of her attachment, thought proper to coax Andrew Waddell on her knee, and even to open her watch for his entertainment.

"Ah! I see who spoils Andrew Waddell," cried the delighted mother.

The Major chuckled—Miss Bell disclaimed, and for the time Andrew Waddell became the hero of the piece; the *blains* of the measles were carefully pointed out, and all his sufferings and sayings duly recapitulated. At length Miss Charlotte, indignant at finding herself eclipsed, began to scream and cry with all her strength.

"It's her teeth, darling little thing," said her mother, caressing her.

"I'm sure it's her teeth, sweet little dear," said Miss Bell.

"It undoubtedly must be her teeth, poor little girl," said the Major.

"If you will feel her gum," said Mrs Fairbairn, putting her own finger into the child's mouth, "you will feel how hot it is."

This was addressed in a sort of general way to the company, none of whom seemed eager to avail themselves of the privilege, till the Major stepped forward, and having with his fore-finger made the circuit of Miss Charlotte's mouth, gave it as his decided opinion, that there was a tooth actually cutting the skin. Miss Bell followed the same course, and confirmed the interesting fact—adding, that it appeared to her to be "an uncommon large tooth."

At that moment Mr Fairbairn entered, bearing in his arms another of the family, a fat, sour, new-waked-looking creature, sucking its finger. Scarcely was the introduction over—"There's a pair of legs!" exclaimed he, holding out a pair of thick purple stumps with red worsted shoes at the end of them. "I don't suppose Miss St Clair ever saw legs like these in France; these are porridge and milk legs, are they not, Bobby?"

But Bobby continued to chew the cud of his own thumb in solemn silence.

"Will you speak to me, Bobby?" said Miss Bell, bent upon being amiable and agreeable—but still Bobby was mute.

"We think this little fellow rather long of speaking," said Mr Fairbairn; "we

allege that his legs have run away with his tongue."

"How old is he?" asked the Major.

"He is only nineteen months and ten days," answered his mother, "so he has not lost much time; but I would rather see a child fat and thriving, than have it very forward."

"No comparison!" was here uttered in a breath by the Major and Miss Bell.

"There's a great difference in children in their time of speaking," said the mama. "Alexander didn't speak till he was two and a quarter; and Henry, again, had a great many little words before he was seventeen months; and Eliza and Charlotte both said mama as plain as I do at a year—but girls always speak sooner than boys—as for William Pitt and Andrew Waddell, the twins, they both suffered so much from their teething, that they were longer of speaking than they would otherwise have been—indeed, I never saw an infant suffer so much as Andrew Waddell did—he had greatly the heels of William Pitt at one time, till the measles pulled him down."

A movement was here made by the visitors to depart.

"O! you mustn't go without seeing the baby," cried Mrs Fairbairn—"Mr Fairbairn, will you pull the bell twice for baby?"

The bell was twice rung, but no baby answered the summons.

"She must be asleep," said Mrs Fairbairn; "but I will take you up to the nursery, and you will see her in her cradle." And Mrs Fairbairn led the way to the nursery, and opened the shutter, and uncovered the cradle, and displayed the baby.

"Just five months—uncommon fine child—the image of Mr Fairbairn—fat little thing—neat little hands—sweet little mouth—pretty little nose—nice little toes," &c. &c. &c. were as usual whispered over it.

Miss St Clair flattered herself the exhibition was now over, and was again taking leave, when, to her dismay, the squires of the whip and the trumpet rushed in, proclaiming that it was pouring of rain! To leave the house was impossible, and, as it was getting late, there was nothing for it but staying dinner.

The children of this happy family always dined at table, and their food and

manner of eating were the only subjects of conversation. Alexander did not like mashed potatoes—and Andrew Waddell could not eat broth—and Eliza could live upon fish—and William Pitt took too much small beer—and Henry ate as much meat as his papa—and all these peculiarities had descended to them from some one or other of their ancestors. The dinner was simple on account of the children, and there was no dessert, as Bobby did not agree with fruit. But to make amends, Eliza's sampler was shown, and Henry and Alexander's copy-books were handed round the table, and Andrew Waddell stood up and repeated—"My name is Norval," from beginning to end, and William Pitt was prevailed upon to sing the whole of "God save the King," in a little squeaking mealy voice, and was bravoed and applauded as though he had been Braham himself.

To paint a scene in itself so tiresome is doubtless but a poor amusement to my reader, who must often have endured similar persecution. For, who has not suffered from the obtrusive fondness of parents for their offspring?—and who has not felt what it was to be called upon, in the course of a morning visit, to enter into all the joys and the sorrows of the nursery, and to take a lively interest in all the feats and peculiarities of the family? Shakespeare's anathema against those who hated music is scarcely too strong to be applied to those who dislike children. There is much enjoyment sometimes in making acquaintance with the little beings—much delight in hearing their artless and unsophisticated prattle, and something not unpleasing even in witnessing their little freaks and wayward humours;—but when a tiresome mother, instead of allowing the company to notice her child, torments every one to death in forcing or coaxing her child to notice the company, the charm is gone, and we experience only disgust or *ennui*.

Mr and Mrs Fairbairn had split on this fatal rock on which so many parents make shipwreck of their senses—and so satisfied were they with themselves and their children, so impressed with the idea of the delights of their family scenes, that vain would have been any attempt to open the eyes of their understanding. Perhaps the only remedy would have been found in

that blessed spirit which "vaunteth not itself, and seeketh not its own."

MISS FERRIER. *

TO J*** H***, FOUR YEARS OLD.

..... *Pien d' amori,*
Pien di canti, e pien di fiori.—

FRUGONI

Full of little loves for ours,
 Full of songs, and full of flowers.

Ah, little ranting Johnny!
 For ever blithe and bonny,
 And singing nonny, nonny,
 With hat just thrown upon ye;
 Or whistling like the thrushes
 With voice in silver gushes;
 Or twisting random posies
 With daisies, weeds, and roses;
 And strutting in and out so,
 Or dancing all about so,
 With cock-up nose so lightsome,
 And sidelong eyes so brightsome,
 And cheeks as ripe as apples,
 And head as rough as Dapple's,
 And arms as sunny shining
 As if their veins had wine in;
 And mouth that smiles so truly,
 Heaven seems to have made it newly,
 It breaks into such sweetness,
 With merry-lipped completeness;—
 Ah Jack, ah Gianni mio,
 As blithe as Laughing Trio,
 —Sir Richard, too, you rattler,
 So christened from the Tattler,—
 My Bacchus in his glory,
 My little cor-di-flori,
 My tricksome Puck, my Robin,
 Who in and out come bobbing,
 As full of feints and frolic as
 That fibbing rogue Autolycus,
 And play the graceless robber on
 Your grave-eyed brother Oberon,—
 Ah! Dick, ah Dolce-riso,
 How can you, can you be so?

One cannot turn a minute,
 But mischief—there you're in it,
 A getting at my books, John,
 With mighty bustling looks, John;
 Or poking at the roses,
 In midst of which your nose is;

Or climbing on a table,
 No matter how unstable,
 And turning up your quaint eye
 And half-shut teeth with "Mayn't I?"
 Or else you're off at play, John,
 Just as you'd be all day, John,
 With hat or not, as happens,
 And there you dance, and clap hands,
 Or on the grass go rolling,
 Or plucking flow'rs, or bowling,
 And getting me expenses
 With losing balls o'er fences;
 Or, as the constant trade is,
 Are fondled by the ladies,
 With "What a young rogue this is!"
 Reforming him with kisses;
 Till suddenly you cry out,
 As if you had an eye out,
 So desperately tearful,
 'The sound is really fearful;
 When, lo, directly after,
 It bubbles into laughter.

Ah rogue!—and do you know, John,
 Why 'tis we love you so, John?
 And how it is they let ye
 Do what you like, and pet ye,
 Though all who look upon ye
 Exclaim "Ah, Johnny, Johnny!"
 'It is because you please 'em
 Still more, John, than you tease 'em;
 Because, too, when not present,
 The thought of you is pleasant;
 Because, though such an elf, John,
 They think that if yourself, John,
 Had something to condemn too,
 You'd be as kind to them too;
 In short, because you're very
 Good-tempered, Jack, and merry;
 And are as quick at giving,
 As easy at receiving;
 And, in the midst of pleasure,
 Are certain to find leisure
 To think, my boy, of ours,
 And bring us lumps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly,
 Come, put your hat on rightly,
 And we'll among the bushes,
 And hear your friends the thrushes;
 And see what flow'rs the weather
 Has render'd fit to gather;
 And when we home must jog, you
 Shall ride my back, you rogue you,
 Your hat adorned with fine leaves,
 Horse-chesnut, oak, and vine-leaves;
 And so, with green o'erhead, John,
 Shall whistle home to bed, John.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE COUNTRY BOOR.

A PLAIN country fellow is one that manures the ground well, but lets himself lye fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not salads. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks *gee* and *ree* better than English. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion; yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian to his power, that is, comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable of only two prayers, for rain and fair weather. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day; when, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before bad weather, let it come when it will he cares not.

BISHOP FARLE.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

IN ENGLISH SAPPHICS.

Friend of Humanity.

"NEEDY Knife-grinder, whither are you going?
 Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
 Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't,
 So have your breeches!

"Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud
 ones,
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
 Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives
 and
 Scissors to grind, O'!

" Tell me, Knife-Grinder, how came you to grind
knives ?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?

Was it the squire ? or parson of the parish ?

Or the attorney ?

" Was it the squire for killing of his game ? or

Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining ?

Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little

All in a lawsuit ?

" (Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom
Paine ?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,

Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your

Pitiful story."

Knife-Grinder.

" Story ! Lord bless you ! I have none to tell, Sir,

Only last night a drinking at the Chequers,

This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were

Torn in a scuffle.

" Constables came up for to take me into

Custody ; they took me before the Justice ;

Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish—

Stocks for a vagrant.

" I should be glad to drink your honour's health in

A pot of Beer, if you will give me sixpence ;

But for my part, I never love to meddle

With politics, Sir."

Friend of Humanity.

" I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn'd
first—

Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
vengeance—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,

Spiritless outcast !"

*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and
exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and
universal philanthropy.)*

RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

BY DOROTHEA JULIA RAMSBOTTOM.

HAVING often heard travellers lament not having put down what they call the *memory-billious* of their journeys, I was determined, while I was on my tower, to keep a dairy (so called from containing the cream of one's information), and record every thing which recurred to me—therefore I begin with my departure from London.

Resolving to take time by the firelock, we left Mountague-place at seven o'clock, by Mr Fulmer's pocket thermometer,

and proceeded over Westminster-bridge, to explode the European continent.

I never pass Whitehall without dropping a tear to the memory of Charles the Second, who was decimated after the rebellion of 1745, opposite the Horse Guards—his memorable speech to Archbishop Caxon rings in my ears whenever I pass the spot—I reverted my head, and affected to look to see what o'clock it was by the dial on the opposite side of the way.

It is quite impossible not to notice the improvements in this part of the town ; the beautiful view which one gets of Westminster Hall, and its curious roof, after which, as everybody knows, its builder was called William Roofus.

Amongst the lighter specimens of modern architecture, is Ashley's Ampletheatre, on your right, as you cross the bridge, (which was built, Mr Fulmer told me, by the Court of Arches and the House of Peers). In this ampletheatre there are equestrian performances, so called because they are exhibited *nightly*—during the season.

It is quite impossible to quit this 'mighty maze,' as Lady Hopkins emphatically calls London, in her erudite 'Essay upon Granite,' without feeling a thousand powerful sensations—so much wealth, so much virtue, so much vice, such business as is carried on within its precincts, such influence as its inhabitants possess in every part of the civilized world—it really exalts the mind from meaner things, and casts all minor considerations far behind one.

The toll at the Marsh-gate is ris since we last come through—it was here we were to have taken up Lavinia's friend, Mr Smith, who had promised to go with us to Dover ; but we found his servant instead of himself, with a billy, to say he was sorry he could not come, because his friend Sir John Somebody, wished him to stay and go down to Poll at Lincoln. I have no doubt this Poll, whoever she may be, is a very respectable young woman ; but mentioning her, by her christian name only, in so abrupt a manner, had a very unpleasant appearance at any rate.

Nothing remarkable occurred till we reached the Obstacle in St George's Fields, where our attention was arrested by those great institutions, the " School for the Indignant Blind," and the " Misanthropic Society" for making shoes,

both of which claim the gratitude of the nation.

At the corner of the lane leading to Peckham, I saw that they had removed the Dollygraph, which used to stand upon a declivity to the right of the road—the dollygraphs are all to be superseded by Serampores.

When we came to the Green Man at Blackheath, we had an opportunity of noticing the errors of former travellers, for the heath is green, and the man is black: Mr Fulmer endeavoured to account for this, by saying, that Mr Colman has discovered that Moors being black, and Heaths being a kind of Moor, he looks upon the confusion of words as the cause of the mistake.

As we went near Woolwich we saw at a distance the artillery officers on a common, a firing away with their bombs in mortars like anything.

At Dartford they make gunpowder; here we changed horses; at the inn we saw a most beautiful Rhoderick Random in a pot, covered with flowers; it is the finest I ever saw, except those at Dropmore.—*Note (Rhododendron.)*

When we got to Rochester we went to the Crown Inn, and had a cold collection: the charge was absorbent—I had often heard my poor dear husband talk of the influence of the Crown, and a Bill of Wrights, but I had no idea what it really meant till we had to pay one.

As we passed near Chatham I saw several Pitts, and Mr Fulmer showed me a great many buildings—I believe he said they were fortifications; but I think there must have been near fifty of them. He also showed us the Lines at Chatham, which I saw quite distinctly, with the clothes drying on them. Rochester was remarkable in King Charles' time, for being a very witty and dissolute place, as I have read in books.

At Canterbury we stopped ten minutes, to visit all the remarkable buildings and curiosities in it, and about its neighbourhood. The church is beautiful: when Oliver Cromwell conquered William the Third, he perverted it into a stable—the stalls are still standing. The old Virgin who showed us the church, wore buckskin breeches and powder; he said it was an archiepiscopal sea; but I saw no sea, nor do I think it possible he could see it either, for it is at least seventeen miles

off. We saw Mr Thomas a Beckett's tomb—my poor husband was extremely intimate with the old gentleman, and one of his nephews, a very nice man, who lives near Golden-square, dined with us twice, I think, in London—in Trinity Chapel is the monument of Eau de Cologne, just as it is now exhibiting at the Diarrea in the Regent's Park.

It was late when we got to Dover: we walked about while our dinner was preparing, looking forward to our snug *tele-a-tete* of three. We went to look at the sea; so called, perhaps, from the uninterrupted view one has, when upon it. It was very curious to see the locks, to keep in the water here, and the keys, which are on each side of them all ready, I suppose, to open them if they were wanted.

Mr Fulmer looked at a high place, and talked of Shakspeare, and said out of his own head these beautiful lines:

———“Half way down

“Hangs one that gathers canphire; dreadful trade.”

This, I think it but right to say, I did not myself see.

“Methinks he seems no bigger than his head,

“The fishermen that walk upon the beach

“Appear like mice.”

This, again, I cannot quite agree to; for where we stood, they looked exactly like men, only smaller; which I attribute to the effect of distance—and then Mr Fulmer said this:

———“And yon tall anchoring bark

“Diminished to her cock—her cock a boy!”

This latter part I do not in the least understand, nor what Mr Fulmer meant by *cock a boy*—however, Lavinia seemed to comprehend it all; for she turned up her eyes, and said something about the immortal bird of heaven; so I suppose they were alluding to the eagles, which doubtless build their aviaries in that white mountain—(*immortal Bard of Avon*, the lady means).

After dinner we read the Paris Guide, and looked over the list of all the people who had been incontinent during the season, whose names are all put down in a book at the inn, for the purpose—we went to rest, much fatigued, knowing

that we should be obliged to get up early, to be ready for embrocation in the packet in the morning.

We were, however, awake with the owl, and a-walking a way before eight; we went to see the castle, which was built, the man told us, by Seizer, so called, I conclude, from seizing whatever he could lay his hands on; the man said, moreover, that he had invaded Britain, and conquered it; upon which I told him, that if he repeated such a thing in my presence again, I should write to Mr Peel about him.

We saw the inn where Alexander, the Autograph of all the Russias, lived when he was here; and as we were going along we met twenty or thirty dragons, mounted on horses, and the ensign who commanded them was a friend of Mr Fulmer's; he looked at Lavinia, and seemed pleased with her *Tooting assembly*—he was quite a *sine qua non* of a man, and wore tips on his lips, like Lady Hopkins' poodle.

I heard Mr Fulmer say, he was a son of Marrs; he spoke it as if every body knew his father; so I suppose he must be the son of the poor gentleman who was so barbarously murdered some years ago, near Ratcliffe Highway; if he is, he is uncommon genteel.

At twelve o'clock we got into a boat, and rowed to the packet; it was very fine and clear for the season, and Mr Fulmer said, he should not dislike pulling Lavinia about all the morning. This, I believe, was a naughtyeal phrase, which I did not rightly comprehend; because Mr F. never offered to talk in that way on shore to either of us.

The packet is not a parcel, as I imagined, in which we were to be made up for exportation, but a boat of considerable size; it is called a cutter—why, I do not know, and did not like to ask. It was very curious to see how it rolled about; however, I fell quite mal-apropos; and, instead of exciting any of the soft sensibilities of the other sex, a great unruly man, who held the handle of the ship, bid me lay hold of a companion, and when I sought his arm for protection, he introduced me to a ladder, down which I ascended into the cabin, one of the most curious places I ever beheld, where ladies and gentlemen are put upon shelves, like books in a library, and

where tall men are doubled up like boot-jacks, before they can be put away at all.

A gentleman in a hairy cap, without his coat, laid me perpendicularly on a mattress, with a basin by my side, and said that was my birth; I thought it would have been my death, for I never was so indisposed in all my life. I behaved extremely ill to a very amiable middle-aged gentleman, with a bald head, who had the misfortune to be attending upon his wife, in the little hole under me.

There was no symphony to be found among the tars, (so called from their smell,) for just before we went off, I heard them throw a painter overboard, and directly after, they called out to one another to hoist up an ensign. I was too ill to inquire what the poor young gentleman had done; but, after I came up stairs, I did not see his body hanging anywhere, so I conclude they had cut him down. I hope it was not young Mr Marr, a venturing after my Lavy.

I was quite shocked to find what democrats the sailors are: they seem to hate the nobility, and especially the law lords. The way I discovered this apathy of theirs to the nobility was this—the very moment we lost sight of England, and were close to France, they began, one and all, to swear first at the peer, and then at the bar, in such gross terms, as made my very blood run cold.

I was quite pleased to see Lavinia sitting with Mr Fulmer in the travelling carriage on the outside of the packet. But Lavinia afforded great proofs of her good bringing up, by commanding her feelings. It is curious what could have agitated the billiard ducks of my stomach, because I took every precaution which is recommended in different books, to prevent ill-disposition. I had some mutton chops at breakfast, some Scotch marmalade on bread and butter, two eggs, two cups of coffee, and three of tea, besides toast, a little fried whiting, some potted charr, and a few shrimps; and after breakfast, I took a glass of warm white wine negus, and a few oysters, which lasted me till we got into the boat, when I began eating gingerbread nuts all the way to the packet, and then was persuaded to take a glass of bottled porter, to keep every thing snug and comfortable.

When we came near the French shore, a batto (which is much the same as a boat in England) came off to us, and to my agreeable surprise, an Englishman came into our ship; and I believe he was a man of great consequence, for I overheard him explaining some dreadful quarrel which had taken place in our Royal Family.

He said to the master of our ship, that owing to the Prince Leopold's having run foul of the Duchess of Kent while she was in stays, the Duchess had missed Deal. By which I conclude it was a dispute at cards: however, I want to know nothing of state secrets, or I might have heard a great deal more, because it appeared that the Duchess' head was considerably injured in the scuffle.

I was very much distressed to see that a fat gentleman who was in the ship, had fallen into a fit of perplexity by overreaching himself—he lay prostrated upon the floor, and if it had not been that we had a doctor in the ship, who immediately opened his temporary artery and his jocular vein, with a lancet, which he had in his pocket, I think we should have seen his end.

It was altogether a most moving spectacle: he thought himself dying, and all his anxiety in the midst of his distress, was to be able to add a crocodile to his will, in favour of his niece, about whom he appeared very sanguinary.

It was quite curious to see the doctor flea-bottomize the patient, which he did without any accident, although it blew a perfect harrico at the time. I noticed two little children, who came out of the boat, with hardly any clothes on them, speaking French like anything; a proof of the superior education given to the poor in France, to that which they get in England from Doctor Bell of Lancaster.

When we landed at Callous, we were extremely well received, and I should have enjoyed the sight very much, but Mr Fulmer, and another gentleman in the batto, kept talking of nothing but how turkey and grease disagreed with each other, which, in the then state of my stomach, was far from agreeable.

We saw the print of the foot of Louis Desweet, the French King, where he first stepped when he returned to his country: he must be a prodigious heavy

man, to have left such a deep mark in the stone; we were surrounded by Commissioners, who were so hospitable as to press us to go to their houses without any ceremony. Mr Fulmer showed our passports to a poor old man, with a bit of red ribband tied to his button-hole, and we went before the mayor, who is no more like a Mayor than my foot-boy.

Here they took a subscription of our persons, and one of the men said that Lavinia had a jolly manton, at which the clerks laughed, and several of them said she was a jolly feel, which I afterwards understood meant a pretty girl; I misunderstood it for fee, which, being in a public office, was a very natural mistake.

We went then to a place they call the Do-Anne, where they took away the poll of my baruch; I was very angry at this, but they told me we were to travel in Lemonade with a biddy, which I did not understand, but Mr Fulmer was kind enough to explain it to me as we went to the hotel, which is in a narrow street, and contains a garden and court-yard.

I left it to Mr Fulmer to order dinner, for I felt extremely piquant, as the French call it, and a very nice dinner it was—we had a purey, which tasted very like soup: one of the men said it was made from leather, at least so I understood, but it had quite the flavour of hare; I think it right here to caution travellers against the fish at this place, which looks very good, but which I have reason to believe is very unwholesome, for one of the waiters called it poison while speaking to the other: the fish was called marine salmon, but it appeared like veal cutlets.

They are so fond of Buonaparte still, that they call the table-cloths *Naps*, in compliment to him—this I remarked to myself, but said nothing about it to anybody else, for fear of consequences.

One of the waiters who spoke English, asked me if I would have a little Bergami, which surprised me, till Mr Fulmer said; it was the wine he was handing about, when I refused it, preferring to take a glass of Bucephalus.

When we had dined we had some coffee, which is here called Cabriolet; after which, Mr Fulmer asked if we would have a chasse, which I thought meant a hunting party, and said I was afraid of going into the fields at that time

of night—but I found *chasse* was a lickure called *cure a sore* (from its healing qualities, I suppose), and very nice it was—after we had taken this, Mr Fulmer went out to look at the jolly feels in the shops of Callous, which I thought indiscreet in the cold air; however, I am one as always overlooks the little piccadillies of youth.

When we went to accoucher at night, I was quite surprised in not having a man for a chambermaid; and if it had not been for the entire difference of the style of furniture, the appearance of the place, and the language and dress of the attendants, I should never have discovered that we had changed our country in the course of the day.

In the morning early we left Callous with the Lemonade, which is Shafts, with a very tall post-boy, in a violet-coloured jacket, trimmed with silver; he rode a little horse, which is called a biddy, and wore a nobbed tail, which thumped against his back like a patent self-acting knocker. We saw, near Bullion, Buonaparte's conservatory, out of which he used to look at England in former days.

Nothing remarkable occurred till we met a courier a travelling, Mr Fulmer said, with despatches; these men were called couriers immediately after the return of the Bonbons, in compliment to the London newspaper, which always wrote in their favour. At Montrule, Mr Fulmer showed me Sterne's Inn, and there he saw Mr Sterne himself, a standing at the door, with a French cocked hat upon his head, over a white night cap. Mr Fulmer asked if he had any becauses in his house: but he said no; what they were I do not know to this moment.

It is no use describing the different places on our rout, because Paris is the great object of all travellers, and therefore I shall come to it at once—it is reproached by a revenue of trees; on the right of which you see a dome, like that of Saint Paul's, but not so large. Mr Fulmer told me it was an invalid, and it did certainly look very yellow in the distance; on the left you perceive Mont Martyr, so called from the number of windmills upon it.

I was very much surprised at the height of the houses, and the noise of the carriages in Paris: and was delighted when we got to our hotel, which is called Wag Ram;

why, I did not like to inquire; it is just opposite the Royal Timber-yard, which is a fine building, the name of which is cut in stone—*Timbre Royal*.

The hotel which I have mentioned, is in the Rue de la Pay, so called from its being the dearest part of the town. At one end of it is the place Fumdum, where there is a pillow as high as the Trojan's Pillow at Rome, or the pompous in Egypt; this is a beautiful object, and is made of all the guns, coats, waistcoats, hats, boots and belts, which belonged to the French who were killed by the cold in Prussia at the fire of Moscow!

At the top of the pillow is a small apartment, which they call a pavilion, and over that a white flag, which I concluded to be hoisted as a remembrance of Buonaparte, being very like the table-cloths I noticed at Callous.

We lost no time in going into the gardens of the Tooleries, where we saw the statutes at large in marvel: here we saw Mr Backhouse and Harry Edney, whoever they might be, and a beautiful grope of Cupid and Physic, together with several of the busks which Lavy has copied, the original of which is in the Vacuum at Rome, which was formerly an office for government thunder, but is now reduced to a stable where the Pope keeps his bulls.

Travellers like us, who are mere birds of prey, have no time to waste, and therefore we determined to see all we could in each day, so we went to the great church, which is called Naughty Dam, where we saw a priest doing something at an altar. Mr Fulmer begged me to observe the knave of the church, but I thought it too hard to call the man names in his own country, although Mr Fulmer said he believed he was exercising the evil spirits in an old lady in a black cloak.

It was a great day at this church, and we staid for mass, so called from the crowd of people who attend it—the priest was very much incensed—we waited out the whole ceremony; and heard Tedeum sung, which occupied three hours.

We returned over the Pont Neuf, so called from being the north bridge in Paris, and here we saw a beautiful image of Henry Carter; it is extremely handsome, and quite green—I fancied I saw a likeness to the Carters of Portsmouth; but if it is one of his family, his

posteriors are very much diminished in size and figure.

A beautiful statute of Apollo with the Hypocrite pleased me very much, and a Fawn, which looks like a woman, done by Mons. Praxytail, a French stone mason, is really curious.

A picture of the Bicknells, is, I suppose, a family grope; but the young women appeared tipsy, which is an odd state to be drawn in. The statute of Manylaws is very fine, and so is Cupid and Physic, different from the one which I noticed before.

Mr Fulmer showed us some small old black pictures, which I did not look at much, because he told us they were Remnants, and of course very inferior. A fine painting, by Carlo my Hearty, pleased me; and we saw also something, by Sall Vatarosa, a lady, who was somehow concerned with the little woman I have seen at Peckham Fair, in former days, called Lady Morgan.

Mr Fulmer proposed that we should go and dine at a tavern called Very—because every thing is very good there; and accordingly we went, and I never was so malapropos in my life: there were two or three ladies quite in nubibus; but when I came to look at the bill of fare, I was quite anileated, for I perceived that Charlotte de Pommes might be sent for one shilling and twopence, and Patty de Veau for half a crown. I desired Mr Fulmer to let us go; but he convinced me there was no harm in the place, by showing me a dignified clergyman of the Church of England and his wife, a eating away like any thing.

We had a *voulez vous* of fowl, and some sailor's eels, which were very nice, and some pieces of crape, so disguised by the sauce that nobody who had not been told what it was, would have distinguished them from pancakes; after the sailor's eels, we had some pantaloon cutlets, which were savoury: but I did not like the writing paper; however, as it was a French custom, I eat every bit of it; they call sparrow-grass here asperge, I could not find out why.

If I had not seen what wonderful men the French cooks are, who actually stew up shoes with partridges, and make very nice dishes too, I never could have believed the influence they have in the politics

of the country: every thing is now decided by the cooks, who make no secret of their feelings, and the party who are still for Buonaparte call themselves traitors, while those who are partizans of the Bonbons are termed Restaurateurs, or friends of the Restoration.

After dinner a French monsieur, who, I thought, was a waiter, for he had a bit of red ribbon at his button-hole, just the same as one of the waiters had, began to talk to Mr Fulmer, and it was agreed we should go to the play—they talked of Racing and Cornhill, which made me think the monsieur had been in England; however, it was arranged that we were to go and see Andrew Mackay at the Francay, or Jem Narse, or the Bullvards; but at last it was decided unanimously, crim. con. that we should go to see Jem Narse, and so we went—but I never saw the man himself after all.

A very droll person, with long legs and a queer face, sung a song, which pleased me very much, because I understood the end of it perfectly: it was '*tal de lal de lal de lal*,' and sounded quite like English. After he had done, although every body laughed, the whole house called out '*beast, beast*,' and the man notwithstanding was foolish enough to sing it all over again.

John Bull.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, In my joyful school days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have
left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

EXAMINATION

OF A YOUNG PRETENDER.

BY THE MODERN DILWORTH.

Q. Are you a gentleman?

A. I am.

Q. By what signs do you know that you are a gentleman?

A. I have nothing to do, go to Almack's, and eat olives after dinner.

Q. What is your fortune?

A. A younger brother's allowance of six hundred a year.

Q. What is your income?

A. About five thousand a-year.

Q. I perceive you distinguish between fortune and income?

A. I do. Every man of fashion does so.

Q. Explain the distinction?

A. By fortune, I mean what may be called a man's own money; income, on the contrary, is made up of various articles and goods that come into his possession by virtue of credit, or otherwise.

Q. How do you rate your yearly income?

A. By desiring my servant to cast up the year's bills.

Q. Suppose you procure cash for an accommodation bill, how do you consider it?

A. As an accession to my income; I account myself so much the richer.

Q. How old are you?

A. Twenty.

Q. How long have you been on the town?

A. Three years.

Q. What is the ordinary period of a man of fashion's life?

A. A man of extreme fashion is accounted old at one-and-twenty, and if he has lived all his life, he commonly dies of extreme

old age and infirmity at six-and-twenty, or thereabouts.

Q. What are the boundaries of town?

A. Town is bounded on the North by Oxford-street, on the East by Bond-street, and the Haymarket, on the South by Pall Mall and Piccadilly, and on the West by Park-lane.

Q. Is Portman-square then out of town?

A. No, it certainly is not; but I do not know how to bring it into town, nor how to leave it out; but many persons hold, with good authority, that the north of Oxford-street cannot be quite right.

Q. Where is Russell-square?

A. I don't know.

Q. Have you ever heard that place named?

A. I certainly have heard it named, but only as a capital joke; it is a place very much laughed at by witty men.

Q. Repeat one of these capital jokes?

A. In the House of Commons, Mr Croker having named Russell-square, added a doubt whether any Member knew where that was.

Q. You read the debates, then?

A. No, I beg leave to explain that I heard this story; Croker tells it himself, and laughs a good deal at it; I think more than a gentleman ought to laugh.

Q. Do you ever read?

A. Yes: I read John Bull, the Army List, and the Newmarket Calendar.

Q. How many tailors are there in London?

A. Two.

Q. How many boot-makers?

A. Five.

Q. Hatters?

A. Hats may be got any where in Bond-street or St James's-street.

Q. What is the most wonderful invention of modern times?

A. The starched neckcloth.

Q. Who invented the starched neckcloth?

A. Brummell.

Q. Give the particulars of this invention?

A. When Brummell fell into disgrace, he devised the starched neckcloth, with the design of putting the Prince's neck out of fashion, and of bringing his Royal Highness's muslin, his bow, and wadding, into contempt. When he first appeared in this stiffened cravat, tradition

says that the sensation in St James's-street was prodigious; dandies were struck dumb with envy, and washer-women miscarried. No one could conceive how the effect was produced,—tin, card, a thousand contrivances were attempted, and innumerable men cut their throats in vain experiments; the secret, in fact, puzzled and baffled every one, and poor dandy L——d died raving mad of it; his mother, sister, and all his relations waited on Brummell, and on their knees implored him to save their kinsman's life by the explanation of the mystery; but the beau was obdurate, and L. miserably perished. When B. fled from England, he left this secret a legacy to his country; he wrote on a sheet of paper, on his dressing-table, the emphatic words, "*Starch is the man.*"

Q. Is Brummell an authority now?

A. No, none at all; but still in his exile, he has exercised an indirect influence on the coats and breeches of the age, for he suckles young dandies at Calais.

Q. Who is the king of the dandies now?

A. There is no king, the two great tailors are dictators.

Q. Why is Mr Hayne called Pea Green; is it on account of his extraordinary greenness, or what is the reason?

A. It is not on account of his greenness, that is a vulgar newspaper mistake; but because he first came out in a pea green coat, which he threatened to turn to yellow in the autumn.

Q. Did you ever see any one eat fish with a knife; I do not insult you by asking whether you are guilty of such an abomination?

A. Never, Sir.

Q. But you have heard of such practices?

A. I have read of them, as of other vile practices, and know how to despise them.

Q. Suppose you were dining with the Guards, what should you eat?

A. I should eat much pastry, for the Guards live on tarts, and support nature on various fruit pies.

Q. What should you drink with the Guards?

A. Lemonade.

Q. What quantity of wine will an exquisite of the present day swallow, without making a beast of himself?

A. An exquisite of the first water will complain of head-ache, and confess intox-

ication after two glasses of light wine; we are in fact no match for the women, many of whom will swallow a frightful quantity of liquor at dinner.

Q. Is there any place where it is right to wear boots in the evening?

A. Yes; the Opera.

Q. Why the Opera?

A. Because there is an order against boots, and, therefore, to appear in them there is a proof that one is somebody with the door keepers.

Q. What is the history of the standing order against trowsers at Almack's?

A. The Lady Patronesses took a disgust to those loose habits, and issued an order that no gentleman should appear in them who could not plead some personal deformity in apology for the concealment of his shapes.

Q. What was the consequence?

A. The best made men in London went to Almack's in trowsers, the patronesses ordered them out of the rooms, and the cavaliers thereupon craved a jury of matrons. On this the qualification was rescinded, and the order was made absolute.

Q. You have your gallantries?

A. I have had the honour of being scandalised as much, I flatter myself, as other men.

Q. Supposing a woman of fashion sets you down in her carriage, what is the established etiquette?

A. To be rude.

Q. How do you make love to a chamber-maid at an inn?

A. I knock her down with the boot-jack.

CÆTERA DESUNT.

London Mag.

ON RECEIVING A BRANCH OF MEZEREON,

Which flowered at Woodstock. Dec. 1809.

Odours of spring, my sense ye charm
With fragrance premature;
And, 'mid these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure.
Methinks with purpose soft ye come
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
The powers of life restore;

These eyes that weep and watch in pain
 Shall see her charms no more.
 No, no, this anguish cannot last !
 Beloved friends, adieu !
 The bitterness of death were past,
 Could I resign but you.

But oh ! in every mortal pang
 That rends my soul from life,
 That soul, which seems on you to hang
 Through each convulsive strife,
 Even now, with agonizing grasp
 Of terror and regret,
 To all in life its love would clasp
 Clings close and closer yet.

Yet why, immortal, vital spark !
 Thus mortally oppress'd ?
 Look up, my soul, through prospects dark,
 And bid thy terrors rest ;
 Forget, forego thy earthly part
 Thine heavenly being trust :—
 Ah, vain attempt ! my coward heart
 Still shuddering clings to dust.

Oh ye ! who soothe the pangs of death
 With love's own patient care,
 Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
 Still pour the fervent prayer :—
 And ye, whose smile must greet my eye
 No more, nor voice my ear,
 Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
 And shed the pitying tear,—

Whose kindness (though far far removed)
 My grateful thoughts perceive,
 Pride of my life, esteem'd, beloved,
 My last sad claim receive !
 Oh ! do not quite your friend forget,
 Forget alone her faults ;
 And speak of her with fond regret
 Who asks your lingering thoughts.*

MRS TIGHE.

MY UNCLE:—A PORTRAIT.

" This fellow, now, is like an over-ripe melon—
 rough outside, with much sweetness under it."

The Mountaineers.

IMAGINE a short burly-faced man, in a pepper-and-salt coat, red waistcoat, light kerseymere breeches, and short gaiters ; his hat beautifully inclined a slight degree from the perpendicular over his right ear, the left scantily covered with a

few grey hairs suspiciously disguised with powder ; an eye of varied expression ; dignified when glancing at an inferior, courteous in the salutation of an equal, and salaciously amorous when ogling a pretty girl. Imagine too " a fair round belly with good capon lined," and that air of consequential importance, which the ever present reflection of being worth a plum never fails to impart ; and you have a tolerable camera-lucida portrait of My Uncle, Timothy Tomkins, Esq. citizen and bachelor.

Your plodding London tradesmen of the last century never suffered their imaginations to stray to green fields and rural felicity, 'till they had worn out the pith of their existence in the acquisition of a competence. They built substantial mansions, in narrow alleys, and immured themselves and their progeny in their brick warrens, till the thirst of money-getting was sufficiently quenched to prompt the wish for retirement ; and then they very prudently withdrew from the turmoils of traffic, to die of *ennui* and nothing-to-do-ishness in a dull country village. My honoured kinsman, though somewhat tinged with antiquated notions and gone-by prejudices, was yet wise enough to leave off bargain-driving and stock-jobbing, before he had lost all relish for rurality ; but having passed the meridian of his life unburthened with connubial cares, he found, after a few months' possession of his snug cottage on Hampstead Heath, that the prattle of children and the music of a woman's tongue might have proved less annoying than chewing the cud of his own musings, nodding over a newspaper, or contemplating the stagnant viridity of a duck-pond. He grew tired of gazing on the Heath, and listening to the cawing of rooks and the tinkling of sheep-bells. The blue sky and the green fields, his grotto and hermitage, his thick-set hedges, and his flower-prankt arbours, became alike indifferent to his unpoetical imagination ; and he sighed for the busy bustle of Cornhill, and the grateful hum of the Royal Exchange. Pent up in his green solitude, he felt convincingly how dreary a thing it was to lead the life of a bachelor ; and then he fell to reflecting how silly it was of him, some twenty years back, to break off his courtship with Miss Biddy Briggs, the rich sadler's daughter, for disliking his pea-green

* This was the last poem ever composed by the author, who expired at the place where it was written, after six years of protracted malady, on the 24th of March, 1810, in the thirty-seventh year of her age.—*Note by the husband of the deceased, in his edition of her Poems.*

coat; and that if he had bridled his anger, he might have secured the tender bit for himself, instead of holding the stirrup, like a fool as he was, to fat Ferguson, the Fellmonger of Bermondsey, who vaulted in his place, and galloped off with the prize. All this, however, was now "past praying for;" and though he had retired, that was no reason he should be hypped to death with the blue devils on Hampstead Heath. He, therefore, made up his mind to drive to London once a day, that he might look around and see how the world wagged; scrupulously resolving to drive no bargains either for time or tallow, but merely to "peep at the busy Babel," and occasionally secure an old friend to share half his gig, and take a dinner and a bed at his rural domicile. Besides, there were other causes beyond the mere sense of loneliness, to induce him to adopt this plan. Among the rest, he missed his morning's sandwich and his comfortable basin of turtle. He had a tolerable cook, to be sure; and those of his old friends, who occasionally enlightened his solitude by dropping in, pronounced her culinary fabrications to be excellent. Their commendations gratified his ear, but did not convince his judgment; and Birch's soups remained *ne plus ultras*, which her skill could never achieve.

As he had no one to please but himself, his scheme was soon put into practice; and a new gig was ordered; a vehicle, by-the-bye, he had little fancy for, and in which nothing but the prejudice of the old school against riding in a stage-coach, could have induced him to peril his neck. I had the honour of initiating him in the noble science of driving; an acquirement, he said, which he never thought of living to see a gentleman take a pride in. He was immensely awkward at first; the clumsiest Phaeton that ever had a fancy for horse-flesh. His fat, fleshy knuckles grasped the reins with a most ungraceful air, and he brandished the whip like a carman. However, he was highly delighted with his new toy; and I shall never forget the glee with which he bundled into Batson's, and shook hands with a dozen of his cronies after a twelvemonth's absence. Even the waiter came in for a share of his regards.—"What, Joe! What, here still, eh, Joe? Not in business yet, eh? And Kitty the bar-maid, too, I declare! Well, Kitty,

how d'ye do? Not married yet, I see. Joe and you make a match of it, eh? Can set up Joe's coffee-house then, you know."—A new dawn seemed to have gleamed on the old gentleman's existence. He grew fat and frolicsome, and had snug turtle-dinners and bacchanalian revels at his *rus in urbe*, 'till, like Sir John Falstaff, he grew "out of all compass—out of all reasonable compass." Self-willed, as old bachelors usually are, he would no longer suffer me to drive, and my equestrian services were dispensed with. "Young, hair-brained fellows like you," he said, "are not fit companions for sedate elderly folks." The fact was, he had no mind I should witness the midnight orgies of his rural retirement, and I had no inclination to partake of them. It happened one morning, after one of his customary devotions at the shrine of good fellowship, that he attempted to drive to town, his head half muzzy with the last night's debauch. The tit that run in his gig, was a fine blood mare of my own choosing; and I had more than once told him, that if he did not wish to drive to the devil, the whip and her hide must be kept at a respectful distance. "Attempt to brush a fly off *her* neck," said I, "and depend on it she'll break *yours*." Well, what does my sagacious kinsman do, but just as he came to that deep descent on the Hampstead-road, between the Heath and Camden Town, and where any man in his senses would have held tight the reins, he lays half-a-dozen swinging lashes on the mare's flank. Away she scampered, helter-skelter; off flew the wheel, snap went the shafts, and out tumbled my uncle Timothy. The horse was stopped with difficulty, the gig was dashed to atoms, and uncle was conveyed home to bed. The old boy was more frightened than hurt. All his limbs were sound, and he had no bruises; but terror performed the work of reality, and introduced him, for the first time in his life, to the pleasures of the gout. The grossness of his habit, and the irregularities of his living, were powerful auxiliaries to the virulence of his disorder. His *témper* was not one of the mildest in the world, and he indulged freely in the popular remedy of expletives. To be tied down to his arm-chair was punishment enough; but to be tortured into the bargain would have excited cataraphobia in a less irritable tem-

perament than his. I received a note from him a day or two after his accident, written in much apparent pain, if I might judge by the hieroglyphics that were jumbled together in its composition. It was couched in the following terms:—

“Bob, you scoundrel, why don’t you come to me? I am dying, you undutiful cub, and you won’t stir a peg....I’ve had a sad accident, Bob. Spilt from that kickshaw cockle-shell, the gig. All my bones broken....Confound that mare! Your buying, Bob—on purpose, I believe, to break my neck.....Got the gout, too, Bob. The gout, you villain, and you know it, and won’t come. Yes; here I may die; nobody cares for me: nobody cares for an old bachelor.....Bobby, my boy, come to your poor lame uncle.....You rascal, if you don’t set out directly, I’ll cut you off with a shilling.

“Your loving uncle,
“TIMOTHY TOMKINS.”

My sensations, on perusing this epistle, were none of the most agreeable: not that I disliked the old gentleman; but I was so well aware of the testiness of his temper, that I felt my dependence on him at this moment stronger than ever. I knew that it hung upon a thread; and that, square my behaviour as I would, I could hardly hope to please him. Besides, I had a tale to unfold, on the reception of which the future happiness of my life depended; and if the variable wind that guided his weathercock disposition should happen to set in the wrong quarter, along farewell to all the fairy pictures of felicity my ardent imagination had painted. I have already glanced at an attachment of the old gentleman in his younger days to Miss Biddy Briggs, who wedded his rival. The lady certainly acted a little precipitately in the affair; for had she waited the ebullition of my uncle’s passion, he would doubtless have been the first to have made overtures of peace. However, she promptly decided on giving her hand to the fellmonger, and left her quondam-beau to recover his chagrin and surprise as he might. Since that period, he had cherished a bitter dislike to the fellmonger; and whenever the image of Biddy crossed his mind, he drove it away with the epithets of a jilt, a coquette, and an inconstant. Now it happened, by the most singular

chance in the world, that the daughter of this couple was introduced to me at a ball—that grand mart, time out of mind, for the exchange of hearts; and, as a matter of course, I fell in love. I hope none of my readers will take offence at this old-fashioned method of imbibing the tender passion; for I can assure them, that even now, hearts are sometimes lost in ball-rooms, as well as in the days of Sir Charles Grandison. I skip over the honeyed hours that preceded my offer and acceptance—lovers’ *tetes-a-tete* are maudlin matters for paper. Two obstacles alone opposed our union,—trifles, perhaps, to some folks, but not so to us,—I mean the consent of her parents and of my uncle, on whom the reckless generosity of a liberal-minded but ill-fortuned father had left me utterly dependent. It was agreed that I should write to the former, and make a *viva voce* appeal to the latter. Mr and Mrs Ferguson were good sort of folks, who were anxious to see their daughter happy; and they wrote me in reply that if my uncle’s consent could be obtained, their’s should not be withheld. Their letter contained many expressions of regard for their old friend, and an anxious wish for a union, which would connect both families in bonds of closer friendship. This was the sum and substance of their epistle, worded in a somewhat more homely style, but containing all I could desire. And now, said I, for my uncle?

It was at this critical juncture that his letter reached me; and this was the business I had to impart. Oh! thought I, the miseries of dependence! And on an old bachelor too, the testiest animal in the world! Old bachelors are a sort of wild beasts. They carry their untamed ferocities about them, to the annoyance of their fellow creatures; while a married man, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is the gentlest being imaginable. He is swayed and curbed and softened down, till he loses all his celibacious asperities, and becomes a reasonable creature. Marriage, like the gentle arts, “*emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*,” it prevents men from degenerating into brutes, and, by the constant collision with woman’s milder mind gives them a portion of her tender spirit and humanizes the soul. All these reflections were engendered by the fear that the ancient animosity of my uncle to the very name of Ferguson should stand be-

tween me and the consummation of my hopes. I glided up the stairs that led to his apartment, and as I held the handle of the door in dubious suspense, endeavoured to screw my courage to the sticking-place, ere I turned it round and ventured into his presence. The effort was made, and the door opened. By the side of the fire, half-encircled with an old fashioned screen, sat my uncle Timothy, in a capacious arm-chair; his legs enveloped in flannels and fleecy hosiery; his hands resting on the elbows of the chair; his countenance flushed and fiery with pain and vexation, and his eyes glaring at the glowing embers in abstracted vacancy. As I advanced towards him with the best look of condolence I could command, he raised his head, and the following dialogue ensued:

"So, you are come at last. A pretty, dutiful nephew—a tender-hearted kinsman. Yes, here I might lie and languish in agony 'till doomsday. Even my own brother's son cares nothing for me; no, not an atom. Well Sir, what do you stand there for like a stock-fish? Why don't you get a chair?"—"Sir," I replied, mechanically obeying him, "I assure you I never heard of your accident 'till the receipt of your letter; and I set off on the instant."—"Dare say you did. Don't think it, though. Hoped to find your old uncle at his last gasp, I've no doubt. Disappointed, mayhap; shall live long enough yet to tire you out. Sound at the core, Bob. No chance for you these twenty years. Took care of myself when I was young, and didn't waste my health and my money in drinking and raking. No Tom-and-Jerrying in those days."—"I should hope, Sir, my conduct would acquit me of any undutiful wish towards an uncle who has always proved so kind to me as you have."—"Eh? Well, perhaps it would. As you say, I haven't deserved it, Bob. Don't think you are hard-hearted; never did. You are tolerably well as the world goes; only a little flighty. Young men, now-a-days, are not as they were when I was a stripling. Bobby, my boy, just shift my leg on this cushion. Zounds! you scoundrel, you've crippled me. You villain, do you suppose my toes have no more feeling than a horse's hoof? Did you think you were handling a bed-post?" I stammered out an apology, attributing my inadvertency

to my anxiety to relieve his pain. This soothed him a little. "Why, lookye, Bob: you know I am naturally good tempered, but it would provoke the patience of a saint to be cooped up here like a capon, roasted as I am by a slow fire, drenched with drugs, and fed upon slops. But tell me, what are you doing? How do you like the law? Fancy you like the playhouses better. Prefer hopping at Almack's, to studying Coke upon Littleton, eh?"—"Sir, I never go to balls."—"Never go to balls! More shame for you. Dare say you never said a civil thing to a lady in your life."—"I trust, Sir, I have never been found deficient in the attentions due to the fair sex."—"Pshaw! I don't believe you. I know you are a shy-cock. You've no more gallantry than a goose,—no more spirit than a tom-tit. You're an animated iceberg. Zounds! when I was a youngster, the glance of a bright eye acted on me like a spark in a powder-barrel: I was in flames in a moment. Dare say you never formed a single attachment. Sorry for it. Should like to see you married, Bob."—"Perhaps, Sir, you could recommend me a wife."—"Not I, Bob. I never played the part of a match-maker in my life. You must beat up your own game, lad, and run it down yourself."—"Then, my dear uncle, to confess the truth, so far from being the cold composition you imagine me, I am actually engaged to a lady."—"The devil you are! And pray who is she?"—I hesitated, and changed colour. "What are you stammering at? You're not ashamed of telling her name, surely."—"Oh, no, Sir. Her name is—her name—that is, her name is—Miss Julia Ferguson." He stared at me a second or two in mute surprise. "Ferguson! No relation, I hope, to fat Ferguson the fellmonger." Here was a crisis! It was in vain to repent my precipitancy. Sincerity was all I had to trust to, and I confessed she was his daughter. The effect was fearful. He never uttered a word; but I could see the workings of pride, passion, and resentment, as they alternately displayed themselves in the fiery glances of his eye, the flushings of his cheek, and the quivering of his lips. Opposite his window there grew a sturdy oak. He turned his eye towards it, and thus addressed me, with an assumed coolness: "Bob, look at that oak. When

your strength shall be able to bend its trunk, you may hope to bend my wishes to your will. Ferguson! I detest the name, and all who bear it; and sooner than you should wed her, I would follow you to your grave." There was something so appalling in his manner as he uttered this denouncement, that I was unable to reply; but I was spared the effort by the sudden opening of the door, and the entrance of an old friend of my uncle's, who stopped suddenly, struck by the expression on both our countenances. "Heyday!" said he, "what's the matter? Uncle and nephew at loggerheads!"—"Here's Bob," replied my kinsman, "has dared to acknowledge a passion for the daughter of fat Ferguson, the fellow that ——"—"Married your adorable, because you was too sulky to ask her hand for yourself. Well, what is there so wonderful in that? Julia Ferguson is a fine girl, and deserves a good husband."—"Very likely; but do you suppose I would ever give my consent to her union with my nephew?"—"And why not? Let me tell you, the Fergusons are a respectable and a worthy family."—"But their blood shall never mingle with mine."—"Look ye, Tomkins; you're an unforgiving fellow: your blood would suffer no contamination by the union: and I can tell you this, that whatever animosity you may bear to them, they always speak in the highest terms of you. Mrs Ferguson, to this day, says you are the best hearted man she ever knew." My uncle's features here assumed a more complacent aspect. "Answer me one question," said he, "Can you deny that she jilted me?"—"I can. You might have had a regard for her, but it does not follow that she was in love with you; and surely she had a right to consult her own happiness by marrying the man of her heart."—"Humph! well, I care little about that now. I hate animosity as much as any man; and Bob knows it has always been my wish that he should be happy; and if I thought they really wished to renew the acquaintance—" I interrupted the conclusion of the sentence by putting into his hand the letter I had just received. He was much agitated while perusing it, and I could see a tear in the corner of his eye. He wiped it away with the back of his hand, and desired me to reach him the writing apparatus. In a few minutes a letter was

written, announcing his wish for a reconciliation, and giving his consent to the marriage. Our hearts were too full to speak. My uncle reached out his hand to his friend. He shook it heartily. "You've acted," said he, "like yourself. This is as it should be." I quitted the room to despatch the letter, and in three weeks' time became the husband of the fellmonger's daughter.

New Monthly Mag.

SCENE FROM MANFRED.

A lower Valley in the Alps. A Cataract.

Enter MANFRED.

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
And with the Spirit of the place divide
The homage of these waters.—I will call her.

(MANFRED takes some of the water into the palm of his hand, and flings it in the air, muttering the adjuration. After a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch of the sunbeam of the torrent.)

Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
The charms of Earth's least-mortal daughters grow
To an unearthly stature, in an essence
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven,—
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son
Of Earth, whom the abtruser powers permit
At times to commune with them—if that he
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,
And gaze on thee a moment.

Witch.

Son of Earth!

I know thee, and the powers which give thee
power;

I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.

I have expected this—what would'st thou with me?

Man. To look upon thy beauty—nothing further.
The face of the earth hath madden'd me and I



Drawn by D. Scott

Eng^d on Steel by R. Scott Edin^r

MANFRED

Page 294.



Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce
To the abodes of those who govern her—
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought
From them what they could not bestow, and now
I search no further.

Witch. What could be the quest
Which is not in the power of the most powerful,
The rulers of the invisible?

Man. A boon;
But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.

Witch. I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

Man. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the
same; [wards

My pang shall find a voice. From my youth up—
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor 'midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who—but of her anon.
I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,
I held but slight communion; but instead,
My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their development; or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;
Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,
While Autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again. And then I dived,
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd up
dust,

Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd
The nights of years in sciences untaught,
Save in the old-time; and with time and toil,
And terrible ordeal, and such penance
As in itself hath power upon the air,
And spirits that do compass air and earth,
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
Eros and Anteros, at Gadara,
As I do thee;—and with my knowledge grew
The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy
Of this most bright intelligence, until—

Witch. Proceed.

Man. Oh! I but thus prolong'd my words,
Boasting these idle attributes, because
As I approach the core of my heart's grief—
But to my task. I have not named to thee
Father or mother, mistress, friend, or being,
With whom I wore the chain of human ties;

If I had such, they seem'd not such to me—
Yet there was one—

Witch. Spare not thyself—proceed.

Man. She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,
Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;
But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty;
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
To comprehend the universe: nor these
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not;
And tenderness—but that I had for her;
Humility—and that I never had.

Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own.
I loved her, and destroy'd her!

Witch. With thy hand?

Man. Not with my-hand, but heart—which broke
her heart—

It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed
Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was shed—
I saw—and could not stanch it.

Witch. And for this—

A being of the race thou dost despise,
The order which thine own would rise above,
Mingling with us and ours, thou dost forego
The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st
To recreant mortality—Away! [back

Man. Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since that
hour—

But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me!
My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the Furies;—I have gnash'd
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then curs'd myself till sunset;—I have pray'd
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.
I have affronted death—but in the war
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
And fatal things pass'd harmless—the cold hand
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
Back by a single hair, which would not break.
In phantasy, imagination, all
The affluence of my soul—which one day was
A Croesus in creation—I plunged deep,
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back
Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,
And that I have to learn—my sciences,
My long pursued and super-human art,
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—
And live—and live for ever.

Witch. It may be

That I can aid thee.

Man. To do this thy power
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.
Do so—in any shape—in any hour—
With any torture—so it be the last.

Witch. That is not in my province; but if thou
Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do
My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

Man. I will not swear—Obey! and whom? the
spirits

Whose presence I command, and be the slave
Of those who served me—Never!

Witch. Is this all?

Hast thou no gentler answer?—Yet bethink thee,
And pause ere thou rejectest.

Man. I have said it.

Witch. Enough!—I may retire then—say!

Man. Retire!

[*The Witch disappears.*]

Man. (*Alone.*) We are the fools of time and terror: days

Steal on us and steal from us; yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this detested yoke—
This vital weight upon the struggling heart
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—
In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's. I have one resource
Still in my science—I can call the dead,
And ask them what it is we dread to be:
The sternest answer can be but the Grave,
And that is nothing—if they answer not—
The buried Prophet answer'd to the Hag
Of Endor; and the Spartan monarch drew
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit
An answer and his destiny—he slew
That which he loved, unknowing what he slew,
And died unpardon'd—though he call'd in aid
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused
The Arcadian Evocators to compel
The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,
Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied
In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.

If I had never lived, that which I love
Had still been living; had I never loved,
That which I love would still be beautiful—
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?
What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins—
A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.
Within few hours I shall not call in vain—
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart,
But I can act even what I most abhor,
And champion human fears.—The night approaches.

LORD BYRON.

VERSES.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;

And still the thought I will not brook,

That I must look in vain!

But when I speak—thou dost not say,

What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;

And now I feel, as well I may,

Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,

All cold and all serene—

I still might press thy silent heart,

And where thy smiles have been!

While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,

Thou seemest still mine own;

But there I lay thee in thy grave—

And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,

Thou hast forgotten me;

And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,

In thinking too of thee:

Yet there was round thee such a dawn

Of light ne'er seen before,

As fancy never could have drawn,

And never can restore!

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

COLTER'S ESCAPE

FROM THE BLACKFEET INDIANS.

JOHN COLTER came to St Louis in May 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of the Missouri, a distance of 3000 miles, which he traversed in thirty days; I saw him on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures after he had separated from Lewis and Clarke's party: one of these, from its singularity, I shall relate. On the arrival of the party on the head waters of the Missouri, Colter, observing the appearance of abundance of beavers being there, he got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did in company with a man of the name of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country from St Louis to the head waters of the Missouri alone. Soon after he separated from Dixon, and *trapped* in company with a hunter named Potts; and aware of the hostility of the Blackfeet Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the

Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffalo, and they proceeded on. In a few minutes afterwards their doubts were removed, by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come ashore. A retreat was now impossible. Colter turned the head of the canoe to the shore; and at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who is a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and on receiving it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, '*Colter, I am wounded.*' Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at an Indian, and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness; but it was doubtless the effect of sudden, but sound reasoning; for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use the language of Colter, '*he was made a riddle of.*' They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at; but the chief interfered, and seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast? Colter, who had been some time amongst the Kee-kat-sa, or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those armed Indians; therefore cunningly replied, that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunt-

ers as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him *to save himself if he could.* At that instant the horrid war whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which he was himself surprised. He proceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than a hundred yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter; he derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility, but that confidence was nearly being fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and perhaps at the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop, but exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavouring to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground, and broke in his hand. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton wood trees, on the borders of the fork, through which he ran, and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this place

there was an island, against the upper point of which a raft of drift timber had lodged, he dived under the raft, and after several efforts, got his head above water amongst the trunks of trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling, as Colter expressed it, 'like so many devils.' They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose, that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night, when hearing no more of the Indians, he dived from under the raft, and swam silently down the river to a considerable distance, when he landed, and travelled all night. Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful: he was completely naked under a burning sun: the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly pear; he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him, and was at least seven days' journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Bighorn branch of the Roche Jaune river. These are circumstances under which almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired. He arrived at the fort in seven days, having subsisted on a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri, now known by naturalists as *Psoralea esculenta*. *

THE FOUNTAIN.

We talk'd with open heart and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of Friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew!" said I, "let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old Border-song, or Catch,
That suits a summer's noon.

Or of the Church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made!"

In silence Matthew lay and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The grey-haired man of glee:

"Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes,
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this Fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirr'd,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

The Blackbird in the summer trees,
The Lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

But we are press'd by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

If there is one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth."

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WORDSWORTH.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

It would be difficult for any imagination, even the most romantic or distempered, to associate in close array all the incongruous and discordant objects which may be contemplated, even within a few hours' perambulation, in and around the Turkish capital. The barbarous extremes of magnificence and wretchedness; of power and

* Bradbury's Travels in America.

weakness; of turpitude and magnanimity; of profligacy and sanctity; of cruelty and humanity, are all to be seen jumbled together in the most sublime or offensive combinations. The majesty and magnificence of nature, crowned with all the grandeur of human art, contrasted with the atrocious effects of unrestrained sensuality, and brutalizing inherent degeneracy, fill up the vacant spaces of this varied picture.

The howlings of ten thousand dogs re-echoing through the deserted streets all the live-long night, chase you betimes from your pillow; approaching your window you are greeted by the rays of the rising sun gilding the snowy summits of Mount Olympus, and the beautiful shores of the sea of Marmora, the point of Chalcedon, and the town of Scutari: midway your eye ranges with delight over the marble domes of St Sophia, the gilded pinnacles of the Seraglio glittering amidst groves of perpetual verdure, the long arcades of ancient aqueducts, and spiry minarets of a thousand mosques. While you contemplate this superb scenery, the thunders of artillery burst upon your ear, and, directing your eye to the quarter whence the sound proceeds, you may behold, proudly sailing around the point of the Seraglio, the splendid navy of the Ottomans, returning with the annual tributes of Egypt. The curling volumes of smoke ascending from the port-holes play around the bellying sails, and hide at times, the ensigns of crimson silk, besprinkled with the silvery crescents of Mahomet! The hoarse guttural sounds of a Turk selling *kaimac* at your door, recall your attention towards the miserable lanes of Pera, wet, splashy, dark, and disgusting; the mouldering wooden tenements beetling over these alleys, are the abode of pestilence and misery. You may mount your horse and betake yourself to the fields, rich with the purple fragrance of heath and lavender, and swarming with myriads of honied insects: in the midst of your progress your horse recoils from his path, at the loathsome object occupying the centre of the highway;—an expiring horse, from which a horde of famished dogs are already tearing the reeking entrails! Would you behold his unfeeling master, look beneath that acacia, at the hoary Turk performing his pious ablutions at the sacred fountain.—

If we retrace our steps, we are met by a party passing at a quick pace towards that cemetery on the right: they are carrying on a bier the dead body of a Greek, the pallid beauty of whose countenance is contrasted with the freshness of the roses which compose the chaplet on his head. A few hours only has he ceased to breathe: but see! the grave has already received his corse, and amidst the desolate palaces of the princes of the earth, he has entered an obscure and nameless tenant.

Having returned to the city, you are appalled by a crowd of revellers pressing around the doors of a wine-house; the sounds of minstrelsy and riot are within. You have scarcely passed when you behold two or three gazers around the door of a baker's shop,—the *Kaimakan* has been his rounds, the weights have been found deficient, and the unfortunate man, who swings in a halter at the door, has paid for his petty villany the forfeiture of his life. The populace around murmur at the price of bread, but the *muezzins* from the adjoining minarets are proclaiming the hour of prayer, and the followers of Mahomet are pouring in to count their beads and proclaim the efficacy of *fiith*. In an opposite coffee-house a group of Turkish soldiers, drowsy with tobacco, are dreaming over the chequers of a chess-board, or listening to the licentious fairy tales of a dervish. The passing crowd seem to have no common sympathies, jostling each other in silence on the narrow foot-path; women veiled in long caftans, emirs with green turbans, janissaries, Bostandjis, Jews, and Armenians encounter Greeks, Albanians, Franks, and Tartars.—Fatigued with such pageantry, you observe the shades of evening descend, and again sigh for repose; but the *passavend* with their iron-bound staves striking the pavement, excite your attention to the cries of *yanga var* from the top of the adjoining tower, and you are told that the flames are in the next street. There you may behold the devouring element overwhelming in a common ruin the property of infidels and true believers, till the shouts of the multitude announce the approach of the *Arch despot*, and the power of a golden shower of sequins is exemplified in awakening the callous feelings of even a Turkish multitude, to the sufferings of their fel-

low-creatures, and of rendering them sensible to the common ties of humanity.—The fire is extinguished—and darkness of a deeper hue has succeeded to the glare of the flames; the retiring crowd, guided by their paper lanthorns, flit by thousands, like *ignes fatui*, amidst the cypresses of the *Champ des Morts*; and, like another Mirza, after your sublime vision, you are left, not, indeed, to contemplate the lowing of the oxen in the valley of Bagdad, but to encounter the gloom and cheerless solitude of your own apartment.*

THE BROKEN HEART.

[This sketch is founded upon a tale of Boccaccio. The story is this. Jeronymo was sent from Italy to Paris, in order to complete his studies. He was detained there two years, his mother being fearful lest he should marry a poor and beautiful girl, (Sylvestra,) with whom he had been brought up from his infancy. During his absence his mother contrived to have Sylvestra married. He returned, and, after wandering about her dwelling, succeeded in getting into her chamber, conversed with her, her husband being asleep, and, at last, died on the bed before her.]

SCENE I I.—*Sylvestra's Chamber.*

JERONYMO, SYLVESTRA.

Jeron. So: all is hush'd at last. Hist! There she lies,
Who should have been my own: Sylvestra!—No;
She sleeps; and from her parted lips there comes
A fragrance, such as April mornings draw
From the awakening flowers. There lies her arm,
Stretch'd out like marble on the quilted lid,
And motionless. What if she lives not?—Oh!
How beautiful she is! How far beyond
Those bright creations, which the fabling Greeks
Placed on their white Olympus. That great queen,
Before whose eye Jove's starry armies shrank
To darkness, and the wide and billowy seas
Grew tranquil, was a spotted leper to her;
And never in such pure divinity
Could sway the wanton blood as she did.—Hark!
She murmurs like a cradled child. How soft 'tis.
Sylvestra!

Sylv. Ha! who's there?

Jeron. 'Tis I.

Sylv. Who is't?

Jeron. Must I then speak, and tell my name to you?

Sylvestra, fair Sylvestra! know me now:

Not now? and is my very voice so changed
By wretchedness, that you—you know me not?
Alas!

Sylv. Begone, I'll wake my husband, if
You tread a step: begone.

Jeron. Jeronymo!

Sylv. Ha! speak.

Jeron. Jeronymo.

Sylv. Oh!

Jeron. Hide your eyes;

Aye, hide them, married woman; lest you see
The wreck of him that loved you.

Sylv. Not me.

Jeron. Yes—

Loved you like life; like heaven and happiness,
Loved you and kept your name against his heart
(Ill boding amulet) till death.

Sylv. Alas!

Jeron. And now I come to bring your wandering
thoughts

Back to their innocent home. Thus, as 'tis said,
Do spirits quit their leaden urns, to tempt
Wretches from sin. Some have been seen o' nights
To stand, and point their rattling finger at
The red moon as it rose; perhaps to turn
Man's thoughts on high. Some their lean arms
have stretch'd

'Tween murderers and their victims. Some have
laugh'd

Ghastly upon—the bed of wantonness,
And touch'd the limbs with death.

Sylv. You will not harm me?

Jeron. Why should I not? No, no, poor girl!
I come not

To mar your delicate limbs with outrage, I
Have loved too well for that. Had you but loved—

Sylv. I did, I did!

Jeron. Away—My brain is well;
Though late 'twas hot. You loved! away, away!
This to a dying man?

Sylv. Oh! you will live

Long, aye, and happily: will wed perhaps.

Jeron. Nay, prythee cease, Sylvestra! you and
Were children here some few short springs ago, [I
And loved like children: I the elder; you
The loveliest girl that ever tied her hair
Across a sunny brow of Italy.

I still remember how your delicate foot
Tripped on the lawn, at vintage time, and how,
When others ask'd you, you would only give
Your hand to me.

Sylv. Alas! Jeronymo.

Jeron. Aye, that's the name; you had forgot.

Sylv. Oh! no.

Can I forget the many hours we've spent,
When care had scarce begun to trouble us?
How we were wont, on autumn nights, to stray,
Counting the clouds that passed across the moon—

Jeron. Go on.

Sylv. And figuring many a shape grotesque,
Camels and caravans, and mighty beasts,
Hot prancing steeds, and warriors plumed and
helmed,

All in the blue sky floating.

Jeron. What is this?

Sylv. I thought you liked to hear of it.

Jeron. I do.

Sylv. Then wherefore look so sadly?

Jeron. Fair Sylvestra!

* Dr Neale's Travels in Germany, &c. London 1818, 4to.

Can I do aught to comfort you ?

Sylv. Away,
You do forget yourself.

Jeron. Not so. Can I
Do aught to serve you ? Speak ! my time is short,
For death has touch'd me.

Sylv. Now you're jesting.
Jeron. Girl !

Now, I am—dying. Oh ! I feel my blood
Ebb slowly, and before the morning sun
Visits your chamber through those trailing vines,
I shall lie here, here in your chamber, dead.
Dead, dead, dead, dead : Nay, shrink not.

Sylv. Pry'thee go,
You fright me.

Jeron. Yet I'd not do so, Sylvestra :
I will but tell you, you have used me harshly,
That is not much, and—die : nay, fear me not.
I would not chill with this decaying touch,
That bosom where the blue veins wander round,
As if enamoured and loath to leave their homes
Of beauty : nor should this thy white cheek fade
From fear at me, a poor heart-broken wretch :
Look at me. Why the winds sing through my
bones,

And children jeer me, and the boughs that wave
And whisper loosely in the summer air,
Shake their green leaves in mockery, as to say,
" These are the longer livers."

Sylv. How is this ?

Jeron. I've numbered eighteen summers. Much
may lie

In that short compass ; but my days have been
Not happy. Death was busy with our house
Early, and nipped the comforts of my home,
And sickness paled my cheek, and fancies, like
Bright but delusive stars, came wandering by me.
There's one you know of ; that—no matter—that
Drew me from out my way, (a perilous guide,)
And left me sinking. I had gay hopes too,
What needs the mention,—they are vanished.

Sylv. I—
I thought,—speak softly, for my husband sleeps,—
I thought, when you did stay abroad so long,
And never sent or asked of me or mine,
You'd quite forgotten Italy.

Jeron. Speak again.
Was't so indeed ?

Sylv. Indeed, indeed.
Jeron. Then be it.

Yet, what had I done fortune that she could
Abandon me so entirely ! Never mind't :
Have a good heart, Sylvestra : they who hate
Can kill us, but no more, that's comfort. Oh !
The journey is but short, and we can reckon
On slumbering sweetly with the freshest earth
Sprinkled about us. There no storms can shake
Our secure tenement ; nor need we fear,
Though cruelty be busy with our fortunes,
Or scandal with our names.

Sylv. Alas, alas !

Jeron. Sweet ! in the land to come we'll feed on
flowers :

Droop not, my beautiful child. Oh ! we will love
Then without fear ; no mothers there ; no gold,
Nor hate, nor paltry perfidy, none, none.
We have been doubly cheated. Who'll believe
A mother could do this ? but let it pass.
Anger suits not the grave. Oh ! my own love

Too late I see thy gentle constancy.

I wrote, and wrote, but never heard ; at last,
Quitting that place of pleasure, home I came
And found you—married : Then—

Sylv. Alas !

Jeron. Then I
Grew moody, and at times I fear my brain
Was fever'd : but I could not die, Sylvestra,
And bid you no farewell.

Sylv. Jeronimo !
Break not my heart thus : They—they did deceive
me.

They told me that the girls of France were fair,
And you had scorn'd your poor and childish love ;
Threaten'd, and vow'd, cajoled, and then—I mar-
ried.

Jeron. Oh !

Sylv. What's the matter ?

Jeron. Soft ! The night wind sounds
A funeral dirge for me, sweet ! Let me lie
Upon thy breast ; I will not chill't, my love.
It is a shrine where innocence might die :
Nay, let me lie there once ; for once, Sylvestra !
Oh !

Sylv. Pity me !

Jeron. So I do.

Sylv. Then talk not thus ;
Though but a jest, it makes me tremble.

Jeron. Jest ?

Look in my eye, and mark how true the tale
I've told you : On its glassy surface lies
Death, my Sylvestra. It is Nature's last
And beautiful effort to bequeath a fire
To that bright ball on which the spirit sate
Through life ; and look'd out, in its various moods,
Of gentleness and joy, and love, and hope,
And gain'd this frail flesh credit in the world.
It is the channel of the soul : Its glance
Draws and reveals that subtle power, that doth
Redeem us from our gross mortality.

Sylv. Why, now you're cheerful.

Jeron. Yes ; 'tis thus I'd die.

Sylv. Now I must smile.

Jeron. Do so, and I'll smile too.

I do ; albeit—ah ! now my parting words
Lie heavy on my tongue ; my lips obey not,
And—speech—comes difficult from me. While I
can,

Farewell. Sylvestra ! where's your hand ?

Sylv. Ah ! cold.

Jeron. 'Tis so ; but scorn it not, my own poor
girl :

They've used us hardly : Bless'em though. Thou
wilt

Forgive them ? One's a mother, and may feel,
When that she knows me dead. Some air—more
air :

Where are you ?—I am blind—my hands are
numb'd :

This is a wintry night. So—cover me. [*Dies.*]

BARRY CORNWALL.

AN

AUTHORESS AND HER AUDITORS.

A YOUNG lady, who valued herself on her benevolence and good breeding, and had as much respect for truth as those who live in the world usually have, was invited by an authoress, whose favour she coveted, and by whose attention she was flattered, to come and hear her read a manuscript *tragi-comedy*. The other auditor was an old lady, who, to considerable personal ugliness, united strange grimaces, and convulsive twitchings of the face, chiefly the result of physical causes.

The authoress read in so affected and dramatic a manner, that the young lady's boasted benevolence had no power to curb her propensity to laughter; which being perceived by the reader, she stopped in angry consternation, and desired to know whether she laughed at her, or her composition. At first she was too much fluttered to make any reply; but as she dared not own the truth, and had no scruple against being guilty of deception, she cleverly resolved to excuse herself by a practical lie. She therefore trod on her friend's foot, elbowed her, and, by winks and signs, tried to make her believe that it was the grimaces of her opposite neighbour, who was quietly knitting and twitching as usual, which had had such an effect on her risible faculties; and the deceived authoress, smiling herself when her young guest directed her eye to her unconscious *vis à vis*, resumed her reading with a lightened brow and increased energy.

This added to the young lady's amusement; as she could now indulge her risibility occasionally at the authoress's expense, without exciting her suspicions; especially as the manuscript was sometimes intended to excite smiles, if not laughter; and the self-love of the writer led her to suppose that her hearer's mirth was the result of her comic powers. But the treacherous gratification of the auditor was soon at an end. The manuscript was meant to move tears as well as smiles; but, as the matter became more pathetic, the manner became more ludicrous; and the youthful hearer could no more force a tear than she could restrain a laugh; till the mortified authoress, irritated into forgetfulness of all feeling and propriety,

exclaimed, "Indeed, Mrs —, I must desire you to move your seat, and sit where Miss — does not see you; for you make such queer grimaces that you draw her attention, and cause her to laugh when she should be listening to me." The erring but humane girl was overwhelmed with dismay at the unexpected exposure; and when the poor infirm old lady replied, in a faltering tone, "Is she indeed laughing at me?" she could scarcely refrain from telling the truth, and assuring her that she was incapable of such cruelty. "Yes;" rejoined the authoress, in a paroxysm of wounded self-love, "She owned to me, soon after she began, that you occasioned her ill-timed mirth; and when I looked at you, I could hardly help smiling myself; but I am sure you could help making such faces, if you would."—"Child!" cried the old lady, while tears of wounded sensibility trickled down her pale cheeks, "and you, my unjust friend, I hope and trust that I forgive you both; but, if ever you should be paralytic yourselves, may you remember this evening, and learn to repent of having been provoked to laugh at the physical weakness of a palsied old woman!" The indignant authoress was now penitent, subdued, and ashamed,—and earnestly asked pardon for her unkindness; but the young offender, whose acted lie had exposed her to seem guilty of a fault which she had not committed, was in an agony to which expression was inadequate! But, to exculpate herself was impossible: and she could only give her wounded victim tear for tear.

To attend to a farther perusal of the manuscript was impossible. The old lady desired that her carriage should come round directly; the authoress locked up the composition, that had been so ill received; and the young lady, who had been proud of the acquaintance of each, became an object of suspicion and dislike both to the one and the other; since the former considered her to be of a cruel and unfeeling nature, and the latter could not conceal from herself the mortifying truth, that she must have felt her play to be wholly devoid of interest, as it had utterly failed either to rivet or to attract her young auditor's attention.

But, though this girl lost two valued acquaintances by acting a lie, a harmless white lie, as it is called, I fear she was not

taught or amended by the circumstance; but deplored her want of luck, rather than her want of integrity; and, had her deception met with the success which she expected, she would probably have boasted of her ingenious artifice to her acquaintance;—nor can I help believing that she goes on in the same way whenever she is tempted to do so, and values herself on the lies of SELFISH FEAR, which she dignifies by the name of LIES OF BENEVOLENCE.

It is curious to observe that the kindness which prompts to really erroneous conduct cannot continue to bear even a remote connexion with real benevolence. The mistaken girl, in the anecdote related above, begins with what she calls, a virtuous deception. She could not wound the feelings of the authoress by owning that she laughed at her mode of reading: she therefore accused herself of a much worse fault; that of laughing at the personal infirmities of a fellow creature; and then, finding that her artifice enabled her to indulge her sense of the ridiculous with impunity, she at length laughs treacherously and systematically, because she dares do so, and not *involuntarily*, as she did at first, at her unsuspecting friend. Thus such hollow unprincipled benevolence as hers soon degenerated into absolute *malevolence*. But, had this girl been a girl of principle and of *real benevolence*, she might have healed her friend's vanity at the same time that she wounded it, by saying, after she had owned that her mode of reading made her laugh, that she was now convinced of the truth of what she had often heard; namely, that authors rarely do justice to their own works, when they read them aloud themselves, however well they may read the works of others; because they are naturally so nervous on the occasion, that they are laughably violent, because painfully agitated.

This reply could not have offended her friend greatly, if at all; and it might have led her to moderate her *outré* manner of reading. She would in consequence have appeared to more advantage; and the interests of real benevolence, namely, the doing good to a fellow-creature, would have been served, and she would not, by a vain attempt to save a friend's vanity from being hurt, have been the means of wounding the feelings of an afflicted woman; have incurred the charge of inhumanity, which she by no means deserv-

I.

ed; and have vainly, as well as grossly, sacrificed the interests of truth.

MRS OPIE.*

A DIRGE.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept then, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun or winter's storm,
Song of peace or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more.
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil,
It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones;
Then Ambition, rue thy lust!—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment-sign;
In the east the King shall shine;
Flashing from Heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round his state;
Spirits with the crown and plume;
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turn'd to living light,
Kingdom of the ransom'd Just—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then thy mount Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem;
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the martyrs' tears
Through a thousand glorious years!
Now, in hope of Him we trust,
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

CROLY.

* "Illustrations of Lying in all its Branches, by Amelia Opie, Lond. 1825," 2 vols. 12mo.

THE BRIGAND OF THE LOIRE.

It matters not to my story to enumerate the countries I visited, or the route by which I eventually entered France. At the expiration of two months after crossing the frontier, I found myself traversing a gloomy forest-road in the department of the Mayenne and Loire;—my path chosen at a venture;—my resting-place for the coming night a matter of vague speculation. But neither the loneliness and intricacy of the way, nor my uncertainty as to the place where I might sleep, gave me uneasiness. True it was that the brigand cohorts of Napoleon,—a crest-fallen and desperate remnant, escaped from the recently fought field of Waterloo,—had but lately been disbanded: but I knew that the French soldier rarely turns robber in his own country; and as to a bed, I had already oftener than once had no cause to regret my having relied on the hospitality of the brave and simple Vendéens. Nevertheless, as the day began to decline, I felt a strong desire to exchange the rich repast of bramble-berries, which nature had displayed by the way-side, and of which I had freely partaken, for the produce of some well-stored larder; and it was, therefore, with a feeling of agreeable satisfaction, that I, at length, descried the waters of the Loire sparkling in the brilliant rays of the setting sun. He who has once beheld that majestic stream,—the boast of troubadour song,—will not soon forget the assemblage of charms which its banks present. Vine-clad hills, crowned with castles and towns;—shady glades, echoing to the chime of the vesper-bells;—far spreading meadows of perennial verdure;—and groupes of prosperous and picturesquely-dressed peasants;—arrest the eye in every direction.

I could descry the towers of Angers from the point where I had first attained a sight of the river; but the intervening distance was too great to allow me to reach that city before night-fall. In these circumstances, I resolved to seek for a nearer resting place:—an arrangement which hunger and fatigue equally advocated. A bright looking village, situated on the very brink of the stream, was before me, and I made haste to reach it.

The principal *auberge* stood in the "Grand Place,"—a small square, ornamented by several rows of slim lime-trees, and a lofty cross, covered with a variety of offerings symbolical of the church of Rome. The hotel was a heavy grotesque pile, by far too large for the purpose to which it was at present devoted. It had been the *chateau* of the *seigneur* of the village under the old *regime*, and a prison during the horrid alternation of the revolution. Its hereditary possessor, as I afterwards learned, had, in common with many of his retainers, long been held in durance within its walls, and had, at length, quitted them only to perish in one of the notorious *fusillades* at Angers. In short, even in France, I had rarely seen a more cut-throat looking structure; and I stepped across its threshold with suspicion.

The appearance of the *aubergiste* assimilated more closely than was agreeable to me with the aspect of his habitation. He was a tall, muscular, bushy-browed man, with a fierce gloomy cast of countenance. His dress, an empty sleeve, and the *brusquerie* of his manner, proclaimed the ex-soldier and stanch advocate of military despotism. He encountered me in the outer court, and, instead of returning an affable reply to my salutation, made a motion as if to bar my entrance, and, in a low gruff tone, demanded a sight of my passport. I readily complied with this requisition; and, apparently satisfied with its contents, he returned it, and, pointing in the direction of the kitchen, turned away. I fancied that he muttered a curse on my country as we parted; but I let it pass unnoticed.

I had been but a very short time an inmate of this mansion, ere I was struck by the unwonted silence and gloom that pervaded it. In the kitchen,—in France almost invariably the seat of mirth,—all was dulness and monotony. A couple of raw, uncombed lads, natives of the *Bocage*, were superintending the stew-pans that contained my supper; and two young girls,—the landlord's daughters as I conjectured,—sat in listless contemplation beside the blazing faggots on the hearth. One of these girls was not merely comely but beautiful; but her beauty was of that moon-light character which too frequently betokens a stricken heart.

When she moved about, it was with the noiseless step of one treading in the chamber of death: Her low musical voice echoed through the apartment like the gentle breathings of a harp; and more than once I caught her black glistening eyes fixed on me with an inexplicable expression of woe and alarm.

In France, a traveller nowise compromises his respectability by partially mingling with the family of his host. In that country, the accidental distinctions of birth and fortune are not so deeply graven on the surface of society as in Britain; nor are the habits and manners of the various classes of the community so visibly dissimilar. I had often, in my wanderings, beguiled a heavy hour by encouraging the simple loquacity of the blithe *grisettes*, who usually compose the household of the humbler hostleries; and here the attraction was too obvious to be resisted. I addressed my fair companions with that frank courtesy which I had hitherto found the readiest mode of winning a female's sufferance and smile; but for once it failed to elicit either. Therese, the livelier damsel, did, indeed, make an effort at conversation; but her more beautiful sister only answered by monosyllables and sighs. Surprised at this taciturnity, I ventured to hazard a surmise as to the cause, by charging her with over anxiety for the fate of some absent lover; but had reason to repent of my freedom, when I saw her rise abruptly, and withdraw, with her eyes surcharged with tears. Therese, in reply to the apology which I felt it incumbent to make, briefly said, "Poor Jacqueline, she has many sorrows;" and with this admission I was compelled to be satisfied. A notification that supper was ready soon after called me to another apartment; and for the remainder of the evening, one of the Vendéen boys was my only attendant.

The room set apart for my accommodation during the night was on the upper floor of the house; and, on my way to it, I had to traverse a labyrinthine succession of passages and galleries, which the faint light of the taper, carried by the *garçon*, who acted as my conductor, peopled with a thousand spectral shadows. My couch was not merely comfortable but splendid;—the tapestry that covered the walls exhibited the gorgeous pageant of a tournament; and the toilette-table was of

spotless marble; but the chairs were rickety, and the floor uncarpeted, as French floors usually are, and laid with tiles. This was the sum of my observations; for, fatigued with my journey, I was glad to court repose.

Slumber soon closed my eye-lids, but it was unrefreshing and disturbed by dreams.—Visions full of terror followed each other in quick succession;—skeleton shapes surrounded me;—and murderers' knives glittered at my throat. I fancied that some mortal peril had beset me, and that, to escape this undefined danger, I was vainly struggling to liberate myself from the ghostly galleries which separated me from the household in the lower apartments. I endeavoured to shout for help; but some magical power had chained my voice; and it was not till after I had suffered the protracted torture of the night-mare, that I was at length able to conquer the frightful lethargy that had overpowered me.

I awoke with a groan, which smote on my half-conscious ear like a sepulchral echo. An indistinct recollection of the circumstances under which I had retired to rest haunted my fancy; but instead of finding myself reclining on a comfortable couch, I now lay stretched on a cold dank pavement, half dressed, and in utter darkness. I extended my arms on each side of me, and they encountered solid walls,—I straightened myself, and my feet touched a similar obstruction. In the first moments of consciousness a terrific idea took possession of me. I had heard of persons having been buried alive while under the influence of a temporary suspension of the vital functions; and this horrid fate seemed now to be mine. I experienced, or fancied that I still experienced, an inability to give utterance to my agony; and my respiration began to grow quick and labouring. The conviction of my premature inhumation was momentarily becoming stronger, when a ray of light gleamed through the wall at my feet, and a noise, like the shutting of a door, relieved my despair. In short, I had become a sleep-walker: but whither my somnambulatory adventures had conducted me, was a riddle I had yet to solve.

My first impulse, on being thus far enlightened, was to call for assistance; my second, to endeavour to grope my way

back in silence to my apartment. But a low plaintive sound, like the accents of one in sorrow, suddenly fell on my ear, and I paused to listen. It evidently proceeded from the same quarter as the friendly light; and I was tempted to put my eye to the illuminated crevice, to reconnoitre. By this scarcely justifiable procedure, I was enabled to obtain a view of a small meanly-furnished apartment, occupied by two persons, one of whom was my fair acquaintance, Jacqueline. Her companion was a young man, who lay reclining on a couch immediately opposite my place of concealment. He wore the faded uniform of the imperial guard; and though the expression of his countenance was martial and dignified, his pale cheek, hollow eye, and feeble voice, told a melancholy story. Jacqueline was seated near him, and held one of his hands clasped to her bosom. They were conversing in an under tone; and it appeared that she had been urging him to fly from some imminent danger; but the sick soldier was evidently adverse to the proposition, for, in reply, he said, "Nay, my Jacqueline, this may not be. My strength is gone, my hopes are destroyed, my path is beset by traitors, who will eventually run me down. All, all is lost, save you and honour, and on your breast will I die. My blessed wife! all that Victor Delagarde now asks of fortune is, that you may be near to close his eyes."

"You must live, Victor," exclaimed Jacqueline, deep sobs interrupting her articulation. "You must live, or I too must perish. But why are you thus cruelly opposed to my plans? Why will you not endeavour to reach some other country, where your precious life may be secure? I will follow you, Victor, to the world's end, if you cannot find safety nearer."

"My kind Jacqueline," said her companion, "I know too well that no perils could daunt your generous heart. But why should I conceal from you that my health is irreparably injured, and that my strength and my spirits are alike unequal to further exertion. I am aware that your father trembles at the risk he runs by harbouring a proscribed man; nay, that he even apprehends the disposal of my insensate remains may bring him into trouble. But why should he urge me to seek a grave among strangers. Yet, a

few short days, and I shall have looked my last on that dear face, and felt for the last time the pressure of this kind hand. As to my body,—the river runs deep.—"

"You will drive me to distraction, Victor," answered Jacqueline. "My father feels no anxiety on his own account; it is for you alone that he trembles. He knows,—we all know,—that here you are in constant jeopardy: we cannot even procure you the assistance which your wound demands without imminent risk of being betrayed. Do not injure him by unjust suspicions."

"You have misconstrued my words, Jacqueline," said Delagarde. "I know your father to be a brave and honourable soldier. He has been in every respect my father, since fate bereft me of my natural protectors; but he must be more than man not to tremble at the idea of the proscribed Delagarde being found secreted under his roof. Many brave men have already died the death of traitors; and my name, insignificant though it be, is also in the black list of those for whom the Bourbon has no forgiveness. But I am proud that it is so, Jacqueline. When blood so illustrious as that of Ney and Labedoyere has flowed for our soldier-king, why should I, the meanest of his captains, begrudge mine own?"

"Victor," replied Jacqueline, "I know you to be valiant and devoted; and though our emperor be now a captive in a strange land, I love him still for the glory he won for France. But, Victor, you have done enough for his cause. You have from boyhood followed him in all his wars:—when the barbarians of the north over-ran our beautiful France, you scorned to swear fealty to another prince, though a whole nation set you the example. When Napoleon returned to resume his throne, who was among the first to join his standard?—Victor Delagarde. When the emperor had fought his last field, whose was the sword that flashed longest in defiance on that day of blood?—It was thine. When his veteran lieutenants crept like cravens to the footstool of triumphant imbecility, who stood by him in his humiliation?—Thyself. Victor, you have sacrificed enough for your chief; you must now think of yourself and me."

"What would you with me then, Jacqueline," said the soldier, whose lack-lus-

tre eye had sadly kindled at the recapitulation of his deeds. "I have told you, dearest, that my vigour is impaired; and that the fatigue and privation I must unavoidably be exposed to, if I try to quit France, would inevitably terminate my life."

"Of that scheme, then, we must think no more," said Jacqueline. "Your life is all I seek to save; and to me the loss were equally great, whatever way it might be sacrificed. But your uncle, the Count de Laval, has the ear of royalty: he has been true to the Bourbons through every alternation of their fortunes; and has but to petition the king, and your pardon will be granted."

"Jacqueline," answered her companion, "you would, indeed, have me stoop low in my misfortunes. Have you forgotten, that when a captive in England, I contemned my uncle's proffered friendship, because it was to be purchased by treachery to the emperor. Have you forgotten, that the count penned me a letter, abjuring me as a kinsman, and denouncing me as a rebel, when he and his king were driven from Paris to Ghent by our victorious arms? No, though the deadly fusils were already at my breast, I would not now solicit his intercession."

Jacqueline was about to persevere in her entreaties, when, ashamed of longer acting the eaves dropper, I attempted to grope my way back to my chamber. But the passage was damp and slippery; and an awkward stumble threw me with some violence against the door that intervened between me and the speakers. It instantly yielded to the pressure, and I was precipitated headlong into their apartment. The consternation my unlooked for appearance occasioned to the inmates, filled me with dismay. Jacqueline shrieked to the utmost pitch of her voice, and flung herself on the bosom of her companion to shield him from the threatened danger; but Delagarde, with the self-possession of a soldier, quickly extricated himself from her embrace, caught up a sword that lay near his couch, and prepared to defend himself. Before he could use it to my injury, however, I felt a powerful hand grasping my throat, and saw the surly *aubergiste* standing over me with the fierce eye of an avenger.

"Villain!" exclaimed the veteran, as he put his knee on my breast, "what base

purpose has brought you hither? Could our enemies find no nobler bloodhound to run our hero down? But your temerity shall cost you dear. Make your peace with heaven. The Loire has served as a grave to many a better man."

"You threaten me with a punishment my crime scarcely merits," said I, remaining passive under his grasp, but shuddering at the intimidating roar of the stream. "Believe me, I came not here for the base purpose you apprehend. Under the influence of sleep, I wandered into the adjacent passage,—a stumble threw me against the door, and burst it open. It is surely hard that my life should be required as an atonement."

Before I had done speaking, I could discover that Delagarde was assured of the truth of my story, and even the veteran's stern brow began to relax. "Shall we trust him, Victor?" said he, looking dubiously at his son-in-law, "or shall we fling him into the river? We are in his power; and the blood shed at Saumur is not yet dry."

"Heaven forbid that we should harm an innocent man," said Delagarde. "This stranger can be no spy; he belongs to a nation, which, though long our enemy in the field, abets not the slaves of a tyrant. We will confide in his honour. Shall we not, my Jacqueline?"

"Yes, yes," answered Jacqueline, "he will not, he cannot be so barbarous as to betray us:—who knows but the Virgin, to befriend us, has sent him in mercy? The English are brave and generous; and this stranger can have no interest in denouncing you. Is it not so, my friend?" addressing me. "Look at my Victor,—he is wounded,—dying:—he has suffered this for France and his emperor. Mark the paleness of his cheek, the dimness of his eye, the feebleness of his step. There was a time when he looked not so helpless. When he returned from the terrible wars of Russia,—though the grand army had perished,—he still bore the port of a hero. But he went again to the battle: these hands bound the helmet on his bold brow: you see how he has come back to me! Englishman!"—she threw herself at my feet,—“save my husband!”

The *aubergiste* had by this time permitted me to rise; and I made an attempt to lift up the fair suppliant, but she clung to my knees, reiterating her invocation. At

that moment, I could not bethink myself of any mode by which I could effectually serve the unfortunate pair, but I readily pledged myself to do all in my power; and with this promise she was satisfied. A short explanatory conversation ensued; and instead of returning immediately to bed, I wrapped myself in a cloak belonging to Delagarde, and sat down to consult with them on the desperate circumstances in which he was placed.

Now that the consternation, occasioned by my untoward introduction had subsided, I found them eager to confide in me; and Jacqueline's dark eyes sparkled with hope, when I intimated that I was so far acquainted with surgery as to be able to undertake the cure of her husband's wound,—a gun-shot in the shoulder, which had been prematurely closed, and, in consequence of recent fatigue, had broken out afresh. On examining it, I found there was no reason to despair of his speedy restoration to health; and, inspired by this intelligence, Jacqueline cheerfully busied herself in preparing such dressings as the house could furnish. While she was thus employed, Delagarde gave me the following brief sketch of his life, and the circumstances that had now so seriously compromised his safety.

The *chateau* of which we were now inmates, had originally belonged to his family, as hereditary *Seigneurs* of the village, and his father had inhabited it at the commencement of the revolution. Descended from a race whose loyalty was proverbial, the Seigneur Delagarde engaged heart and hand in the arduous struggle long maintained against a bloody democracy by the brave peasants of La Vendee, and followed the youthful hero Larochejaquelein through all the perils of the campaign of the *Outre Loire*. On the dispersion of the royalists, he was captured by the republicans, confined for a time in his own *chateau*, and ultimately shot at Angers.—His lady had previously perished in one of the horrid *noyades* at Nantes:—one of his brothers had fallen at his side, in the unsuccessful attack on Granville:—another had fled to England:—and his orphan son, then a child only six years of age, was left a beggar on the streets of Angers. In these days, it was a tempting of fate to furnish food or shelter to any person who had a claim to aristocratical descent; and Victor De-

lagarde would have died of famine, had not a humane soldier, one of the same execrated "Blues" who had smitten the loyal Vendecans to extermination, commiserated his case, and taken him under his protection. This man adopted him as a son; and when his age qualified him for military service, sent him to the army, where, under the imperial banner, he gradually acquired rank and renown. His young heart, harrowed by the recollection of his parent's fate, had turned with abhorrence from the more notorious abettors of republicanism; but he soon learned to regard, with a very different eye, the military chief to whom he had sworn fealty. / Napoleon, in his estimation, was the saviour of France,—the avenger of the innocent blood shed by the advocates of terror at the revolution. He it was who had opened to him a path of fame and honour; and, dazzled by the Corsican's renown, he allowed himself to forget that his own father had perished for another dynasty, and followed the emperor with chivalric devotion through all his wars. At length, while fighting among the *sieras* of Spain, he was captured by the British army, and compelled to exchange the more arduous duties of the field for an English prison. Thus interrupted in his race of glory, he bethought himself of the only relative who had survived the butcherings of the revolution,—the uncle who had escaped to England, and who had now attained an elevated rank in the British service. Delagarde had found an opportunity to make this staunch royalist acquainted with his misfortunes; and the count, never doubting that his young kinsman had served in the imperial army from necessity, and that he, of course, inherited the abhorrence of his ancestors to usurpation, and would readily embrace the first opportunity to league against Napoleon, lost no time in restoring him to freedom. Delagarde hurried to Portsmouth, to thank his relative for this prompt recognition of his consanguineal claims; and, delighted with the military bearing and gay unsubdued spirit of the young soldier, the Count tendered him a most affectionate welcome, and frankly developed certain plans, which he had already formed, for his future advancement. These were, that Delagarde should accept a commission in the English army, avow himself the faithful subject of the

house of Bourbon, and continue to fight against his native country, till Napoleon should be humbled, and the way opened for Louis's restoration. The youth rejected this proposition with unequivocal disgust. He had formed his political opinions in a school hostile to legitimacy and the whole race of Capet; and even the shades of his parents were invoked in vain to resuscitate his hereditary loyalty. He called upon his kinsman to send him back to prison, if such were his pleasure; but to spare his honour, which he was persuaded would be eternally stained if he lifted his arm against his native land. The count, exasperated at his degeneracy, spurned him from his presence; and thus repulsed, Delagarde found himself at liberty to rejoin the standard of his choice. At this period, the mighty host collected by Napoleon for the invasion of Russia was about to burst on the north. Delagarde arrived in time to accompany it in its proud advance, and shared in all the disasters that subsequently overwhelmed the grand army; but, more fortunate than the majority of his comrades, outlived the horrors of that unprecedented campaign. In the later struggles in Germany and on the French frontier, he repeatedly distinguished himself as an intrepid soldier, and was rewarded by two military orders, and the special commendation of the emperor,—a circumstance which attached him more devotedly than ever to the fortunes of that extraordinary man. When Paris capitulated, he retired beyond the Loire with the defeated army; and, on Napoleon's abdication, Delagarde, in common with all his companions in arms, reluctantly acknowledged the supremacy of the house of Bourbon. In the brief pause that followed, he paid a visit to his birth-place, to fulfil his engagements with Jacqueline, the younger daughter of the same generous-hearted veteran who had protected his helpless infancy, and who, by one of those alternations, not rare in France in later times, had become the owner and occupant of the *chateau* in which his *protege* had been born. Scarcely had the young pair been united, when France was again agitated in every quarter by the sudden return of Napoleon. Delagarde was with his Jacqueline, who had been only a few weeks his bride, when this intelligence reached him; and though he had never been reconciled to

his uncle, who now held a high appointment at the court of his sovereign, he was beginning to admit that France might benefit more under the pacific supremacy of the ancient race than under the sway of her warrior king. But no sooner did the long-familiar cry of "Vive l'Empereur" reach his ear, than all his half-extinguished anticipations of military glory revived. He instantly hurried off to join the small but resolute band, at the head of which his old leader had undertaken the resumption of his crown, and was promoted, for his fidelity, to an important command. He fully participated in the triumph of the imperial cause, during the famous "hundred days." He was one of the gayest and most knightly-looking of the emperor's *cortege* at the celebrated *Champ de Mai*; and only laughed in scorn, when he received a letter from his, for a second time, expatriated uncle, imprecating vengeance on his head, as the abettor of regicides and the tool of usurpation. The battle of Waterloo followed: Napoleon's star set in blood; and Delagarde was one of the many whom the severe policy of the triumphant dynasty found it necessary to proscribe. Denounced as a "brigand," and aware that his life must be the penalty if he fell into the hands of his enemies, he fled to the forests of La Vendee, and, for a time, secreted himself in their recesses. But the opening of his wound at length reduced him to despair; and, imagining himself on the brink of the grave, he determined to visit his Jacqueline at all hazards, and die at her side. His return to her residence had taken place on the evening preceding my arrival; and thus he accounted for the anxiety and gloom that pervaded the household.

These incidents were narrated with a degree of vivacity and energy which I have vainly tried to imitate; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that I felt more and more interested in the fortunes of their hero. The lateness of the hour, however, necessarily curtailed our interview; and, after exerting my surgical skill to alleviate his wound, I returned to my bed, and passed the remainder of the night undisturbed.

As my time was at my own command, I readily agreed to Jacqueline's entreaty to remain for some days in attendance on my patient. His wound rapidly assumed a favourable appearance; and, at the end

of a week, his strength and spirits were so far resuscitated as to encourage the hope that he would now be equal to any exertion or fatigue which he might be exposed to in making his escape. At his request, I drew up a plan by which I thought it probable he might reach the island of Jersey, by the way of Granville; and it was determined that this should be put in execution without further delay.

More intimate association with the family had only rendered me the more anxious to befriend them. The young outlaw was just such a gallant as ladies love:—brave, generous and devoted, and withal courtly in his bearing, and attractive in his person. Jacqueline, restored to comparative happiness, grew daily more beautiful; and, as is not uncommon with French females even of the humblest grade, her conversation had a loftiness, perhaps it ought to be called extravagance, of sentiment, altogether peculiar to her countrywomen, which, conjoined with her natural grace, had a very fascinating influence even on my chilled heart. Thus favourably impressed, I entered readily into all their hopes and fears, and prayed as earnestly as themselves that their anxieties might have a happy termination.

The parting between Delagarde and his young wife was extremely painful on both sides. Neither of them knew when they might be reunited; and though I tried to point out a glimmering of hope amid the darkness of the future, it scarcely mitigated their anguish. Yet, in the depth of his distress, Delagarde's fiery spirit could not repress a burst of enthusiastic anticipation.—“Cheer thee, my own Jacqueline,” he exclaimed, with a romantic fervor; “though thy Victor is now a fugitive,—though the billow may soon separate him from his country, yet his arm shall be ready when the day of vengeance returns. The emperor!—What though his enemies have chained him to a rock hid in the farthest solitudes of the tropic sea? Frenchmen still survive who will peril all to burst his fetters, and dash him like a thunder-bolt on the slaves who now lord it over our beautiful France. Jacqueline, when you hear from the south, or from the west, the proud war-cry of Napoleon,—the cry which your husband's voice has assisted to

swell on many a crimson field,—then remember Delagarde. When you are told that the once unconquered eagle has again appeared among the vallies of France, let your womanly heart exult; for it guides *me* back to your arms. These will be prouder times for the beloved of Delagarde.”

Poor Jacqueline was but little comforted by this rhapsodic loyalty, which, to a staid Briton like myself, appeared somewhat related to bombast. At midnight I assisted the *aubergiste* to ferry the fugitive to the northern bank of the Loire; and on the broad dike that embanks the river, we bade him adieu. His wonted spirit had now returned, and he departed with a firm and fearless step. As we rowed slowly back to the spot where we had embarked, I heard the veteran at my side heave more than one deep sigh, which proved that his thoughts accompanied his adopted wanderer.

I had now done every thing in my power to serve the outlaw; and on the following morning I took leave of his disconsolate but grateful wife, and proceeded on my way to Angers. The heat was oppressive, and I travelled leisurely, being nothing loth to linger upon the banks of the noble river that ran parallel to my path.

It was considerably after mid-day when I entered the town; and I was making the best of my way to the hotel at which I intended to abide, when, in passing through a narrow crowded street, I encountered a party of *gens d'armes*, who were escorting a prisoner to the quarters of the military commandant. The poor man was bound on a horse, and had received a deep sabre cut on his temple, which bled profusely, and frightfully disfigured his countenance. Notwithstanding his melancholy plight, I quickly recognised my unfortunate friend, the brigand Delagarde. He had been arrested by a patrol of *gens d'armes* ere he had lost sight of the river; and his captors were now conducting him before the authorities appointed to take cognizance of his crime.

In these circumstances, it would only have been endangering my own liberty to have openly recognised him; but I could not bring myself to leave Angers while his fate was undecided, and therefore resolved to remain there till after his

arraignment. It was then the policy of the reigning family to expedite the progress of justice; and, in the course of a few days, he was tried by a military commission and sentenced to be shot as a traitor, who had grossly abused the clemency of his legitimate king.

So long as I remained in suspense as to his sentence, I could not summon resolution to awake poor Jacqueline from the dreams of hope in which she had chosen to indulge at the time I left her. But when the remainder of his days were declared to be rigidly meted out by the stern and perhaps just code of political vengeance, I felt it imperative on me to intimate to her the perilous circumstances in which he was placed, and, if possible, to procure for both the consolation of a final interview. I was on the eve of setting off for her residence, in order to be myself the bearer of this heart-rending intelligence, when I encountered the object of my anxiety wandering like a ghost through the streets of Angers. She had learned accidentally of her husband's apprehension and trial, and, like a faithful and devoted wife, had instantly hurried off to be near to comfort him in his last moments. Strict orders, however, had been issued to prevent all access to the prisoner, whose execution had been delayed until the result of an appeal he had made to Paris should be ascertained; and his unhappy wife, ready to catch at the slightest hope, had now resolved to repair to the capital in person, and solicit his pardon at the king's feet. This project she unhesitatingly communicated to me; and struck by her magnanimity, I felt a spirit of errantry stir within me, and volunteered to bear her company.

Jacqueline had already made her preparations, and was urgent that no time should be lost. When I suggested the propriety of waiting until she had consulted with her father, she assured me that she had already secured his consent; and, moreover, that he had supplied her with the money requisite to defray her expenses. His own reasons for not accompanying her to the capital were too obvious to be disputed. He was known as an avowed Bonapartist; and, instead of serving his daughter by appearing as her protector, his name was of itself likely to shut the ears of royalty to her petition. Under these circumstances, he

had left her to rely solely on heaven and her own heroic spirit.

We departed by the earliest public conveyance that started for the capital; and though it was late on the third day before our journey terminated, my fair companion bore the fatigue of travelling and the agony of her own mind without complaint. She was no longer the timid heart-stricken girl whom I had known under her father's roof, but the magnanimous wife, resolute even to death to succour her husband. As the vehicle in which we travelled emerged from the defile of Sevre, and the towers and palaces of Paris rose in splendour before us, I tried in vain to interest her by pointing out the more prominent features of the scene, and recapitulating the historical events with which they were associated. "My Victor!—my Victor!" was her answer. "Of him alone I can now think. You tell me that yonder green meadow is the plain of Grenelle; alas! was it not there that Ney and Labedoyere perished?—You say that these arches that span the river are the Bridge of Jena:—that yonder broad grove-surrounded field is the Champ de Mars:—but I only remember that at Jena my Victor fought his first battle; and that on the Champ de Mars he was the most admired of the host of warriors that swelled the last pageant of his imperial master's pride. Lead me! lead me to the Tuilleries. It is there my fate must be decided."

I carried my charge to a hotel in the *Rue Croix des Petits Champs*; and leaving her to regain strength for the trials of the coming day, set off to learn how she might best obtain the ear of royalty. On this point I was not long in coming to a decision. A religious procession from the Tuilleries to the cathedral of Notre Dame was to take place next morning; and aware that no moment could be more opportune for working on the feelings of the king than that on which his mind was occupied by devotional enthusiasm, I resolved that poor Jacqueline should avail herself of it to make the essay.

Next morning, the deep roll of the drums of the royal guard announced the approach of the important hour, and, with trembling hearts, we repaired to the *Place du Carrousel*. Jacqueline was dressed in deep mourning; and a long black veil, flung lightly over her simple

yet becoming head-dress, shrouded her pallid but lovely countenance. I thought I had never seen one of her countrywomen equally beautiful. Her sable garments,—extremely rich of their kind, and conventual in their fashion,—gave an unusual air of grace and dignity to her tall graceful form; and, for the moment, I could have imagined her the sister of those dark-eyed Andalusian damsels I used to admire so much when cooped up by the French within the walls of Cadiz. I had instructed her, that she was to throw herself before the king at the moment he emerged from under the triumphal arch in the centre of the Place:—as to her petition, I left her own heart to frame it.

On entering the *Place du Carousel*, that vast arena, so famous in the history of the national vicissitudes, we found the troops already marshalling, and the giddy pleasure-anticipating populace beginning to congregate. Cuirassiers, lancers, *chasseurs a cheval*, and several battalions of the *Garde Royal*, filed in proud military march from their distant *Casernes* into the palace-yard, their bands playing “*Vive Henri Quatre*,”—their banners flaunting bravely over their splendid array. Jacqueline had no eye for this military pomp; and fluttering pennons and flashing steel had long ceased to excite in me any extravagant admiration of warlike achievement. I gradually made way for my charge through the dense multitudes, until we arrived within a few paces of the magnificent arch; and there, immediately in rear of a knightly looking captain of lancers, we took our station.

The procession commenced. All the pomp of Catholicism was called into requisition to increase its splendour. Priests, statesmen, warriors, princes, walked in penitential mood behind the sacred emblems of their faith; but Jacqueline looked only for the king. At length his Most Christian Majesty emerged from beneath the proud triumphal monument of his predecessor's glory:—and the trembling girl saw before her a corpulent, unyieldy man, with an expression of benignity on his countenance, supported by attendants, and faltering under the weight of bodily infirmities and pious cogitations. I merely whispered to Jacqueline, “That is the king.”

The next moment she had sprung past

the lancer's horse, and prostrated herself at the feet of royalty, exclaiming, in a voice that might have softened adamant, “Mercy, mercy from my king!”

The commotion this interruption occasioned for a time among the guards and priesthood, threatened to annihilate our hopes. Several soldiers made attempts to push the suppliant away; but Louis, so soon as he saw that he was in no danger of being daggered, ordered them to desist, and allow the petitioner to state her claims on his clemency. Jacqueline was not slow to profit by this permission. With an eloquence which amazed even me, and excited a breathless attention in the listeners, she detailed the birth, the services, the proscription of Delagarde. She dwelt with feminine pathos on his love for her, and on her unutterable misery at the prospect of his death; and vowed, that if his life were spared, his fidelity to his king should henceforth be as inviolate as that of his ancestors. Louis listened with some patience to her appeal. He was not insensible to the popularity which he would acquire by publicly reprieving one of the bitterest of his enemies; but a constitutional timidity made him hesitate to grant the boon. At that moment, one of his courtiers, an elderly nobleman, knelt down beside Jacqueline, and joined in her prayer, exclaiming, “Sire, I too am a suppliant. Save this Victor Delagarde, for the loyalty of his father, and the fidelity of the servant who now humbles himself at your feet.”

It was the Count de Laval who had thus stepped forward to support the heroic wife of his nephew. Louis could not resist the supplications of a man who had been true to him through every change of fortune. His royal heart leaned to mercy. Shouts of “*Vive le Roi*,” rent the air; and the brigand Delagarde was pardoned.*

Tales of a Pilgrim.

* The word “Brigand” has been used, throughout the preceding narrative, in the sense in which it was applied by the Bourbon government to the proscribed partizans of Napoleon, immediately subsequent to his dethronement.

TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN,

JOHN DRYDEN,

Of Chesterton in the County of Huntingdon, Esq.

How bless'd is he, who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age:
All who deserve his love, he makes his own;
And, to be loved himself, needs only to be known.

Just, good, and wise, contending neighbours
come
From your award, to wait their final doom;
And, foes before, return in friendship home.
Without their cost, you terminate the cause;
And save the expense of long litigious laws:
Where suits are traversed; and so little won,
That he who conquers, is but last undone:
Such are not your decrees; but so design'd,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind;
Like your own soul, serene; a pattern of your
mind.

Promoting concord, and composing strife,
Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence succeeds a short delight:
Minds are so hardly match'd, that even the first,
Though pair'd by heaven, in paradise, were cursed.
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, first or last, return again to two.
He to God's image, she to his was made;
So, farther from the fount, the stream at random
stray'd.

How could he stand, when put to double pain,
He must a weaker than himself sustain!
Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone;
Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.

Not that my verse would blemish all the fair;
But yet, if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware;
And better shun the bait, than struggle in the
snare.
Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the married
state,
Trusting as little as you can to fate.

No porter guards the passage of your door;
To admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart
To sanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heaven, who foresaw the will, the means has
wrought,
And to the second son, a blessing brought:
The first-begotten had his father's share;
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.

So may your stores, and fruitful fields increase;
And ever be you blessed, who live to bless.
As Ceres sow'd, where'er her chariot flew;
As heaven in deserts rain'd the bread of dew,

So free to many, to relations most,
You feed with manna your own Israel-host.

With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You seek the champaign sports, or sylvan chace:
With well-breathed beagles, you surround the
wood;

Even then, industrious of the common good;
And often have you brought the wily fox
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks;
Chased even amid the folds; and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murd'rous deed.
This fiery game, your active youth maintain'd:
Not yet by years extinguish'd, though restrain'd:
You season still with sports your serious hours;
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.
The hare, in pastures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;
And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising sun.

Thus princes ease their cares: but happier he,
Who seeks not pleasure through necessity,
Than such as once on slippery thrones were placed;
And chasing, sigh to think themselves are chased.

So lived our sires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiplied with theirs, the weekly bill.
The first physicians by debauch were made
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
Pity the generous kind their cares bestow
To search forbidden truths; (a sin to know;)
To which, if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounced by God, were vain.
In vain the Leech would interpose delay;
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey.
What help from art's endeavours can we have!
Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save:
But *Maurus* sweeps whole parishes, and peoples
every grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will use,
Than when he rob'd and murder'd *Marc's* muse.
Wouldst thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish
whole?
Trust *Maurus* with thy life, and *M—lb—rn* with
thy soul.

By chace our long-lived fathers earn'd their
food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood:
But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;
God never made his work, for man to mend.

The tree of knowledge, once in *Eden* placed,
Was easy found, but was forbid the taste:
O, had our grandsire walk'd without his wife,
He first had sought the better plant of life!
Now, both are lost: yet, wandering in the dark,
Physicians, for the tree, have found the bark:
They, labouring for relief of human kind,
With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find;
The apothecary-train is wholly blind.
From files, a random-recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make.
Garth, generous as his muse, prescribes and gives;
The shopman sells; and by destruction lives:

Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From medicine issuing, suck their mother's blood!
Let these obey; and let the learn'd prescribe;
That men may die, without a double bribe:
Let them, but under their superiors, kill;
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill:
He 'scapes the best, who, nature to repair,
Draws physic from the fields, in draughts of vital
air.

You hoard not health, for your own private use;
But on the public spend the rich produce.
When, often urged, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your loved retreat,
And sends to senates, charged with common care,
Which none more shuns; and none can better
bear.
Where could they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid sense, a spritely wit!
Were these both wanting, (as they both abound)
Where could so firm integrity be found?

Well-born, and wealthy; wanting no support,
You steer betwixt the country and the court:
Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,
Nor grudging give, what public needs require.
Part must be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the watery trade:
Even *Canaan's* happy land, when worn with toll,
Required a Sabbath-year, to mend the meagre soil.

Good senators, (and such as you,) so give,
That kings may be supplied, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who slights not foreign aids, nor over-buys;
But, on our native strength, in time of need, relies.
Munster was bought, we boast not the success;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.

Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embraced:
The peace both parties want, is like to last:
Which, if secure, securely we may trade;
Or, not secure, should never have been made.
Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,
The sea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.

Observe the war, in every annual course;
What has been done, was done with *British* force.
Namur subdued, is *England's* palm alone;
The rest besieged; but we constrain'd the town:
We saw the event that follow'd our success;
France, though pretending arms, pursued the
peace:

Obliged, by one sole treaty, to restore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for *Europe* has our *Albion* fought:
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the *Persian* king was put to flight,
The weary *Macedons* refused to fight:
Themselves their own mortality confess'd;
And left the son of *Jove* to quarrel for the rest.

Even victors are by victories undone;
Thus *Hannibal*, with foreign laurels won,
To *Carthage* was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why should we tempt the doubtful dye again?

In wars renew'd, uncertain of success,
Sure of a share, as umpires of the peace.

A patriot, both the king and country serves;
Prerogative, and privilege preserves:
Of each, our laws the certain limit show;
One must not ebb, nor t'other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand;
The barriers of the state on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the
land.

When both are full, they feed our bless'd abode;
Like those, that water'd once the paradise of God.

Some overpoise of sway, by turns they share;
In peace the people, and the prince in war:
Consuls of moderate power in calms were made;
When the *Gauls* came, one sole dictator sway'd.

Patriots, in peace, assert the people's right:
With noble stubbornness resisting might:
No lawless mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force; but in a body give.
Such was your generous grandsire; free to grant
In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want:
But so tenacious of the common cause,
As not to lend the king against his laws.
And, in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retained his birthright liberty,
And shamed oppression, till it set him free.

O true descendent of a patriot line,
Who, while thou shar'st their lustre, lend'st them
thine,
Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see;
'Tis so far good, as it resembles thee:
The beauties to the original I owe;
Which, when I miss, my own defects I show:
Nor think the kindred-muses thy disgrace;
A poet is not born in every race.
Two of a house, few ages can afford;
One to perform, another to record.
Praise-worthy actions are by thee embraced;
And 'tis my praise, to make thy praises last.
For even when death dissolves our human frame,
The soul returns to Heaven, from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, verse preserves the fame.

JOHN DRYDEN.

FEMALE CONVICTS.

I was appointed steward of the Lady Julian, commanded by Captain Aitken, who was an excellent humane man, and did all in his power to make the convicts as comfortable as their circumstances would allow. (The Lady Julian was to take out female convicts.) The government agent, an old lieutenant, had been discharged a little before I arrived, for cruelty to the convicts. He had even begun to flog them in the river. Government, the mo-

ment they learned the fact, appointed another in his place.

We lay six months in the river before we sailed; during which time, all the jails in England were emptied to complete the cargo of the *Lady Julian*. When we sailed, there were on board 245 female convicts. There were not a great many very bad characters; the greater number were for petty crimes, and a great proportion for only being disorderly, that is, street-walkers; the colony at the time being in great want of women.

One, a Scottish girl, broke her heart, and died in the river; she was buried at Dartford. Four were pardoned on account of his Majesty's recovery. The poor young Scottish girl I have never yet got out of my mind; she was young and beautiful, even in the convict dress, but pale as death, and her eyes red with weeping. She never spoke to any of the other women, or came on deck. She was constantly seen sitting in the same corner from morning to night; even the time of meals roused her not. My heart bled for her,—she was a countrywoman in misfortune. I offered her consolation, but her hopes and heart had sunk. When I spoke she heeded me not, or only answered with sighs and tears; if I spoke of Scotland she would wring her hands and sob, until I thought her heart would burst. I endeavoured to get her sad story from her lips, but she was silent as the grave to which she hastened. I lent her my Bible to comfort her, but she read it not; she laid it on her lap after kissing it, and only bedewed it with her tears. At length she sunk into the grave of no disease but a broken heart. After her death we had only two Scottish women on board, one of them a Shetlander.

I went every day to the town to buy fresh provisions and other necessities for them. As their friends were allowed to come on board to see them, they brought money, and numbers had it of their own, particularly a Mrs Barnsley, a noted sharper and shop-lifter. She herself told me her family, for one hundred years back, had been swindlers and highwaymen. She had a brother a highwayman, who often came to see her, as well dressed and genteel in his appearance as any gentleman. She petitioned the government agent and captain to be allowed to wear her own clothes in the river, and not

the convict dress. This could on no account be allowed; but they told her she might wear what she chose when once they were at sea. The agent, Lieutenant Edgar, had been with Captain Cook, was a kind humane man, and very good to them. He had it in his power to throw all their clothes overboard when he gave them the convict dress; but he gave them to me to stow in the after hold, saying, "They would be of use to the poor creatures when they arrived at Port Jackson."

Those from the country came all on board in irons; and I was paid half-a-crown a head by the country jailors, in many cases, for striking them off upon my anvil, as they were not locked but rivetted. There was a Mrs Davis, a noted swindler, who had obtained great quantities of goods under false names, and other equally base means. We had one Mary Williams, transported for receiving stolen goods. She and other eight had been a long time in Newgate, where Lord George Gordon had supported them. I went once a week to him, and got their allowance from his own hand all the time we lay in the river. One day I had the painful task to inform the father and mother of one of the convicts, that their daughter, Sarah Dorset, was on board; they were decent-looking people, and had come to London to inquire after her. When I met them they were at Newgate; the jailor referred them to me. With tears in her eyes, the mother implored me to tell her, if such a one was on board. I told them there was one of that name; the father's heart seemed too full to allow him to speak, but the mother, with streaming eyes blessed God that they had found their poor lost child, undone as she was. I called a coach, drove to the river, and had them put on board. The father, with a trembling step, mounted the ship's side: but we were forced to lift the mother on board. I took them down to my birth, and went for Sarah Dorset; when I brought her, the father said, in a choking voice, "My lost child?" and turned his back, covering his face with his hands; the mother sobbing, threw her hands around her. Poor Sarah fainted and fell at their feet. I knew not what to do; at length she recovered, and in the most heart-rending accents implored their pardon. She was young and pretty, and had not been two

years from her father's house at this present time; so short had been her course of folly and sin. She had not been protected by the villain that ruined her above six weeks; then she was forced by want upon the streets, and taken up as a disorderly girl; then sent on board to be transported. This was her short but eventful history. One of our men, William Power, went out to the colony, when her time was expired, brought her home, and married her.

I witnessed many very moving scenes, and many of the most hardened indifference. Numbers of them would not take their liberty as a boon; they were thankful for their present situation, so low had vice reduced them. Many of these, from the country jails, had been allowed to leave it to assist in getting in the harvest, and voluntarily returned. When I inquired their reason, they answered, "How much more preferable is our present situation to what it has been since we commenced our vicious habits? We have good victuals and a warm bed. We are not ill treated, or at the mercy of every drunken ruffian, as we were before. When we rose in the morning, we knew not where we would lay our heads in the evening, or if we would break our fast in the course of the day. Banishment is a blessing to us. Have we not been banished for a long time, and yet in our native land, the most dreadful of all situations? We dared not go to our relations, whom we had disgraced. Other people would shut their doors in our faces. We were as if a plague were upon us, hated and shunned." Others did all in their power to make their escape. These were such as had left their associates in rapine on shore, and were hardened to every feeling but the abandoned enjoyments of their companions. Four of these made their escape on the evening before we left England, through the assistance of their confederates on shore. They gave the man on watch gin to drink, as he sat on the quarter-deck, the others singing and making fun. These four slipped over her bows into a boat provided for their escape. I never heard if they were retaken. We sailed without them.

Mrs Nelly Kerwin, a female of daring habits, banished for life for forging seamen's powers of attorney, and personat-

ing their relations, when on our passage down the river, wrote to London for cash to some of her friends. She got a letter, informing her it was waiting for her at Dartmouth. We were in Colson Bay when she got this letter. With great address she persuaded the agent that there was an express for him and money belonging to her lying at Dartmouth. A man was sent, who brought on board Nell's money, but no express for the agent. When she got it she laughed in his face, and told him he was in her debt for a lesson. He was very angry, as the captain often told him Kerwin was too many for him.

We had on board a girl pretty well behaved, who was called, by her acquaintance, a daughter of Pitt's. She herself never contradicted it. She bore a most striking likeness to him in every feature, and could scarce be known from him as to looks. We left her at Port Jackson.

Some of our convicts I have heard even to boast of the crimes and murders committed by them and their accomplices; but the far greater number were harmless unfortunate creatures, the victims of the basest seduction. With their histories, as told by themselves, I shall not trouble the reader.

When we were fairly out at sea, every man on board took a wife from among the convicts, they nothing loath. The girl with whom I lived, for I was as bad in this point as the others, was named Sarah Whitelam. She was a native of Lincoln, a girl of a modest reserved turn, as kind and true a creature as ever lived. I courted her for a week and upwards, and would have married her upon the spot, had there been a clergyman on board. She had been banished for a mantle she had borrowed from an acquaintance. Her friend prosecuted her for stealing it, and she was transported for seven years. I had fixed my fancy upon her from the moment I knocked the rivet out of her irons upon my anvil, and as firmly resolved to bring her back to England when her time was out, my lawful wife, as ever I did intend any thing in my life. She bore me a son in our voyage out. What is become of her, whether she is dead or alive, I know not. That I do not is no fault of mine, as my narrative will show. But to proceed. We soon found that we had a troublesome cargo, yet

not dangerous or very mischievous, as I may say, more noise than danger.

When any of them, such as Nance Ferrel, who was ever making disturbance, became very troublesome, we confined them down in the hold, and put on the hatch. This, we were soon convinced, had no effect, as they became in turns outrageous, on purpose to be confined. Our agent and the captain wondered at the change in their behaviour. I, as steward, found it out by accident. As I was overhauling the stores in the hold, I came upon a hogshead of bottled porter, with a hole in the side of it, and in place of full, there were nothing but empty bottles in it. Another was begun, and more than a box of candles had been carried off. I immediately told the captain, who now found out the cause of the late insubordination, and desire of confinement. We were forced to change the manner of punishing them. I was desired by the agent, Lieutenant Edgar, who was an old lieutenant of Cook's, to take a flour barrel, and cut a hole in the top for their head, and one on each side for their arms. This we called a wooden jacket. Next morning Nance Ferrel, as usual, came to the door of the cabin, and began to abuse the agent and captain. They desired her to go away between decks and be quiet. She became worse in her abuse, wishing to be confined, and sent to the hold; but, to her mortification, the jacket was produced, and two men brought her upon deck, and put it on. She laughed and capered about for a while, and made light of it. One of her comrades lighted a pipe, and gave it her. She walked about strutting and smoking the tobacco, and making the others laugh at the droll figure she made; she walked a minuet, her head moving from side to side like a turtle. The agent was resolved she should be heartily tired, and feel in all its force the disagreeableness of her present situation. She could only walk or stand, to sit or lie down was out of her power. She began to get wearied, and begged to be released. The agent would not, until she asked his pardon, and promised amendment in future. This she did in humble terms before evening, but, in a few days, was as bad as ever; there was no taming her by gentle means. We were forced to tie her up like a man, and give her one dozen with

the cat-o'-nine-tails, and assure her of a clawing every offence; this alone reduced her to any kind of order.

How great was the contrast between her and Mary Rose. Mary was a timid modest girl, who never joined in the ribaldry of the rest, neither did she take up with any man upon the voyage. She was a wealthy farmer's daughter, who had been seduced under promise of marriage by an officer, and had eloped with him from her father's house. They were living together in Lincoln, when the officer was forced to go abroad and leave her. He, before he went, boarded her with their landlady, an infamous character, who, to obtain the board she had received in advance, without maintaining the unfortunate girl, swore she had robbed her of several articles. Poor Mary was condemned by her perjury, and sentenced to be transported. She had disgraced her friends, and dared not apply to them in her distress; she had set the opinions of the world at defiance by her elopement, and there was no one in it who appeared to befriend her, while in all its bitterness, she drank the cup of her own mixing. After the departure of the *Lady Julian*, her relations had discovered the fate of their lost and ruined Mary. By their exertions the whole scene of the landlady's villany was exposed, and she stood in the pillory at Lincoln for her perjury. Upon our arrival, we found a pardon lying at Port Jackson, and a chest of excellent clothes sent by the magistrates for her use in her voyage home. She lodged all the time I was there in the governor's house, and every day I took her allowance to her. She was to sail in the first ship for London direct, the *Lady Julian* being bound for China.*

POLISH SUPERSTITIONS.

From Mrs Bailie's "Lisbon."

A LADY told my fortune by the cards in a very interesting and lively manner, and had talent enough to fix my attention in

* "The Life and Adventures of John Nicol, Mariner." Edin. 1822, 12mo.

spite of good sense; she mentioned that the Polanders are universally addicted to the oracles of cards and dice, and are almost all *fatalists*, even in their more serious opinions. A gentleman of that nation, who was formerly in the habit of visiting at her house, once undertook to predict the fortune of one of her female relations by means of dice; he threw them in a particular way, with many strange ceremonies, and then remarked, that such and such occurrences would happen to her, in such and such a time. He was extremely ridiculed, as what he had foretold came scarcely within the bounds of possibility, much less of *probability*; but the subsequent events faithfully verified his words. As there are some distinguished names both in England and Portugal mixed up in the above relation, I am not at liberty to mention the particulars, but at all events I must say, that the Polander, if he was not actually an adept in the *occult* sciences, had at least a very keen and extended vision with regard to possible *political* events; the fate of the lady depended much upon the affairs connected with the Portuguese and English governments; and it appears to me not improbable that this *wise man's* mind foreboded the changes which have so lately taken place in the former, although they were *then* at a great distance. Among other superstitions to which the Polish nation is addicted, I may be forgiven for relating the following, as its elegance of fancy almost redeems its absurdity. Every individual is supposed to be born under some particular destiny or fate, which it is impossible for him to avoid. The month of his nativity has a mysterious connexion with one of the known precious stones, and when a person wishes to make the object of his affections an acceptable present, a ring is invariably given, composed of the jewel by which the fate of that object is imagined to be determined and described. For instance, a woman is born in January; her ring must therefore be a jacinth or a garnet, for these stones belong to that peculiar month of the year, and express "constancy and fidelity." I saw a list of them all, which the Polander gave to the lady in question, and she has allowed me to copy it, viz:

"*January*—Jacinth or garnet.—Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

"*February*—Amethyst.—This month

and stone preserve mortals from strong passions, and ensure them peace of mind.

"*March*—Bloodstone.—Courage, and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.

"*April*—Sapphire or diamond.—Repentance and innocence.

"*May*—Emerald.—Success in love.

"*June*—Agate.—Long life and health.

"*July*—Cornelian or ruby.—The forgetfulness or the cure of evils springing from friendship or love.

"*August*—Sardonyx.—Conjugal fidelity.

"*Sept.*—Chrysolite.—Preserves from, or cures folly.

"*October*—Acquamarine, or opal.—Misfortune and hope.

"*November*—Topaz.—Fidelity in friendship.

"*December*—Turquoise or malakite.—The most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life; the turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard; as the old saying, that 'he who possesses a turquoise will always be sure of friends.' "

ODE ON ST CECILIA'S DAY.

Adapted to the ancient British Music, viz. the Salt-box, the Jew's Harp, the Marrow-bones and Cleavers, the Hum-strum or Hurdy-gurdy, &c.

PART I.

RECITATIVE, ACCOMPANIED.

Be dumb, ye inharmonious sounds,
And music, that the astonish'd ear with discord wounds;
No more let common rhymes prophane the day.

GRAND CHORUS.

Graced with divine Cecilia's name,
Let solemn hymns this awful feast proclaim,
And heavenly notes conspire to raise the heavenly lay.

RECITATIVE, ACCOMPANIED.

The meaner melody we scorn,
Which vulgar instruments afford;
Shrill flute, sharp fiddle, bellowing horn,
Rumbling basoon, or tinkling harpsichord.

AIR.

In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,
And clattering, and battering, and clapping combine,

With a rap and a tap, while the hollow side sounds,
Up and down laps the flap, and with rattling re-
gends.

RECITATIVE.

Strike, strike the soft Judaic harp,
Soft and sharp,
By teeth coercive in firm durance kept,
And lightly by the volent finger swept.

AIR.

Buzzing twangs the iron lyre,
Shrilly thrilling,
Trembling, thrilling,
Whizzing with the wavering wire.

A GRAND SYMPHONY, ACCOMPANIED WITH MAR-
ROW-BONES AND CLEAVERS.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
Make clanging cleavers ring,
With a ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
Raise your uplifted arms on high;
In long prolonged tones
Let cleavers sound
A merry merry round
By banging marrow-bones.

FULL CHORUS.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
Make clanging cleavers ring;
With a ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
Raise your uplifted arms on high;
In long prolonged tones
Let cleavers sound
A merry merry round
By banging marrow-bones.

RECITATIVE, ACCOMPANIED.

Cease lighter numbers: hither bring
The undulating string
Stretch'd out, and to the tumid bladder
In amity harmonious bound;
Then deeper swell the notes and sadder,
And let the hoarse bass slowly solemn sound.

AIR.

With dead, dull, doleful, heavy hams,
With mournful moans,
And grievous groans,
The sober hurdy-gurdy thrums.

PART II.

RECITATIVE, ACCOMPANIED.

With magic sounds, like these, did Orpheus' lyre
Motion, sense, and life inspire;
When, as he play'd, the list'ning flood
Still'd its loquacious waves, and silent stood;

The trees, swift-bounding, danced with loosen'd
stumps,
And sluggish stones caper'd in active jumps.

AIR.

Each ruddy-breasted robbin
The concert bore a bob in,
And ev'ry hooting owl around;
The croaking frogs,
The grunting hogs,
All, all conspired to raise th' enliv'ning sound.

RECITATIVE.

Now to Cecilia, heav'nly maid,
Your loud united voices raise,
With solemn hymns to celebrate her praise,
Each instrument shall lend its aid.
The salt-box with clattering and clapping shall
sound,
The iron lyre
Buzzing twang with wav'ring wire,
With heavy hum
The sober hurdy-gurdy thrum,
And the merry merry marrow-bones ring round.

LAST GRAND CHORUS.

Such matchless strains Cecilia knew,
When audience from their heav'nly sphere,
By harmony's strong power, she drew,
Whilst list'ning angels gladly stoop'd to hear.

THORNTON.

THE HAMADRYAD.

AN Assyrian of the name of Rhæcus ob-
serving a fine old oak tree ready to fall with
age, ordered it to be sustained with props.
He was continuing his way through the
solitary skirts of the place, when a nymph
of more than human look, appeared be-
fore him, with gladness in her eyes.
"Rhæcus," said she, "I am the Nymph
of the tree which you have saved from
perishing. My life is, of course, implicat-
ed in its own. But for you, my exis-
tence would have terminated. But for
you the sap must have ceased to flow
through its boughs, and the godlike es-
sence I received from it to animate these
veins. No more should I have felt the
wind in my hair, the sun upon my cheeks,
or the balmy rain upon my body. Now I
shall feel them many years to come.
Many years also will your fellow-crea-
tures sit under my shade, and hear the
benignity of my whispers, and repay me

with their honey and their thanks. Ask what I can give you, Rhæcus, and you shall have it."

The young man, who had done a graceful action but had not thought of its containing so many kindly things, received the praises of the Nymph with a due mixture of surprise and homage. He did not want courage however; and emboldened by her tone and manner, and still more by a beauty which had all the buxom bloom of humanity in it, with a preternatural gracefulness besides, he requested that she would receive him as a lover. There was a look in her face at this request, answering to modesty, but something still finer. Having no guilt, she seemed to have none of the common infirmities either of shame or impudence. In fine, she consented to reward Rhæcus as he wished; and said she would send a bee to inform him of the hour of their meeting.

Who now was so delighted as Rhæcus? for he was a great admirer of the fair sex, and not a little proud of their admiring him in return; and no human beauty, whom he had known, could compare with the Hamadryad. It must be owned at the same time, that his taste for love and beauty was not of quite so exalted a description as he took it for. If he was fond of the fair sex, he was pretty nearly as fond of dice, and feasting, and any other excitements which came in his way; and unluckily he was throwing the dice that very noon when the bee came to summon him.

He was at a very interesting part of the game,—so much so, that he did not at first recognise the object of the bee's humming. "Confound this bee!" said he, "it seems plaguily fond of me." He brushed it away two or three times, but the busy messenger returned, and only hummed the louder. At last, he bethought him of the Nymph; but his impatience seemed to increase with his pride, and he gave the poor insect such a brush, as sent him away crippled in both his thighs.

The bee returned to his mistress as well as he could; and shortly after was followed by his joyous assailant, who came triumphing in the success of his dice and his passion. "I am here," said the Hamadryad. Rhæcus looked among the trees, but could see nobody. "I am here," said a grave sweet voice, "right before you."

Rhæcus saw nothing. "Alas," said she, "Rhæcus, you cannot see me, nor will you see me more. I had thought better of your discernment and your kindness; but you were but gifted with a momentary sight of me. You will see nothing in future but common things, and those sadly. You are struck blind to every thing else. The hand that could strike my bee with a lingering death, and prefer the embracing of the dice-box to that of affectionate beauty, is not worthy of love and the green trees."

The wind sighed off to a distance; and Rhæcus felt that he was alone.

The Indicator.

MARTHA THE GYPSY.

—These midnight hags,
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters
And conjurations, horrible to hear,
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell to work.

LONDON may appear an unbecoming scene for a story so romantic as that which I have here set down: but, strange and wild as is the tale I have to tell, *it is true*; and therefore the scene of action shall not be changed; nor will I alter nor vary from the truth, save that the names of the personages in my domestic drama shall be fictitious. To say that I am superstitious would be, in the minds of many wise personages, to write myself down an ass; but to say that I do not believe *that* which follows, as I am sure it was believed by *him* who related it to me, would be to discredit the testimony of a friend as honourable and brave as ever trod the earth. He has been snatched from the world, of which he was a bright ornament, and has left more than his sweet, suffering widow and his orphan children affectionately to deplore his loss. It is, I find, right and judicious most carefully and publicly to disavow a belief in supernatural visitings; but it will be long before I become either so wise or so bold as to make any such unqualified declaration. I am not weak enough to imagine myself surrounded by spirits and phan-

toins, or jostling through a crowd of spectres, as I walk the streets; neither do I give credence to all the idle tales of ancient dames, or frightened children, touching such matters: but when I breathe the air, and see the grass grow under my feet, I cannot but feel that *He* who gives me power to inhale the one, or stand erect upon the other, has also the power to use, for special purposes, such means and agency, as he, in his wisdom, may see fit; and which, in point of fact, are not more incomprehensible to us, than the very simplest effects which we every day witness, arising from unknown causes. Philosophers may pore, and, in the might of their littleness, and the erudition of their ignorance, develope and disclose, argue and discuss; but when the sage, who sneers at the possibility of ghosts, will explain to me the doctrine of attraction and gravitation, or tell me why the wind blows, why the tides ebb and flow, or why the light shines—effects perceptible by all men—then will I admit the justice of his incredulity—then will I join the ranks of the incredulous.—However, a truce with my views and reflections: proceed we to the narrative.

In the vicinity of Bedford-square, lived a respectable and honest man, whose name the reader will be pleased to consider Harding. He had married early; his wife was an exemplary woman; and his son and daughter were grown into that companionable age, at which children repay, with their society and accomplishments, the tender cares which parents bestow upon their offspring in their early infancy. Mr Harding held a responsible and respectable situation under Government, in an office in Somerset-house. His income was adequate to all his wants and wishes; his family was a family of love; and, perhaps, taking into consideration the limited desires of what may be fairly called middling life, no man was ever more contented, or better satisfied with his lot, than he. Maria Harding, his daughter, was a modest, unassuming, and interesting girl, full of feeling and gentleness. She was timid and retiring; but the modesty which cast down her fine black eyes, could not veil the intellect which beamed in them. Her health was by no means strong; and the paleness

of her cheek—too frequently, alas! lighted by the hectic flush of her indigenous complaint—gave a deep interest to her countenance. She was watched and reared by her tender mother, with all the care and attention which a being so delicate and so ill-suited to the perils and troubles of this world, demanded. George, her brother, was a bold and intelligent lad, full of rude health and fearless independence. His character was frequently the subject of his father's contemplation, and he saw in his disposition, his mind, his pursuits, and propensities, the promise of future success in active life. With these children, possessing as they did the most enviable characteristics of their respective sexes, Mr and Mrs Harding, with thankfulness to Providence, acknowledged their happiness, and their perfect satisfaction with the portion assigned to them in this transitory world.

Maria was about nineteen, and had, as was natural, attracted the regards, and thence gradually chained the affections, of a distant relative, whose ample fortune, added to his personal and mental good qualities, rendered him a most acceptable suitor to her parents, which Maria's heart silently acknowledged he would have been to *her*, had he been poor and penniless. The father of this intended husband of Maria was a man of importance, possessing much personal interest, through which George, the brother of his intended daughter-in-law, was to be placed in that diplomatic seminary in Downing-street, whence, in due time, he was to rise through all the grades of office, (which, with his peculiar talents, his friends, and especially his mother, were convinced he would so ably fill,) and at last turn out an ambassador, as mighty and mysterious as my Lord Belmont, of whom probably my readers may know—nothing. The parents, however, of young Langdale and of Maria Harding, were agreed, that there was no necessity for hastening the alliance between their families, seeing that the united ages of the couple did not exceed thirty-nine years; and seeing, moreover, that the elder Mr Langdale, for private reasons of his own, wished his son to attain the age of twenty-one before he married; and seeing, moreover still, that Mrs Langdale, who was little more than six-and-thirty years

of age herself, had reasons, which she also meant to be private, for seeking to delay, as much as possible, a ceremony, the result of which, in all probability, would confer upon her, somewhat too early in life to be agreeable to a lady of her habits and propensities, the formidable title of grandmamma.

How curious it is, when one takes up a *little bit* of society, (as a geologist crumbles and twists a bit of earth in his hand, to ascertain its character and quality,) to look into the motives and manœuvrings of all the persons connected with it; the various workings, the indefatigable labours which all their little minds are undergoing, to bring about divers and sundry little points, perfectly unconnected with the great end in view; but which, for private and hidden objects, each of them is toiling to carry. Nobody, but those who really understood Mrs Langdale, understood why she so readily acquiesced in the desire of her husband to postpone the marriage for another twelvemonth. A stranger would have seen only the dutiful wife according with the sensible husband; but I knew her, and knew that there must be more than met the eye, or the ear, in that sympathy of feeling between her and Mr Langdale, which was not upon ordinary occasions so evidently displayed. Like the waterman, who pulls one way and looks another, Mrs Langdale aided the entreaties and seconded the commands of her loving spouse, touching the seasonable delay of which I am speaking; and it was agreed, that, immediately after the coming of age of Frederick Langdale, and not before, he was to lead to the hymeneal altar the delicate and timid Maria Harding. The affair got whispered about; George's fortune in life was highly extolled—Maria's excessive happiness prophesied by every body of their acquaintance; and already had sundry younger ladies, daughters and nieces of those who discussed these matters in divan after dinner, begun to look upon poor Miss Harding with envy and maliciousness, and wonder what Mr Frederick Langdale could see in her: she was proclaimed to be insipid, inanimated, shy, bashful, and awkward; nay, some went so far as to discover she was absolutely awry. Still, however, Frederick and Maria went loving on; and their hearts grew as one; so truly, so fondly were

they attached to each other. George, who was somewhat of a plague to the pair of lovers, was luckily at Oxford, reading away till his head ached, to qualify himself for a degree, and the distant duties of the office whence he was to cull bunches of diplomatic laurels, and whence were to issue rank and title, and ribands and crosses innumerable.

Things were in this prosperous state, the bark of life rolling gaily along before the breeze, when Mr Harding was one day proceeding from his residence, to his office in Somerset-place, and, in passing along Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, was accosted by one of those female Gypsies who are found begging in the streets of the metropolis, and especially in the particular part of the town in question. "Pray, remember poor Martha the Gypsy," said the woman; "give me a half-penny for charity, Sir." Mr Harding was a subscriber to the Mendicant Society, an institution which proposes to check beggary by the novel mode of giving nothing to the poor: moreover, he was a magistrate—moreover, he had no change; and he desired the woman to go about her business. All availed him nothing; she still followed him, and reiterated the piteous cry, "Pray, remember poor Martha the Gypsy." At length, irritated by the perseverance of the woman—for even subordinates in government hate to be solicited importunately—Mr Harding, contrary to the usual customary usages of modern society, turned hastily round, and fulminated an oath against the supplicating vagrant. "Curse!" said Martha: "have I lived to this? Hark ye, man—poor weak haughty man! Mark me, look at me!" He did look at her; and beheld a countenance on fire with rage. A pair of eyes, blacker than jet, and brighter than diamonds, glared like stars upon him; her black hair dishevelled, hung over her olive cheeks; and a row of teeth, whiter than the driven snow, displayed themselves from between a pair of coral lips, in a dreadful snile, a ghastly sneer of contempt, which mingled in her passion. Harding was rivetted to the spot; and what between the powerful fascination of her superhuman countenance, and the dread of a disturbance, he paused to listen to her. "Mark me, Sir," said Martha; "you and I shall meet again! Thrice shall you see me before you die. My visitings

will be dreadful ; but the third will be the last!"

There was a solemnity in this appeal which struck to his heart, coming as it did only from a vagrant outcast. Passengers were approaching ; and wishing, he knew not why, to soothe the ire of the angry woman, he mechanically drew from his pocket some silver, which he tendered to her. "There, my good woman, there," said he, stretching forth his hand. "Good woman!" retorted the hag. "Money now? I—I that have been cursed? 'tis all too late, proud gentleman—the deed is done, the curse be now on you." Saying which, she tossed her ragged red cloak across her shoulder, and hurried from his sight, across the street, by the side of the chapel into the recess of St. Giles'. Harding felt a most extraordinary sensation: he felt grieved that he had spoken so harshly to the poor creature, and returned his shillings to his pocket with regret. Of course, fear of the fulfilment of her predictions did not mingle with any of his feelings on the occasion, and he proceeded to his office in Somerset-house, and performed all the official duties of reading the opposition newspapers, discussing the leading politics of the day with the head of another department, and of signing his name three times before four o'clock. Martha the Gypsy, however, although he had *pooh-poohed* her out of his memory, would, ever and anon, flash across his mind; her figure was indelibly stamped upon his recollection, and though, of course, as I before said, a man of his firmness and intellect could care nothing, one way or another, for the maledictions of an ignorant, illiterate being like a gypsy, still his feelings—whence arising I know not—prompted him to call a hackney-coach, and proceed *en voiture* to his house, rather than run the risk of encountering the metropolitan sibyl, under whose forcible denunciation he was actually labouring.

There is a period in each day of the lives of married people, at which, I am given to understand, a more than ordinary unreserved communication of facts and feelings takes place; when all the world is shut out, and the two beings, who are in truth but only one, commune together, freely and fully, upon the occurrences of the past day. At this period, the else

sacred secrets of the drawing-room coterie, and the *tellable* jokes of the after-dinner convivialists, are mutually interchanged by the fond pair, who, by the barbarous customs of uncivilized Britain, have been separated during part of the preceding evening. Then it is, that the husband informs his anxious consort how he has forwarded his worldly views with such a man—how he has carried his point in such a quarter—what he thinks of the talents of one, of the character of another; while the communicative wife gives *her* view of the same subjects, founded upon what she has gathered from the individuals composing the female cabinet, and explains why she thinks he must have been deceived upon this point, or misled upon that. And thus, in recounting, in arguing, in discussing, and descanting, the blended interests of the happy pair are strengthened, their best hopes nourished, and perhaps, eventually realized.

A few friends at dinner, and some refreshers in the evening, had prevented Harding from saying a word to his beloved Eliza about the gypsy; and perhaps, till the "witching time," which I have attempted to define, he would not have mentioned the occurrence, even had they been alone. Most certainly he did not think the less of the horrible vision: and when the company had dispersed, and the affectionate couple had retired to rest, he stated the circumstance exactly as it had occurred, and received from his fair lady just such an answer as a prudent, intelligent, and discreet woman of sense would give to such a communication. She vindicated his original determination not to be imposed upon—wondered at his subsequent willingness to give to such an undeserving object, while he had three or four soap-tickets in his pocket—was somewhat surprised that he had not consigned the bold intruder to the hands of the beadle—and, ridiculing the impression which the hag's appearance seemed to have made upon her husband's mind, narrated a tour performed by herself with some friends, to Norwood, when she was a girl, and when one of those very women had told her fortune, not one word of which ever came true—and, in a discussion of some length, animadverting strongly upon the weakness and impiety of putting faith in the sayings of such

creatures, she fell fast asleep. Not so Harding: he was restless and worried, and felt that he would give the world to be able to recall the curse which he had rashly uttered against the poor woman. Helpless as she was, and in distress, why did his passion conquer his judgment? Why did he add to the bitterness of refusal, the sting of malediction? However, it was useless to regret *that* which was past—and, wearied and mortified with his reflections, he at length followed his better half into that profound slumber, which the length and subject of his harangue had so comfortably insured her. The morning came, and brightly beamed the sun—that is, as brightly as it can beam in London. The office hour arrived; and Mr Harding proceeded, *not* by Charlotte-street, to Somerset-house, such was his dread of seeing the ominous woman. It is quite impossible to describe the effect produced upon him by the apprehension of encountering her; if he heard a female voice behind him in the street, he trembled, and feared to look round, lest he should behold Martha. In turning a corner he proceeded carefully and cautiously, lest he should come upon her unexpectedly; in short, wherever he went, whatever he did, his actions, his movements, his very words, were controlled and constrained by the horror of beholding her again. The words she had uttered, rang incessantly in his ears; nay, such possession had they taken of him, that he had written them down, and sealed the document which contained them. “Thrice shall you see me before you die! My visitings will be dreadful; but the third will be the last!” “Calais” was not imprinted more deeply on our Queen’s heart, than these words upon that of Harding; but he was ashamed of the strength of his feelings, and placed the paper wherein he had recorded them, at the very bottom of his desk.

Meanwhile Frederick Langdale was unremitting in his attentions to Maria; but, as is too often the case, the bright sunshine of their loves was clouded. Her health, always delicate, now appeared still more so, and at times her anxious parents felt a solicitude upon her account, new to them; for symptoms of consumption had shown themselves, which the faculty, although they spoke of them light-

ly to the fond mother and to the gentle patient, treated with such care and caution, as gave alarm to those who could see the progress of the fatal disease, which was unnoticed by Maria herself, who anticipated parties and pleasures and gaieties in the coming spring, which the doctors thought it but too probable she might never enjoy. That Mr Langdale’s *punctilio*, or Mrs Langdale’s excessive desire for apparent juvenility, should have induced the postponement of Maria’s marriage, was indeed a melancholy circumstance. The agitation, the surprise, the hope deferred, which weighed upon the sweet girl’s mind, and that doubting dread of something unexpected, which lovers always feel, bore down her spirits and injured her health; whereas, had the marriage been celebrated, the relief she would have experienced from all her apprehensions, added to the tour of France and Italy, which the happy couple were to take immediately after their union, would have restored her to health, while it insured her happiness. This, however, was not to be.

It was now some three months since poor Mr Harding’s rencontre with Martha; and habit, and time, and constant avocation, had conspired to free his mind from the dread she at first inspired. Again he smiled and joked, again he enjoyed society, and again dared to take the nearest road to Somerset-house; nay, he had so far recovered from the unaccountable terror he had originally felt, that he went to his desk, and, selecting the paper wherein he had set down the awful denunciation of the hag, deliberately tore it into bits, and witnessed its destruction in the fire, with something like real satisfaction, and a determination never more to think upon so silly an affair.

Frederick Langdale was, as usual, with his betrothed, and Mrs Harding enjoying the egotism of the lovers, (for, as I said before, lovers think their conversation the most charming in the world, because they talk of nothing but themselves,) when his curriole was driven up to the door, to convey him to Tattersall’s, where his father had commissioned him to look at a horse, or horses, which he intended to purchase; and Frederick was, of all things in the world, the best possible judge of a horse. To this sweeping dic-

tum, Mr Harding, however, was not willing to assent; and, therefore, in order to have the full advantage of two heads, which, as the proverb says, are better than one, the worthy father-in-law elect proposed accompanying the youth to the auctioneer's at Hyde-park-corner, it being one of those few privileged days when the labourers in our public offices make holiday. The proposal was hailed with delight by the young man, who, in order to show due deference to his elder friend, gave the reins to Mr Harding, and, bowing their adieu to the ladies at the window, away they went, the splendid cattle of Mr Langdale prancing and curvetting, fire flaming from their eyes, and smoke breathing from their nostrils. The elder gentleman soon found that the horses were somewhat beyond his strength, even putting his skill wholly out of the question; and, in turning into Russel-street, proposed giving the reins to Frederick. By some misunderstanding of words, in the alarm which Harding felt, Frederick did not take the reins which he (perfectly confounded) tendered to him. They slipped over the dashing iron between the horses, who, thus freed from restraint, reared wildly in the air, and, plunging forward, dashed the vehicle against a post, and precipitated Frederick and Harding on the curb-stone: the off-horse kicked desperately, as the carriage became entangled and impeded, and struck Frederick a desperate blow on the head. Harding, whose right arm and collar-bone were broken, raised himself on his left hand, and saw Frederick weltering in blood, apparently lifeless, before him. The infuriated animals again plunged forward with the shattered remnant of the carriage, and as this object was removed from his sight, the wretched father-in-law beheld, looking upon the scene with a fixed and an unmoved countenance—**MARTHA THE GYPSY.**

It was doubtful whether the appearance of this horrible vision, coupled as it was with the verification of her prophecy, had not a more dreadful effect upon Mr Harding than the sad reality before him. He trembled, sickened, fainted, and fell senseless on the ground. Assistance was promptly procured, and the wounded sufferers were carefully removed to their respective dwellings. Frederick Langdale's sufferings were much greater than those

of his companion, and, in addition to severe fractures of two of his limbs, the wound upon the head presented a most terrible appearance, and excited the greatest alarm in his medical attendants. Mr Harding, whose temperate course of life was greatly advantageous to his case, had suffered comparatively little; a simple fracture of the arm and dislocation of the collar-bone (which was the extent of his misfortune,) were, by skilful treatment, and implicit obedience to professional commands, soon pronounced in a state of improvement; but a wound had been inflicted which no doctor could heal. The conviction that the woman, whose anger he had incurred, had, if not the power of producing evil, at least a prophetic spirit, and that he had twice again to see her before the fulfilment of her prophecy, struck deep into his mind: and although he felt himself more at ease when he had communicated to Mrs Harding the fact of having seen the Gypsy at the moment of the accident, it was impossible for him to rally from the shock which his nerves had received. It was in vain he tried to shake off the perpetual apprehension of again beholding her.

Frederick Langdale remained for some time in a very precarious state. All visitors were excluded from his room, and a wretched space of two months passed, during which his affectionate Maria had never been allowed to see him, nor to write to, nor to hear from him. While her constitution was gradually giving way to the constant operation of solicitude and sorrow. Mr Harding meanwhile recovered rapidly, but his spirits did not keep pace with his mending health: the dread he felt of quitting his house, the tremor excited in his breast, by a knocking at the door, or the approach of a foot-step, lest the intruder should be the basilisk Martha, were not to be described; and the appearance of his poor Maria did not tend to dissipate the gloom which hung over his mind.

When Frederick at length was sufficiently recovered to receive visitors, Maria was not sufficiently well to visit him: she was too rapidly sinking into an early grave, and even the physician himself appeared desirous of preparing her parents for the worst, while she, full of the symptomatic prospectiveness of the disease, talked anticipatively of future

happiness, when Frederick would be sufficiently re-established to visit her. At length, however, the doctors suggested a change of air—a suggestion instantly attended to, but alas! too late; the weakness of the poor girl was such, that upon a trial of her strength, it was found inexpedient to attempt her removal. In this terrible state, separated from him whose all she was, did the exemplary patient linger, and life seemed flickering in her flushing cheek, and her eye was sunken, and her parched lip quivered with pain. It was at length agreed, that, on the following day, Frederick Langdale might be permitted to visit her:—his varied fractures were reduced, and the wound on the head had assumed a favourable appearance. The carriage was ordered to convey him to the Hardings at one, and the physician advised, by all means, that Maria should be apprised of, and prepared for, the meeting, the day previous to its taking place. Those who are parents, and those alone, will be able to understand the tender solicitude, the wary caution, with which both her father and mother proceeded in a disclosure so important, as the medical man thought, to her recovery—careful that the coming joy should be imparted gradually to their suffering child, and that all the mischiefs resulting from an abrupt announcement, should be avoided.

They sat down by her—spoke of Frederick—Maria joined in the conversation—raised herself in her bed—by degrees hope was excited that she might soon again see him—this hope was gradually improved into certainty—the period at which it might occur, spoken of—that period again progressively diminished: the anxious girl caught the whole truth—she knew it—she was conscious that she should behold him on the morrow—she burst into a flood of tears, and sank down upon her pillow. At that moment the bright sun, which was shining in all its splendour, beamed into the room, and fell strongly upon her flushing countenance. “Draw the blind down, my love,” said Mrs Harding to her husband. Harding rose and proceeded to the window. A shriek of horror burst from him—“She is there!” exclaimed he. “Who?” cried his astonished wife. “She—she—the horrid she!” Mrs Harding ran to the window, and beheld on the opposite side of

the street, with her eyes fixed attentively on the house—**MARTHA THE GYPSY.**

“Draw down the blind, my love, and come away; pray come away,” said Mrs Harding. Harding drew down the blind. “What evil is at hand!” sobbed the agonized man. A loud scream from Mrs Harding, who had returned to the bedside, was the horrid answer to his painful question. Maria was dead! Twice of the thrice had he seen this dreadful fiend in human shape; each visitation was (as she had foretold) to surpass the preceding one in its importance of horror. What could surpass this? Before the afflicted parents, lay their innocent child, stretched in the still sleep of death—neither of them believed it true—it seemed like a horrid dream. Harding was bewildered, and turned, from the corpse of his beloved, to the window he had just left. Martha was gone—and he heard her singing a wild and joyous air at the other end of the street. The servants were summoned—medical aid was called in—but it was all too late! and the wretched parents were doomed to mourn their loved, their lost Maria. George, her fond and affectionate brother, who was at Oxford, hastened from all the academic honours which were waiting him, to follow to her grave his beloved sister.

The effect upon Frederick Langdale was most dreadful; it was supposed that he would never recover from a shock so great, and, at the moment, so unexpected; for, although the delicacy of her constitution was a perpetual source of uneasiness and solicitude, still the immediate symptoms had taken rather a favourable turn during the last few days of her life, and had re-invigorated the hopes which those who so dearly loved her, entertained of her eventual recovery. (Of this distressed young man I never, indeed, heard any thing, till about three years after, when I saw it announced in the papers that he was married to the only daughter of a rich west-country baronet, which, if I wanted to work out a proverb here, would afford me a most admirable opportunity of doing so.)

The death of poor Maria and the dread which her father entertained of the third visitation of Martha, made the most complete change in the affairs of the family. By the exertion of powerful interest, he obtained an appointment for his son to act

as his deputy in the office which he held ; and, having achieved this desired object, resolved on leaving England for a time, and quitting a neighbourhood where he must be perpetually exposed to the danger which he was now perfectly convinced was inseparable from his next interview with the weird-woman. George, of course, thus checked in his classical pursuits, left Oxford, and, at the early age of nineteen, commenced active official life, not certainly in the particular department which his mother had selected for his *debut* ; and it was somewhat observable, that the Langdales, after the death of Maria, not only abstained from frequent intercourse with the Hardings during their stay in England, but that the mighty professions of the purse-proud citizen dwindled by degrees into an absolute forgetfulness of any promise, even conditional, to exert an interest for their son. Seeing this, Mr Harding felt that he should act prudentially, by endeavouring to place his son, where, in the course of time, he might perhaps attain to that situation, from whose honourable revenue he could live like a gentleman, and “settle comfortably.”

All the arrangements which the kind father had proposed, being made, the mourning couple proceeded on a lengthened tour of the Continent ; and it was evident that his spirits mended rapidly, when he felt conscious that his liability to encounter Martha was decreased. The sorrow of mourning was soothed and softened in the common course of Nature, and the quiet domesticated couple sat themselves down at Lausanne, “the world forgetting, by the world forgot,” except by their excellent and exemplary son, whose good qualities, it seemed, had captivated a remarkably pretty girl, a neighbour of his, whose mother appeared to be equally charmed with the goodness of his income. There appeared, strange to say, in this affair, no difficulties to be surmounted, no obstacles to be overcome ; and the consent of the Hardings, requested in a letter, which also begged them to be present at the ceremony, if they were willing it should take place, was presently obtained by George ; and, at the close of the second year which had passed since their departure, the parents and son were again united in that house, the very sight of which recalled to their recollection

their poor unhappy daughter, and her melancholy fate, and which was still associated most painfully in the mind of Mr Harding with the hated Gypsy. The charm, however, had no doubt been broken. In the two past years Martha was doubtless either dead, or gone from the neighbourhood. They were a wandering tribe—and thus, Mrs Harding checked the rising apprehensions and renewed uneasiness of her husband ; and so well did she succeed, that, when the wedding-day came, and the bells rang, and the favours fluttered in the air, his countenance was lighted with smiles, and he kissed the glowing cheek of his new daughter-in-law with warmth and something like happiness.

The wedding took place at that season of the year when friends and families meet jovially and harmoniously, when all little bickerings are forgotten, and when, by a general feeling, founded upon religion, and perpetuated by the memory of the blessing granted to the world by the Almighty, a universal amnesty is proclaimed ; when the cheerful fire, and the teeming board, announce that Christmas is come, and mirth and gratulation are the order of the day. It unfortunately happened, however, that to the account of Miss Wilkinson’s marriage with George Harding, I am not permitted, in truth, to add that they left town in a travelling carriage and four, to spend the honeymoon. Three or four days permitted absence from his office alone were devoted to the celebration of the nuptials ; and it was agreed that the whole party, together with the younger branches of the Wilkinsons, their cousins and second cousins, &c. should meet on twelfth-night to celebrate, in a juvenile party, the return of the bride and bridegroom to their home. When that night came, it was delightful to see the happy faces of the smiling youngsters : it was a pleasure to behold *them* pleased—a participation in which, since the highest amongst us, and the most accomplished prince in Europe, annually evinces the gratification he feels in such sights, I am by no means disposed to disclaim ; and merry was the jest, and gaily did the evening pass ; and Mr Harding, surrounded by his youthful guests, smiled, and for a season forgot his care ; yet, as he glanced round the room, he could not suppress a sigh, when he recol-

lected that, in that very room, his darling Maria had entertained her little parties on the anniversary of the same day in former years. Supper was announced early, and the gay throng bounded down stairs to the parlour, where an abundance of the luxuries of middling life crowded the board. In the centre appeared the great object of the feast—a huge twelfth-cake, and gilded kings and queens stood lingering over circles of scarlet sweetmeats, and hearts of sugar lay enshrined with warlike trophies of the same material. Many and deep were the wounds the mighty cake received, and every guest watched with a deep anxiety the coming portion, relatively to the glittering splendour with which its frosted surface was adorned. Character-cards, illustrated with pithy mottoes and quaint sayings, were distributed; and, by one of those little frauds which such societies tolerate, Mr Harding was announced as king, and the new bride as queen, and there was such charming joking, and such harmless merriment abounding, that he looked to his wife with an expression of content, which she had often but vainly sought to find upon his countenance since the death of his dear Maria.

Supper concluded, the clock struck twelve, and the elders looked as if it were time for the young ones to depart. One half-hour's grace was begged for by the "King," and granted; and Mrs George Harding, on this night, was to sing them a song about "poor old maidens"—an ancient quaintness, which, by custom and usage, ever since she was a little child, she had annually performed upon this anniversary; and, accordingly, the promise being claimed, silence was obtained, and she, with all that show of tucker-heaving diffidence which is so becoming in a very pretty downy-cheeked girl, prepared to commence, when a noise, resembling that producible by the falling of an eight-and-forty pound shot, echoed through the house. It appeared to descend from the very top of the building, down each flight of stairs, rapidly and violently. It passed the door of the room in which they were sitting, and rolled its impetuous course downwards to the basement. As it seemed to leave the parlour, the door was forced open, as if by a gust of wind, and stood ajar. All the children were in a moment on their feet, huddled close to their re-

spective mothers in groups. Mrs Harding rose and rang the bell, to inquire the meaning of the uproar. Her daughter-in-law, pale as ashes, looked at George; but there was one of the party who moved not—who stirred not: it was the elder Harding, whose eyes first fixed steadfastly on the half-opened door, followed the course of the wall of the apartment to the fire-place—there they rested. When the servants came, they said they had heard the noise, but thought it proceeded from above. Harding looked at his wife; and then, turning to the servant, observed carelessly, that it must have been some noise in the street; and, desiring him to withdraw, intreated the bride to pursue her song. She did; but the children had been too much alarmed to enjoy it, and the noise had in its character, something so strange and so unearthly, that even the elders of the party, although bound not to admit any thing like apprehension before their offspring, felt glad when they found themselves at home.

When the guests were gone, and George's wife lighted her candle to retire to rest, her father-in-law kissed her affectionately, and prayed God to bless her. He then took a kind leave of his son, and putting up a fervent prayer for his happiness, pressed him to his heart, and bade him adieu with an earnestness, which, under the common-place circumstance of a temporary separation, was inexplicable to the young man. When he reached his bed-room he spoke to his wife, and intreated her to prepare her mind for some great calamity. "What it is to be," said Harding, "where the blow is to fall, I know not; but it is impending over us this night!" "My life!" exclaimed Mrs Harding, "what fancy is this?" "Eliza, love!" answered her husband, in a tone of unspeakable agony, "I have seen her for the third and last time!" "Who?" "MARTHA THE GYPSY." "Impossible!" said Mrs Harding, "you have not left the house to-day!" "True, my beloved," replied the husband; "but I have seen her. When that tremendous noise was heard at supper, as the door was supernaturally opened, I saw her. She fixed those dreadful eyes of hers upon me; she proceeded to the fire-place, and stood in the midst of the children, and there she remained till the servant came in." "My dearest husband," said Mrs Harding, "this is but a

disorder of the imagination." "Be what it may," said he, "I have seen her, human or superhuman—natural or supernatural—there she was. I shall not strive to argue upon a point where I am likely to meet with little credit: all I ask is, pray fervently, have faith, and we will hope the evil, whatever it is, may be averted."

He kissed his wife's cheek tenderly, and, after a fitful feverish hour or two, fell into a slumber. From that slumber never woke he more. He was found dead in his bed in the morning. "Whether the force of imagination, coupled with the unexpected noise, produced such an alarm as to rob him of life, I know not," said my communicant, "but he was dead."

This story was told me by my friend Ellis, in walking from the city to Harley-street, late in the evening; and when we came to this part of the history we were in Bedford-square, at the dark and dreary corner of it, where Caroline-street joins it. "And there!" said Ellis, pointing downwards, "is the street where it all occurred!" "Come, come," said I, "you tell the story well, but I suppose you do not expect it to be received as gospel." "Faith," said he, "I know so much of it, that I was one of the party, and heard the noise." "But you did not see the spectre?" cried I. "No," said Ellis, "I certainly did not." "No," answered I, "nor any body else, I'll be sworn." A quick footstep was just then heard behind us—I turned half round to let the person pass, and saw a woman enveloped in a red cloak, whose sparkling black eyes shone upon by the dim lustre of a lamp above her head, dazzled me.—I was startled—"Pray, remember old MARTHA THE GYPSY," said the hag.

It was like a thunder-stroke—I instantly slipped my hand into my pocket, and hastily gave her therefrom a five-shilling-piece. "Thanks, my bonny one," said the woman; and setting up a shout of contemptuous laughter, she bounded down Caroline-street, into Russel-street, singing, or rather yelling a joyous song. Ellis did not speak during this scene—he pressed my arm tightly, and we quickened our pace. We said nothing to each other till we turned into Bedford-street, and the lights and passengers of Tottenham-court-road, reassured us. "What do you think

of that?" said Ellis to me. "SEEING IS BELIEVING," was my reply. I have never passed that dark corner of Bedford-square in the evening since.

THEODORE HOOR.

THE VENETIAN GIRL.

THE sun was shining beautifully one summer evening, as if he bade a sparkling farewell to a world which he had made happy. It seemed also by his looks, as if he promised to make his appearance again to-morrow; but there was at times a deep breathing western wind, and dark purple clouds came up here and there, like gorgeous waiters on a funeral. The children in a village not far from the metropolis were playing however on the green, content with the brightness of the moment, when they saw a female approaching, who instantly gathered them about her by the singularity of her dress. It was not very extraordinary; but any difference from the usual apparel of their countrywomen appeared so to them; and crying out, "A French-girl, a French girl!" they ran up to her, and stood looking and talking. She seated herself upon a bench that was fixed between two elms, and for a moment leaned her head against one of them, as if faint with walking. But she raised it speedily, and smiled with great complacency on the rude urchins. She had a boddice and petticoat on of different colours, and a handkerchief tied neatly about her head with the point behind. On her hands were gloves without fingers; and she wore about her neck a guitar, upon the strings of which, one of her hands rested. The children thought her very handsome. Any one else would also have thought her very ill, but they saw nothing in her but a good-natured looking foreigner and a guitar, and they asked her to play. "Oh che bei ragazzi!" said she, in a soft and almost inaudible voice;—"Che visi lieti!"* and she began to play. She tried to sing too, but her voice failed her, and she shook her head

* Oh what fine boys! What happy faces!

smilingly, saying, "Stanca! Stanca!" * "Sing:—do sing," said the children; and nodding her head she was trying to do so, when a set of school-boys came up and joined in the request. "No, no," said one of the elder boys, "she is not well. You are ill, a'n't you,—miss?" added he, laying his hand upon her's as if to hinder it. He drew out the last word somewhat doubtfully, for her appearance perplexed him; he scarcely knew whether to take her for a common stroller, or a lady straying from a sick bed. "Grazie!" said she, understanding his look:—"troppo stanca: troppo." † By this time the usher came up, and addressed her in French, but she only understood a word here and there. He then spoke Latin, and she repeated one or two of his words, as if they were familiar to her. "She is an Italian;" said he, looking round with a good-natured importance; "for the Italian is but a bastard of the Latin." The children looked with the more wonder, thinking he was speaking of the fair Musician. "Non dubito," continued the Usher, "quin tu lectitas poetam illum celeberrimum, Tassonem; ‡ Taxum, I should say properly, but the departure from the Italian name is considerable." The stranger did not understand a word. "I speak of Tasso," said the usher,—“Of Tasso.” “Tasso! Tasso!” repeated the fair minstrel.—“oh—conhosco—Tas-so;” § and she hung with a beautiful languor, upon the first syllable. “Yes,” returned the worthy scholar, “doubtless your accent may be better. Then of course you know those classical lines—

Intanto Erminia infra l'ombrosy piante
D'antica selva dal cavallo—what is it?”

The stranger repeated the words in a tone of fondness, like those of an old friend:—

Intanto Erminia infra l'ombrese piante
D'antica selva dal cavallo è scorta;
Ne più governo il fren la man tremante,
E mezza quasi par tra viva e morta. ||

* Weary! weary!

† Thanks:—too weary! too weary!

‡ Doubtless you read that celebrated poet Tasso.

§ Oh—I know Tasso.

|| Meantime in the old wood, the palfrey bore

Erminia deeper into shade and shade;

Her trembling hands could hold him in no more,

And she appeared betwixt alive and dead.

Our usher's common-place book had supplied him with a fortunate passage, for it was the favourite song of her countrymen. It also singularly applied to her situation. There was a sort of exquisite mixture of silver clearness and soft mealiness in her utterance of these verses, which gave some of the children a better idea of French than they had had; for they could not get it out of their heads that she must be a French girl; "Italian-French perhaps," said one of them. But her voice trembled as she went on like the hand she spoke of. "I have heard my poor cousin Montague sing those very lines," said the boy who prevented her from playing. "Montague," repeated the stranger very plainly, but turning paler and fainter. She put one of her hands in turn upon the boy's affectionately, and pointed towards the spot where the church was. "Yes, yes," cried the boy;—"why, she knew my cousin:—she must have known him in Venice." "I told you," said the usher, "she was an Italian."—"Help her to my aunt's," continued the youth, "she'll understand her:—lean upon me, miss;" and he repeated the last word without his former hesitation.

Only a few boys followed her to the door, the rest having been awed away by the usher. As soon as the stranger entered the house, and saw an elderly lady who received her kindly, she exclaimed "La Signora Madre," and fell in a swoon at her feet.

She was taken to bed, and attended with the utmost care by her hostess, who would not suffer her to talk till she had had a sleep. She merely heard enough to find out that the stranger had known her son in Italy; and she was thrown into a painful state of guessing by the poor girl's eyes, which followed her about the room till the lady fairly came up and closed them. "Obedient! Obedient!" said the patient; "obedient in every thing: only the signora will let me kiss her hand;" and taking it with her own trembling one, she laid her cheek upon it, and it stayed there till she dropped asleep for weariness.

———Silken rest
Tie all thy cares up,

thought her kind watcher, who was doubly thrown upon a recollection of that

beautiful passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, by the suspicion she had of the cause of the girl's visit. "And yet," thought she, turning her eyes with a thin tear in them towards the church spire, "he was an excellent boy,—the boy of my heart."

When the stranger woke, the secret was explained: and if the mind of her hostess was relieved, it was only the more touched with pity, and indeed moved with respect and admiration. The dying girl, (for she was evidently dying, and happy at the thought of it,) was the niece of an humble tradesman in Venice, at whose house young Montague, who was a gentleman of small fortune, had lodged and fallen sick in his travels. She was a lively good-natured girl, whom he used to hear coquetting and playing the guitar with her neighbours; and it was greatly on this account, that her considerate and hushing gravity struck him whenever she entered his room. One day he heard no more coquetting, nor even the guitar. He asked the reason, when she came to give him some drink; and she said that she had heard him mention some noise that disturbed him. "But you do not call your voice and your music a noise," said he, "do you Rosaura? I hope not, for I had expected it would give me double strength to get rid of this fever and reach home." Rosaura turned pale, and let the patient into a secret; but what surprised and delighted him was, that she played her guitar nearly as often as before, and sung too, only less sprightly airs. "You get better and better, Signor," said she, "every day; and your mother will see you and be happy. I hope you will tell her what a good doctor you had?" "The best in the world," cried he, as he sat up in bed, he put his arm round her waist, and kissed her. "Pardon me, Signora," said the poor girl to her hostess; "but I felt that arm round my waist for a week after:—aye, almost as much as if it had been there." "And Charles felt that you did," thought his mother; "for he never told me the story."—"He begged my pardon," continued she, "as I was hastening out of the room, and hoped I should not construe his warmth into impertinence: and to hear him talk so to me, who used to fear what he might think of myself—it made me stand in the passage, and lean my head against the wall,

and weep such bitter and yet such sweet tears! But he did not hear them:—no, madam, he did not know indeed how much I—how much I—" "Loved him, child," interrupted Mrs Montague; "you have a right to say so; and I wish he had been alive to say as much to you himself." "Oh, good God!" said the dying girl, her tears flowing away, "this is too great a happiness for me, to hear his own mother talking so." And again she lays her weak head upon the lady's hand. The latter would have persuaded her to sleep again, but she said she could not for joy: "for I'll tell you, madam," continued she; "I do not believe you'll think it foolish, for something very grave at my heart tells me it is not so; but I have had a long thought" (and her voice and look grew somewhat more exalted as she spoke) "which has supported me through much toil and many disagreeable things to this country and this place; and I will tell you what it is and how it came into my mind. I received this letter from your son." Here she drew out a paper which though carefully wrapped up in several others was much worn at the sides. It was dated from the village, and ran thus:— "This comes from the Englishman whom Rosaura nursed so kindly at Venice. She will be sorry to hear that her kindness was in vain, for he is dying: and he sometimes fears, that her sorrow will be still greater than he could wish it to be. But marry one of your kind countrymen, my good girl; for all must love Rosaura who know her. If it shall be my lot ever to meet her in heaven, I will thank her as a blessed tongue only can." "As soon as I read this letter, madam, and what he said about heaven, it flashed into my head that though I did not deserve him on earth, I might, perhaps, by trying and patience, deserve to be joined with him in heaven, where there is no distinction of persons. My uncle was pleased to see me become a religious pilgrim: but he knew as little of the contract as I; and I found that I could earn my way to England better and quite as religiously by playing my guitar, which was also more independent; and I had often heard your son talk of independence and freedom, and commend me for doing what he was pleased to call so much kindness to others. So I played my guitar from Venice all the way to Eng-

land, and all that I earned by it I gave away to the poor, keeping enough to procure me lodging. I lived on bread and water, and used to weep happy tears over it, because I looked up to heaven and thought he might see me. I have sometimes, though not often, met with small insults; but if ever they threatened to grow greater, I begged the people to desist in the kindest way I could, even smiling, and saying I would please them if I had the heart; which might be wrong, but it seemed as if deep thoughts told me to say so; and they used to look astonished, and left off; which made me the more hope that St Mark and the Holy Virgin did not think ill of my endeavours. So playing, and giving alms in this manner, I arrived in the neighbourhood of your beloved village, where I fell sick for a while and was very kindly treated in an outhouse; though the people, I thought, seemed to look strange and afraid on this crucifix,—though your son never did,—though he taught me to think kindly of every body, and hope the best, and leave every thing except our own endeavours to heaven. I fell sick, madam, because I found for certain that the Signor Montague was dead, albeit I had no hope that he was alive." She stopped awhile for breath, for she was growing weaker and weaker; and her hostess would fain have had her keep silence; but she pressed her hand as well as she might, and prayed with such a patient panting of voice to be allowed to go on, that she was. She smiled beautifully and resumed:—"So when—so when I got my strength a little again, I walked on and came to the beloved village; and I saw the beautiful white church spire in the trees; and then I knew where his body slept; and I thought some kind person would help me to die with my face looking towards the church, as it now does—and death is upon me, even now; but lift me a little higher on the pillows, dear lady, that I may see the green ground of the hill."

She was raised up as she wished, and after looking awhile with a placid feebleness at the hill, said in a very low voice—"Say one prayer for me, dear lady, and if it be not too proud in me, call me in it your daughter." The mother of her beloved summoned up a grave and earnest voice, as well as she might, and

knelt, and said, "O heavenly Father of us all, who in the midst of thy manifold and merciful bounties bringest us into strong passes of anguish, which nevertheless thou enablest us to go through, look down, we beseech thee, upon this thy young and innocent servant, the daughter that might have been, of my heart,—and enable her spirit to pass through the struggling bonds of mortality and be gathered into thy rest with those we love:—do, dear and great God, of thy infinite mercy; for we are poor weak creatures both young and old." Here her voice melted away into a breathing tearfulness; and after remaining on her knees a moment, she rose, and looked upon the bed, and saw that the weary smiling one was no more.

The Indicator.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

He comes not—I have watch'd the moon go down,
But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
Oh, how I love a mother's watch to keep,
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers
My heart, tho' sunk in sorrow, fixed and deep.
I had a husband once who loved me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip;
But yet I cannot hate—Oh! there were hours,
When I could hang for ever on his eye,
And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strew'd as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then—he loved me too—My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile:
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart!
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venomed and barbed, and waste upon the vile
Caresses, which his babe and mine should share;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness—and should sickness come, and lay
Its paralysing hand upon him, then
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep and say,
How injured, and how faithful I had been.

Anon.

KABAK.

AN EASTERN TALE.

IN the vicinity of the famous city of Bagdat, which standeth on the green and winding Tigris, like a precious jewel on the back of a coiling serpent—dwelt Kabak, the *woodcutter*, as good a mussulman as ever stepped out of a sandal into a mosque, or indulged in the mastication of opium; and was particularly remarkable for the adroit and dexterous manner in which he handled his *bill*; although this is not so much to be wondered at, when it is remembered, that like the vulture—he used his *bill* not only to *feed*—but to clothe himself too.

In the pursuit of his vocation, Kabak was obliged, one day, to enter the gates of the city under cover of several bundles of wood, which he had risen before day-break to hew from the venerable trees of the wood wherein he resided, the Kaliph's cook having commanded him to bring the said fuel for the culinary purpose of roasting a covey of partridges, and a lamb or two, for the delicate maw of the commander of the faithful, and his numerous household.

Oh! a single glance into the kitchen of the Kaliph was a feast to the eyes, and a provocative to hunger. The plump birds, trimly trussed and powdered for the polished spits! the milk-white rice for the *pilau*; the delicate odour of the various spices, made the woodcutter slowly and instinctively project his bearded chin, and raise his regaled nostrils in the fragrant air.

But the double-chinned, burly cook was too well-fed to feel any sympathy for the hungry, and, although a single kidney, a gizzard, or a liver plucked from the embrace of a chicken's wing, would have satisfied the moderate desires of Kabak, he offered him nothing—not even payment for his services; indeed, Kabak dared not for his life ask such a thing of so great a man as the Kaliph's cook; so, like many a well-bred modern shop-keeper, he stood playing significantly with his *bill* in his hand.

At last deigning to cast his little, peering, piggish eyes (which just glimmered through his fat, heavy eye-lids) upon the woodcutter, he uttered such a sharp, repulsive, "Go!" that the startled Kabak

fancied, at the moment, that the cook had stuck the silver skewer in *his* gizzard, instead of that of the turkey he was trussing. And confusedly making his *salam*, the trembling Kabak vanished.

His imagination, but not his stomach, filled with the inviting edibles his eyes had devoured, Kabak was making his retreat from this temple of luxury and temptation, when, passing through a latticed corridor, the shuffling of a score sandals on the tessellated marble pavement approaching him, in an instant scared away all the sumptuary reveries from his busy brain, and left it empty and confused, as a vacated province before the march of a hostile army; for Kabak expected no less than to be decapitated by some whirligig scymitar, sharper than his own bill.

Escape was vain: the group rapidly advanced; and his dizzy eyes beheld not only caftans and turbans, but veils too; and being veils, there were of course women, and to look upon these lovely houris was not only *poetically*, but actually *death*.

Prostrate fell the trembling woodcutter—his forehead throbbing against the cold pavement. But his abject garb and his terror, but too evident in his quivering limbs, fortunately for his head (and this *tale*) only excited the mirth of the beholders, and the fair ones enjoyed a hearty laugh at his *expense*; which he doubtless considered his *profit*, for he inwardly thanked *Mahomet* for his preservation.

His fears being lulled, Kabak, moved by curiosity, ventured when they had all passed him to raise his head, and cast a glance askance at the retiring group of merry girls; and oh! most fortunate of woodcutters, his vision was blessed by the sunshiny face of a very sylph, who coquettishly drawing aside her veil, smiled roguishly upon the recumbent Kabak, and the next moment faded like a rainbow from his sight.

Poor Kabak! He hurried back to his own hut again, lovesick as a nightingale, and forlorn as a frog in a stork's bill.

Never had he encountered so much and gained so little, since he had commenced the arduous calling of lopping trees.

He had laboured early and indefatigably to chop up the six bundles of wood for the fat cook, without even getting a *stake* or a *chop* for himself; and he had moreover

found an appetite and lost a heart. These occurrences had completely turned Kabak *topsy-turvy*, so sinking listlessly upon his own *block*, his varying thoughts issued from his lips in an audible soliloquy.

"Oh! that I were rich! that I were a wise Kaliph, or only a simple Cadi; I would kick that cursed cook; and oh! how I would hug that beautiful, little, bright-eyed Georgian!—what wicked eyes!—what pretty lips!—By the beard of the prophet!—that lazy blubberlipped cook should cut wood, and work till his sandals were no better than dripping-pans to his fat carcass!—How would I make my slaves fly!—More sherbet here!—rose water!—pistachios—pilau—bring me a lamb!—I'll taste those partridges!—Oh! I would be hungry and eat for a whole month!—Oh! beautiful Georgian!—sweeter than new-blown roses; whose breath is more fragrant than the caravans of musk from Khoten; whose eyes are more bright and piercing than the spits of that ill-favoured cook, who gave me nothing but black looks and sharp words for my pains.—O! cook—O! Georgian—O! Georgian!—O! cook!—one kills me with cruelty and the other with kindness. I'm pinched by hunger and consumed by love. Yet would I forget all my pains and pangs in the possession of such a nymph as she whom my eyes beheld to-day. What sorrow could possibly befall that her smiles could not have power to sweeten?"

Scarcely had he given vent to these complicated feelings of his heart, when a small vapour issuing from the *ground-floor* of his humble cabin, suddenly cut short his speech. Anon it spread wider and wider, becoming more dense as it arose; when presently the cloud divided, and there appeared a beautiful female form to the enchanted eyes of Kabak. She bore the identical figure and face of the fair Georgian.

With silly wonder, half-joyed, and half abashed, the woodcutter, grasping the thumb of his left hand, leered with a smiling look, expressive of his inward delight, upon the sylph before him—not daring to approach her.

"Kabak," cried she, in a voice more melodious than the flute or the rebek, "lord of my heart, receive thy bride!"

"Eh! my—mine?" exclaimed the astonished woodcutter, encouraged by these bold advances, "mine—but art thou really

mine? Don't be putting a jest upon me."

"Jest! I dare not jest with my spouse, if it did not please him—I love my Kabak too—too much!" and putting her left arm round *her* Kabak's neck, she playfully patted his cheek.

"This is a dream—love me—no—it cannot be," cried he, "what beautiful lips; what—may I presume to—to kiss them?"

"Presume," said the Georgian, "is not my lord the light of my eyes, and the joy of my heart?"

"May I then?" said Kabak—licking his lips in anticipation, and pressing hers in reality, venting an exclamatory "Oh!" of delight after every ecstatic salute—"Oh, this is too much!"

But this pleasant dalliance was disagreeably interrupted by some one rapping loudly at the door.

Kabak was alarmed, and fearfully jealous that any human eye should behold the most precious jewel of his house.

Unfortunately, his economical establishment consisted only of one room; no *haram*; no closet; no *trunk*, save that of a tree, never was bachelor in such an awkward quandary—such a distressing dilemma.

The rapping continued, accompanied by the importunate voice of the burly cook! Kabak would as soon have encountered the devil: however, seeing no alternative, he hastily piled up some fagots; behind which, with many confused apologies, he placed his would-be wife, then unbarring his door, he cunningly yawned, and rubbed his eyes, as if he had just awakened from a sound sleep.

"You lazy dog," cried the fat cook, "how dare you sleep when I am coming hither? Am I not thy patron, ungrateful slave? Do not I employ thee oftener, and consume more wood than all thy customers put together? who are but as dust beneath my feet."

Kabak humbly begged pardon for his remissness, promising in future to be unremitting in his duty. "Mind ye do," said the choleric cook, "and to make you remember your duty to your superiors more faithfully, take that"—and raising his round, plump, little leg, to kick Kabak, he missed his aim and fell backwards against the barricade which concealed the lady, who screaming with affright, rushed from her hiding place, to the terror of Kabak, and the unspeakable wonder and

admiration of the sprawling cook, who, scarcely able to move his mountain of flesh from the floor, sat silently devouring the charms of the lady, as she hung upon her dear Kabak, like a drooping lily propped by a hazel twig.

"O, O!" cried the cook, then ruminating a short moment, "*Friend Kabak*," resumed he, mildly, "lend me thine arm." Kabak raised him, his heart was heavier than the cook.

"Thy fortune's made, friend Kabak;—thou hast a jewel yonder."

"Which I would keep."

"Psha, fifty sequins are thine, yield me thy slave—'tis a bargain."

"Never," cried the woodcutter, "she is above price."

"Very well, very well!" cried the cook, shrugging up his shoulders, "thou wilt cry for the fifty sequins to-morrow;" and with this threat he went away.

"Here's a predicament," exclaimed the sorrowful Kabak, "I am undone." And not even the blandishments of the lady of his heart could dispel his sad forebodings; and sure enough, on the following morning the Kaliph's guard surrounded his hut, and breaking down the door, demanded the surrender of his slave. Kabak and his bride, whom he now looked upon as the innocent but unhappy source of all his misfortunes, were taken before the Kaliph, who, immediately struck with the transcendent beauty of the slave, ordered her to be placed in his haram, and Kabak to be entertained with great care in the dungeons of the seraglio, until his pleasure should be known. That the Kaliph's pleasure would prove Kabak's pain, the woodcutter was well aware; and bemoaning his unhappy fate, he sat, with his head in his hands, cursing the cook, the Kaliph, and his own ill-luck.

"Sure some evil genius must have granted my wish and sent this nymph only for my destruction. Fool that I was, to desire the possession of such a grievous care as a beautiful woman; thereby creating the envy of my betters, and whetting a scymitar for my own unfortunate neck!

"Kabak! Kabak! thou art an arrant zany. Why did thy foolish tongue utter the preposterous wishes of thy heart? What did a poor devil of a woodcutter want with a houri; a nymph fit for the haram of the Commander of the Faithful?

'Twas like a hog sighing for embroidered sandals, or a lazy toad groaning for a silken palanquin.

"A most egregious folly, whereby I shall lose my head, which I still value as an old acquaintance, though it has proved of so little use to me."

As he concluded these penitential reflections, there arose before him a venerable sage, with a snowy beard descending even to his feet. Mildness and benevolence beamed from his bright blue eyes, and threw a sunshine over his placid features.

Kabak, with reverential awe, prostrated himself at the sage's feet.

"Mortal," said he, "thy wishes were wild and unreasonable. But only in the fulfilment thereof could their fallacy have been satisfactorily proved. Thine eyes are opened, and thine errors punished. Henceforth be content in the station which heaven in its wisdom hath assigned thee. Go forth; thou art free. Be honest and industrious, and the good genii will defend thee from all harm."

The sage melted into air; and the no less astonished than delighted Kabak found himself on the floor of his own cabin!

A. Crowquil.

THE LORD'S MARIE.

THE Lord's Marie has lepp'd her locks

Up wi' a gowden kame,

An' she has put on her net-silk hose,

An' awa to the tryste has gane.

O saft, saft fell the dew on her locks,

An' saft, saft on her brow;

Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberry lip,

An' I kiss'd it aff I trow.

"O whar gat ye that leal maiden,

Sae jimpy laced an' sma'?"

O whar gat ye that young damsel,

Wha dings our lasses a'!

O whar gat ye that bonnie, bonnie lass,

Wi' heaven in her e'e?"

O here's ae drap o' the damask wine,

Sweet maiden will ye prae?"

Fu' white, white was her bonnie neck,

Twist wi' the satin twine.

But ruddie, ruddie grew her hawse,

While she sipp'd the bluid-red wine,

"Come here's thy health, young stranger dow,

Wha wears the gowden kame—

This night will mony drink thy health,

And ken na wha to name.

Play me up "Sweet Marie," I cried,
 And loud the piper blew—
 But the fiddler play'd ay *struntum strum*,
 An' down his bow he threw.
 "Here's thy kind health i' the ruddie red wine,
 Fair dame o' the stranger land!
 For never a pair o' een before
 Could mar my gude bow hand."

Her lips were a cloven hinney cherrie,
 Sae tempting to the sight;
 Her locks, owre alabaster brows,
 Fell like the morning light.
 An' light on her hinny breath, heaved her
 locks,
 As through the dance she flew;
 While luvie laugh'd in her bonny blue e'e,
 And dwalt on her comely mou'.

"Loose hings ye're broider'd good garter,
 Fair lady, dare I speak?"
 She, trembling, lift up her silken hand
 To her red, red flushing cheek,
 "Ye've drapp'd ye've drapp'd your brooch o'
 goud,
 Thou Lord's daughter sae gay;"
 The tears o'er-brimm'd her bonnie blue e'e,
 "O come, O come away."

"O mald, undo the siller ban',
 To thy chamber let me win."
 "An' tak this kiss, thou peasant youth,
 I daurna let thee in.
 And tak," quoth she, "this kame o' gowd,
 Wl' my lock o' yellow hair,
 For meikle my heart forebodes to me
 I never maun meet thee mair."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

SCHOOL FRIENDSHIP.

COLONEL and Mrs Nightingale reside in Albemarle-street. The Colonel's movements may be said to form the two sides of an obtuse-angled triangle: that is to say, he rides into Hyde Park before dinner, and to the Opera-house in the Haymarket after it. Mrs Nightingale reads the English poets: she possesses them all neatly bound, placed upon a species of literary dumb-waiter. When tired of Sir Walter Scott, she has only to give her sattin-wood machine a jerk, and "Cain, a Mystery," tumbles into her lap. About two-and-thirty-years ago, Jack Nightingale (as he was then called) quitted Westminster School. His most intimate crony at that establishment was George Withers, a fair round faced boy with flaxen hair.

Old General Nightingale, Jack's father, used to call him "the sweet little cherub," partly with reference to the chubby-checked ornaments of old tombstones, and partly to Dibdin's celebrated ballad, which introduces that bodiless personage at the close of every stanza. The cherub would often accompany young Nightingale to dine with the General, in Hertford-street, May-fair. Upon these occasions, the latter would take upon him to cross-examine his visitant in Latin. The General seldom advanced into the Roman territories beyond "Mars, Bacchus, Apollo," but he continued, nevertheless, to make George Withers sit very uneasy upon his chair. Be that as it may, the friendship of the two boys was most exemplary: I am as fond of new quotations as the author of Saint Ronan's Well, and shall therefore satisfy myself with asserting, that

"In infancy their hopes and fears
 Were to each other known."

Time makes terrible havoc with school friendships. Jack Nightingale quitted Westminster and became a member of his father's profession: George Withers entered the church, and became curate of Scoresby, in Yorkshire. For the first six months, nothing could be more constant than their correspondence. Many a one shilling and ninenpence of theirs, did my lords the Joint Postmaster pocket: after that period the attachment hung fire, like the New Post-office itself in St Martin's le Grand. Something of importance was continually occurring to abbreviate their epistles: Jack Nightingale had to try on a new hussar cap, and George Withers had to bury an old woman.—"So no more at present from," &c. &c. The case is by no means a singular one. Gibbon, when living at Lausanne, was always hammering out an excuse for not writing to his friend Lord Sheffield. The fault, in these cases, seems to consist in attempting to apologize: why not boldly leave off writing at once, and imitate the man with a toothache, who, after being pestered with seven civil inquiries from a friend, couched in the accustomed phrase "How do you find yourself now," at length answered, "when there is any alteration I will let you know."

The revolutionary French war now

broke out, and Cornet Nightingale joined his regiment in Flanders. Two letters, "like angel visits," (another new quotation) were dispatched by him to his clerical Orestes, from before Valenciennes. In one of these the following phrase occurred, "Our troops have sat down before the town."—George Withers in his reply, observed, "I am very glad to hear it, for the poor fellows must have been sadly tired." Our military Pylades took this as a joke, but I confidently believe that it was written in sober seriousness. George Withers had heard talk of camp-stools, and concluded that the Duke of York had provided his weary troops with a due assortment of them. Upon the firing of these two epistolary shots, both batteries were silenced.

After a lapse of upwards of thirty years, one fine Saturday afternoon, in the last variable month of March, when Colonel Nightingale had availed himself of a gleam of sunshine, to take his canter in the park, his lady, busied at her rotatory book-stand, heard a hard double rap at the street-door. The two heavy concussions made her think it was either a twopenny postman or a twopenny creditor. In either case the affair excited but little emotion. John, however, in a few seconds entered the drawing-room, and informed his mistress, that a fat man wished particularly to see Colonel Nightingale or his Lady. "Show him up," said Mrs Nightingale, "but leave the door ajar, and remain within call." The door was re-opened, and in walked the Reverend George Withers. He begged pardon for intruding; but, being summoned up to town to attend a trial, (here he produced the subpoena,) he could not for the life of him avoid calling upon his old friend and school-fellow, whom he had not seen for thirty years and upwards: he had had a vast deal of trouble in finding him out: at the Horse Guards he was referred to the United-Service Club: he had turned, by mistake, into a large glass shop, in what used, thirty years ago, to be called Cockspur-street, but the name was now changed to Pall Mall East, why he could not devise: the man at the counter was very civil, that he must say for him, but could give him no information: the two sentinels fronting Carlton Palace, had contented themselves with shaking their heads: but at length, Mr Samma the bookseller, at

the corner of St James's street, had cast his eye over a little thick red book, called Boyle's Court Guide, and had directed him to the proper place. Mrs Nightingale received Mr Withers, notwithstanding the decided *mauvais ton* of his aspect, with great politeness. She intimated that she had often heard the Colonel speak of his friend Withers, and how delighted he should be to meet with him again: the Colonel was riding in Hyde Park; but she hoped and trusted that Mr Withers would name an early day for partaking of a family dinner in Albemarle-street. Mr Withers looked a little duller than usual at this *sine die* adjournment, and said that he must go back to Scoresby on the morrow. Mrs Nightingale hereupon hoped that Mr Withers would so far oblige them, as to partake of their humble fare to-day. The reverend gentleman acquiesced with alacrity; and after many bows, and backing against a frail mahogany table surmounted with a chess-board, whereby knights and pawns were precipitated to the ground, took his departure to the New Hummums. "I have invited a friend to dine with you to-day," said Mrs Nightingale, as her spouse with splashed boots entered the room. The brow of Colonel Nightingale lowered—"My dear, how could you be so dreadfully inconsiderate: are you aware that it is Opera night?" "True," rejoined the Lady, "but the gentleman is obliged to quit town to-morrow." "He must be a very extraordinary gentleman if he induces me to postpone Catalanì." "I think, notwithstanding, that that consequence will follow, when you learn who it is."—"And pray who is it?" "What do you think of George Withers." "What, my old crony at Westminster?" "Yes, he." "My dear Augusta, you have acted with your accustomed good sense. George Withers! I shall be delighted to see him! Why it is nearly twenty years since we last saw each other." "For nearly twenty, read upwards of thirty," thought Mrs Nightingale, but she was too good a wife to give the erratum utterance.

Precisely at half-past six, the same sort of heavy double-rap at the door denoted that George Withers had arrived. The school-fellows advanced with delight to accost each other, but in the act of shaking hands mutually gave a start of aston-

ishment. Good heaven! said Nightingale to himself, is it possible that this can be Withers? and, Good heavens! said Withers to himself, is it possible that this can be Nightingale?—a sympathy of ejaculation, which could only proceed from friendship of such a long standing. Dinner was immediately announced, and Mrs Nightingale was destined to be *amused* by an eager recital of their mutual “hair-breadth ‘scapes” at their ancient seminary. “Do you remember Sam Talbot?”—“To be sure I do. What is become of him?”—“He married a planter’s daughter, and settled in Tobago.”—“Where’s Lawrence?”—“Which of them, Charles or Robert?”—“Robert I meant.”—“He is a barrack-master at Colchester.”—“And what’s become of Charles Enderby, who broke his leaping-pole, and fell into Drayton’s ditch in Tothill-fields?”—“Oh, he has purchased half a million of swampy acres in the back-settlements of America!”—“Indeed! well, he always had a turn that way. Do you remember his battle with Frank Parsons? he certainly would have scalped him if he had not worn a wig.” Discourse like this is highly entertaining to the parties interested; but they are apt, in the hurry of colloquy, to keep all the entertainment to themselves. Mrs Nightingale, independently of her dislike to these exclusive reminiscences, found serious internal fault with the Reverend George Withers’s style of eating. The food unquestionably reached his mouth, but somehow it never got there as it should have done. His four-pronged silver fork lay idle upon the table-cloth, while his knife was doing all the duty which polite custom has thrown upon its silver associate, passed to and fro from his mouth to his plate with fearful impetuosity. “I have one chance yet,” sighed the lady to herself; “he will cut his own tongue out in a minute—I plainly perceive that nothing else can check his garrulity.” Still the conversation ran in the same channel.—“Do you remember this?” and “Do you remember that?” ushered in every speech. At length the Reverend Mr Withers asked the friend of his heart, whether he remembered how he served the Italian image-men? Nightingale had forgotten it. “Oh, then I must recall it to your memory,” said the divine. “There was a party of us, madam, (turning to the

lady of the mansion) at our window, when in came a man into Dean’s yard with a set of plaster images upon a board, balanced upon his head. These Italians are certainly admirable artists. Such correct grouping of figures, such harmony! Let me see, there were Socrates, Mendoza, Necker, Lord Howe, Milton, a gilt lion, Count Cagliostro, Whitfield, and a green parrot, all cheek-by-jowl together. The man—oh, you must remember it, Jack—walked under the window, crying ‘Image, image, who’ll buy my image?’ when you—O, you must recollect—threw a basin of water upon his board. Away floated Whitfield, and the green parrot: Mendoza gave Milton a knock-down blow: the gilt lion fell tooth and nail upon Count Cagliostro: and Necker could not find ways and means to keep his place—Lord Howe was the only officer who kept the deck.” “Yes, yes, now I do remember it,” exclaimed Colonel Nightingale, laughing heartily. It would have been better if he had remained serious. The opening of his fauces set Mr Withers’s tongue afloat upon a very ticklish topic. “Why, Jack,” exclaimed the relentless clergyman, “you have got a new tooth.” The Colonel reddened; but the ecclesiastic proceeded. “Well, that’s droll enough: you certainly *had* lost a tooth: I think it was your left eye-tooth.”—“Do you retain your wise ones?” inquired the caustic Colonel. “Yes, both of them,” replied the matter-of-fact divulger of secrets. “You must remember the loss of your’s; it was on the left side: Frank Anderson knocked it out with a cricket-ball.” There are certain secrets which men keep even from their wives. For “twice ten tedious years” the Colonel had been hugging himself in the certainty that the affair in question was confined to Chevalier Ruspini and himself. “Will you take a glass of Champaign, Sir?” said the master of the mansion. The movement was most dextrous. The Reverend Mr Withers had made a “god of his belly” too long to allow the thoughts of any teeth, save his own, to cross his Bacchanalian devotions.

When the summons of “Coffee is ready” had induced the two school friends to rejoin Mrs Nightingale in the drawing-room, all former incidents had been pretty well exhausted, and they now proceeded

to discuss "things as they are." But in this species of duet they by no means chimed harmoniously together. Withers thought Scoresby and its concerns were the concerns of all mankind; and Nightingale could not imagine that any body upon earth had any thing to think of save Rossini and his prima donna of a wife, Lindley's violoncello, Garcia in Agorante, and Catalani in *Il Fanatico per la Musica*. "I have news to tell you," said the country parson to the frequenter of the Italian opera, "which I am sure you will be glad to hear."—"Indeed, what is it?"—"My black sow has produced me seven of as pretty pigs as ever you saw in your life. Then I've another thing to tell you: I enlarged my pig-stye seven feet four inches: four inches? I really think it was five: yes, it certainly was five. This caused the bullding to project a little, and but a little, upon the footpath that leads the back way, up town, from the Red Lion to Mrs Marshall's meadow. Well, now, what do you think Tom Austin did? He told Richard Holloway that I had been guilty of a trespass: whereupon Holloway, by advice of Skinner his attorney, pulled down four planks of the new part of the pig-stye, and let the whole litter out into the village! Little Johnny Mears caught one of them—it was the black and white one—and Smithers, the baker, contrived to get hold of five more; but I have never set eyes upon the seventh from that day to this! The poor black sow took on sadly. Dick Holloway ought to be ashamed of himself. He is a fellow of very loose habits, and never sets out his tithes as he should do. But what can you expect from a Presbyterian?" "This bald unjointed chat" made Colonel Nightingale fidget up and down like the right elbow of Mr Lindley pending the agony of his violoncello accompaniment to the "Batti Batti" of the now forgotten Mozart. The Colonel had hitherto with marvellous patience, from complaisance to his guest, forborne to mount his own hobby: finding, however, that the latter was in no hurry to dismount, he resolved, *coute qui coute*, to vault into his own proper saddle. The following dialogue forthwith ensued. I copy it verbatim, as a model of school friendship standing firm, in its community of tastes, amid the wreck of thirty years and up-

I.

wards. "I am, I own, extremely partial to Rossini's Ricciardo e Zoraide: Garcia in Agorante excels himself: the critics object to his excess of ornament; but I own this has always appeared to me to be his chief merit."—"When the black sow litters again, I shall keep a sharp look out upon Master Holloway; and if he pulls down any more planks from my pig-stye, I mean to put him into the Spiritual Court."—"Catalani's spiritual concerts are not particularly well attended, and I am not sorry for it: Bochsa has started his oratorios with all the talent in town, and therefore ought to be encouraged. By the bye, Madame Vestris is a woman of most versatile talent. Her mock Don Giovanni is admirable: not that I approve of any mockery of the Italian Opera: profaneness cannot be too steadily discouraged. But it is not a little surprising, that a woman who can act that sprightly comic extravaganza should be able to depict the jealous and indignant Princess Zomira."—"We have a club of clergymen who meet once a month at Kettering to shake hands and exchange sermons: last Friday month I gave one of mine to Doctor Pringle, whose grandfather was chaplain to the English factory at Lisbon, and received one of his in exchange. I intended to look it over on Sunday morning before church, but"—"How extremely well Madame Vestris, Camporese, and Garcia, execute that trio in the first act 'Sara l'alma delusa scherzetta': when Madame Vestris comes in with her 'O l'indegno qui dove perir,' I declare she stands her ground most womanfully: the fact is, that the sweetness of Italian music"—"But Hannah and I were busy hunting the black sow out of the cucumber beds: we were so busy, crying, 'Hey tig! tig!' that we did not hear the bell toll: so up I walked into the pulpit without ever once looking at the sermon"—"Those orange-tawny stuff curtains are a disgrace to the Opera house"—"well I began reading it, and to my great surprise I found that it had been preached by Doctor Pringle's grandfather immediately after the great earthquake at Lisbon. I therefore found myself under the disagreeable necessity of thus addressing my congregation at Kettering:—"When I look around me, and behold the effects of the late horrid devastation of nature: trees torn up by the

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roots; houses toppling to their foundation; men and cattle ingulphed in the earth, and the whole horizon rocking like the ocean in its most tempestuous moments.' You cannot imagine the sensation I excited: the women fanned themselves and fainted; and the men muttered to each other, 'Dear me! something unpleasant must have occurred since we entered the church!'—I never preached with so much effect either before or since."

The regular amble of the Rev. George Withers's hobby had now contrived to distance the curvatures and prance of colonel Nightingale's. The colonel pulled up, and lifting a small gold watch from his right waistcoat pocket, muttered to himself—"Ah, the wretch! it is half-past ten, and Catalani must have sung her second Cavatina.—Where do you lodge, Sir?" said the host, coldly to his guest—"At the New Hummums."—"Indeed! are you aware that they close their doors at a quarter past eleven?"—"You don't say so?"—"Yes, I do: but you may find very pretty accommodation at 'the Finish:' the street strollers and market gardeners speak of it in high terms." This hit told: the reverend George Withers looked at his watch, and made a rapid retreat. "Well!" cried the Colonel the moment the door was closed, "so much for school friendship: did you ever see such a vulgar dog—such an idiot too—so blind to his own interest: if he had but held his tongue two minutes, I could have given him my opinion of 'Rossini's Zelmira.' I am one Opera night out of pocket by him, and that is enough to make me detest him to my dying day. Such illiberality too—did you hear him say,—'What can you expect from a presbyterian!'—How I hate a man who vilifies a whole tribe for the faults of an individual!—I have long thought it, and I now know it—All men who live in the country are fools."

Grimm's Ghost.

PEACE AND WAR.

How beautiful this night! the balmy sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebony
vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur
rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled
steep,
Whose banner gangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.—

Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven?—That dark red
smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers
round!
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage:—loud, and more loud
The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud.—Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there;
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widow'd love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan,
With which some soul bursts from the frame of
Wrapt round its struggling powers. [clay

The grey morn
Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous
Before the icy wind slow rolls away, [smoke
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracts of blood
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful
Of the outsallying victors: far behind, [path
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

PERCY BYSSHE SHRELEY.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE

CORRESPONDENCE OF COWPER.*

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

* * * *

IF a Board of Inquiry were to be established, at which poets were to undergo an examination respecting the motives that induced them to publish, and I were to be summoned to attend, that I might give an account of mine, I think I could truly say, what perhaps few poets could, that though I have no objection to lucrative consequences, if any such should follow, they are not my aim; much less is it my ambition to exhibit myself to the world as a genius. What then, says Mr President, can possibly be your motive? I answer, with a bow—Amusement. There is nothing but this—no occupation within the compass of my small sphere, Poetry excepted—that can do much towards diverting that train of melancholy thoughts, which, when I am not thus employed, are for ever pouring themselves in upon me. And if I did not publish what I write, I could not interest myself sufficiently in my own success, to make an amusement of it.

* * * *

Whoever means to take my phiz will find himself sorely perplexed in seeking for a fit occasion. That I shall not give him one, is certain; and if he steals one, he must be as cunning and quick-sighted a thief as Autolycus himself. His best

* The letters of COWPER, published by Hayley, have been long before the public, and, with those of Gray, have taken their place as the very best models of epistolary correspondence in the English language—playful, ingenious, graceful, and unaffected. The above delicious specimens will probably be new to most readers, as they are taken from a fresh collection of letters, recently issued under the title of, "Private Correspondence of William Cowper, Esq. with several of his most intimate friends: now first published from the originals in the possession of his kinsman, John Johnson, LL. D: in two volumes: Lond. 1824." Independent of their intrinsic beauty, they cannot fail to be acceptable to every admirer of that truly excellent and amiable poet.—Ed.

course will be to draw a face, and call it mine, at a venture. They who have not seen me these twenty years will say, It may possibly be a striking likeness now, though it bears no resemblance to what he was: time makes great alterations. They who know me better will say perhaps, Though it is not perfectly the thing, yet there is somewhat of the cast of his countenance. If the nose was a little longer, and the chin a little shorter, the eyes a little smaller, and the forehead a little more protuberant, it would be just the man. And thus, without seeing me at all, the artist may represent me to the public eye, with as much exactness as yours has bestowed upon you, though, I suppose, the original was full in his view when he made the attempt.

* * * *

I have often promised myself a laugh with you about your pipe, but have always forgotten it when I have been writing, and at present I am not much in a laughing humour. You will observe, however, for your comfort and the honour of that same pipe, that it hardly falls within the line of my censure. You never fumigate the ladies, or force them out of company; nor do you use it as an incentive to hard-drinking. Your friends, indeed, have reason to complain that it frequently deprives them of the pleasure of your own conversation while it leads you either into your study or your garden; but in all other respects it is as innocent a pipe as can be. Smoke away, therefore; and remember that if one poet has condemned the practice, a better than he, the witty and elegant Hawkins Browne, has been warm in the praise of it.

TO THE SAME.

Nov. 30, 1783.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE neither long visits to pay nor to receive, nor ladies to spend hours in telling me that which might be told in five minutes, yet often find myself obliged to be an economist of time, and to make the most of a short opportunity. Let our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them, in this

world of ours. Business, or what presents itself to us, under that imposing character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how by means of such real or seeming necessities, my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and by the time I have made the observation, time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the Antediluvian world; that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration, and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goats-milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stript off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the meantime the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primæval world so much occupied, as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipt through his fingers, and were passed

away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this? Thus, however, it is, and if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste, when I have no good reason for being so.

* * * *

TO THE SAME.

March 19, 1785.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will wonder, no doubt, when I tell you that I write upon a card-table; and will be still more surprised when I add, that we breakfast, dine, sup, upon a card-table. In short, it serves all purposes, except the only one for which it was originally designed. The solution of this mystery shall follow, lest it should run in your head at a wrong time, and should puzzle you, perhaps, when you are on the point of ascending your pulpit: for I have heard you say, that at such seasons your mind is often troubled with impertinent intrusions. The round table, which we formerly had in use, was unequal to the pressure of my super-incumbent breast and elbows. When I wrote upon it, it creaked and tilted, and, by a variety of inconvenient tricks, disturbed the process. The fly-table was too slight and too small; the square dining-table, too heavy and too large, occupying, when its leaves were spread, almost the whole parlour; and the sideboard-table, having its station at too great a distance from the fire, and not being easily shifted out of its place and into it again, by reason of its size, was equally unfit for my purpose. The card-table, therefore, which had for sixteen years been banished as mere lumber; the card-table, which is covered with green baize, and is, therefore, preferable to any other that has a slippery surface; the card-table, that stands firm and never totters,—is advanced to the honour of as-

sisting me upon my scribbling occasions; and, because we choose to avoid the trouble of making frequent changes in the position of our household furniture, proves equally serviceable upon all others. It has cost us now and then the downfall of a glass: for, when covered with a tablecloth, the fish-ponds are not easily discerned; and not being seen, are sometimes as little thought of. But having numerous good qualities which abundantly compensate that single inconvenience, we spill upon it our coffee, our wine, and our ale, without murmuring, and resolve that it shall be our table still, to the exclusion of all others. Not to be tedious, I will add but one more circumstance upon the subject, and that only because it will impress upon you, as much as any thing that I have said, a sense of the value we set upon its escorial capacity.—Parched and penetrated on one side by the heat of the fire, it has opened into a large fissure, which pervades not the moulding of it only, but the very substance of the plank. At the mouth of this aperture, a sharp splinter presents itself, which, as sure as it comes in contact with a gown or an apron, tears it. It happens, unfortunately, to be on that side of this excellent and never-to-be-forgotten table which Mrs Unwin sweeps with her apparel, almost as often as she rises from her chair. The consequences need not, to use the fashionable phrase, be given in detail: but the needle sets all to rights; and the card-table still holds possession of its functions without a rival.

Clean roads and milder weather have once more released us, opening a way for our escape into our accustomed walks. We have both, I believe, been sufferers by such a long confinement. Mrs Unwin has had a nervous fever all the winter, and I a stomach that has quarrelled with every thing, and not seldom even with its bread and butter. Her complaint, I hope, is at length removed; but mine seems more obstinate, giving way to nothing that I can oppose to it, except just in the moment when the opposition is made. I ascribe this malady—both our maladies, indeed—in a great measure, to our want of exercise. We have each of us practised more, in other days, than lately we have been able to take; and for my own part, till I was more than thirty years old, it was almost essential to my comfort to

be perpetually in motion. My constitution, therefore, misses, I doubt not, its usual aids of this kind; and unless, for purposes which I cannot foresee, Providence should interpose to prevent it, will probably reach the moment of its dissolution the sooner for being so little disturbed. A vitiated digestion, I believe, always terminates, if not cured, in the production of some chronic disorder. In several I have known it produce a dropsy. But no matter. Death is inevitable; and whether we die to-day, or to-morrow, a watery death or a dry one, is of no consequence. The state of our spiritual health is all. Could I discover a few more symptoms of convalescence there, this body might moulder into its original dust without one sigh from me. Nothing of all this did I mean to say; but I have said it, and must now seek another subject.

One of our most favourite walks is spoiled. The spinney is cut down to the stumps: even the lilacs and the syringas, to the stumps. Little did I think, though indeed I might have thought it, that the trees which screened me from the sun last summer would this winter be employed in roasting potatoes and boiling tea-kettles for the poor of Olney. But so it has proved; and we ourselves have, at this moment, more than two waggon-loads of them in our wood-loft.

Such various services can trees perform;
Whom once they screen'd from heat, in time they
warm.

TO MRS NEWTON.

March 4, 1780.

DEAR MADAM,

To communicate surprise is almost, perhaps quite, as agreeable as to receive it. This is my present motive for writing to you rather than to Mr Newton. He would be pleased with hearing from me, but he would not be surprised at it; you see, therefore, I am selfish upon the present occasion, and principally consult my own gratification. Indeed, if I consulted yours, I should be silent, for I have no such budget as the Minister's, furnished and stuffed with ways and means for every emergency, and shall find it diffi-

cult, perhaps, to raise supplies even for a short epistle.

You have observed in common conversation, that the man who coughs the oftenest, I mean if he has not a cold, does it because he has nothing to say. Even so it is in letter-writing: a long preface, such as mine, is an ugly symptom, and always forebodes great sterility in the following pages.

The vicarage-house became a melancholy object, as soon as Mr Newton had left it; when you left it, it became more melancholy: now it is actually occupied by another family, even I cannot look at it without being shocked. As I walked in the garden this evening, I saw the smoke issue from the study chimney, and said to myself, That used to be a sign that Mr Newton was there; but it is so no longer. The walls of the house know nothing of the change that has taken place; the bolt of the chamber-door sounds just as it used to do; and when Mr P goes up stairs, for aught I know, or ever shall know, the fall of his foot could hardly, perhaps, be distinguished from that of Mr Newton. But Mr Newton's foot will never be heard upon that staircase again. These reflections, and such as these, occurred to me upon the occasion; ***** If I were in a condition to leave Olney too, I certainly would not stay in it. It is no attachment to the place that binds me here, but an unfitness for every other. I lived in it once, but now I am buried in it, and have no business with the world on the outside of my sepulchre; my appearance would startle them, and theirs would be shocking to me.

We were concerned at your account of Robert, and have little doubt but he will shuffle himself out of his place. Where he will find another, is a question not to be resolved by those who recommended him to this. I wrote him a long letter, a day or two after the receipt of yours, but I am afraid it was only clapping a blister upon the crown of a wig-block.

My respects attend Mr Newton and yourself, accompanied with much affection for you both.

Yours, dear Madam,

W. C.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

WHEN I write to Mr Newton, he answers me by letter; when I write to you, you answer me in fish. I return you many thanks for the mackerel and lobster. They assured me in terms as intelligible as pen and ink could have spoken, that you still remember *Orchard-side*; and though they never spoke in their lives, and it was still less to be expected from them that they should speak, being dead, they gave us an assurance of your affection that corresponds exactly with that which Mr Newton expresses towards us in all his letters.—For my own part, I never in my life began a letter more at a venture than the present. It is possible that I may finish it, but perhaps more than probable that I shall not. I have had several indifferent nights, and the wind is easterly; two circumstances so unfavourable to me in all my occupations, but especially that of writing, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could even bring myself to attempt it.

You have never yet perhaps been made acquainted with the unfortunate Tom F—'s misadventure. He and his wife returning from Hanslope fair, were coming down Weston-lane; to wit, themselves, their horse, and their great wooden panniers, at ten o'clock at night. The horse having a lively imagination, and very weak nerves, fancied he either saw or heard something, but has never been able to say what. A sudden fright will impart activity, and a momentary vigour, even to lameness itself. Accordingly, he started, and sprang from the middle of the road to the side of it, with such surprising alacrity, that he dismounted the gingerbread baker, and his gingerbread wife, in a moment. Not contented with this effort, nor thinking himself yet out of danger, he proceeded as fast as he could to a full gallop, rushed against the gate at the bottom of the lane, and opened it for himself, without perceiving that there was any gate there. Still he galloped, and with a velocity and momentum continually increasing, till he arrived in Olney. I had been in bed about ten minutes, when I heard the most uncommon

and unaccountable noise that can be imagined. It was, in fact, occasioned by the clattering of tin patty-pans and a Dutch-oven against the sides of the panniers. Much gingerbread was picked up in the street, and Mr Lucy's windows were broken all to pieces. Had this been all, it would have been a comedy, but we learned the next morning, that the poor woman's collar-bone was broken, and she has hardly been able to resume her occupation since.

* * * *

The winter sets in with great severity. The rigour of the season, and the advanced price of grain, are very threatening to the poor. It is well with those that can feed upon a promise, and wrap themselves up warm in the robe of salvation. A good fire-side and a well-spread table are but very indifferent substitutes for these better accommodations; so very indifferent, that I would gladly exchange them both, for the rags and the unsatisfied hunger of the poorest creature that looks forward with hope to a better world, and weeps tears of joy in the midst of penury and distress. What a world is this! How mysteriously governed, and, in appearance, left to itself. One man, having squandered thousands at a gaming-table, finds it convenient to travel; gives his estate to somebody to manage for him; amuses himself a few years in France and Italy; returns, perhaps, wiser than he went, having acquired knowledge which, but for his follies, he would never have acquired; again makes a splendid figure at home, shines in the senate, governs his country as its minister, is admired for his abilities, and, if successful, adored, at least by a party. When he dies he is praised as a demigod, and his monument records every thing but his vices. The exact contrast of such a picture is to be found in many cottages at Olney. I have no need to describe them; you know the characters I mean. They love God, they trust him, they pray to him in secret, and though he means to reward them openly, the day of recompense is delayed. In the mean time they suffer every thing that infirmity and poverty can inflict upon them. Who would suspect, that has not a spiritual eye to discern it, that the fine gentleman was one whom his Maker had in abhor-

rence, and the wretch last-mentioned, dear to him as the apple of his eye? It is no wonder that the world, who are not in the secret, find themselves obliged, some of them, to doubt a Providence, and others, absolutely to deny it, when almost all the real virtue there is in it, is to be found living and dying in a state of neglected obscurity, and all the vices of others cannot exclude them from the privilege of worship and honour! But behind the curtain the matter is explained; very little, however, to the satisfaction of the great.

If you ask me why I have written thus, and to you especially, to whom there was no need to write thus, I can only reply, that having a letter to write, and no news to communicate, I picked up the first subject I found, and pursued it as far as was convenient for my purpose.

TO MRS HILL.

Feb. 19, 1781.

DEAR MADAM,

WHEN a man, especially a man that lives altogether in the country, undertakes to write to a lady he never saw, he is the awkwardest creature in the world. He begins his letter under the same sensations he would have, if he was to accost her in person, only with this difference,—that he may take as much time as he pleases, for consideration, and need not write a single word that he has not well weighed and pondered beforehand, much less a sentence that he does not think supereminently clever. In every other respect, whether he be engaged in an interview or in a letter, his behaviour is, for the most part, equally constrained and unnatural. He resolves, as they say, to set the best leg foremost, which often proves to be what Hudibras calls—

———Not that of bone,
But much its better—th' wooden one.

His extraordinary effort only serves, as in the case of that hero, to throw him on the other side of his horse; and he owes his want of success, if not to absolute stupidity, to his most earnest endeavour to secure it.

Now I do assure you, Madam, that all these sprightly effusions of mine stand entirely clear of the charge of premeditation, and that I never entered upon a business of this kind with more simplicity in my life. I determined, before I began, to lay aside all attempts of the kind I have just mentioned; and being perfectly free from the fetters that self-conceit, commonly called bashfulness, fastens upon the mind, am, as you see, surprisingly brilliant.

My principal design is to thank you in the plainest terms, which always afford the best proof of a man's sincerity, for your obliging present. The seeds will make a figure hereafter in the stove of a much greater man than myself, who am a little man, with no stove at all. Some of them, however; I shall raise for my own amusement, and keep them, as long as they can be kept, in a bark heat, which I give them all the year; and in exchange for those I part with, I shall receive such exotics as are not too delicate for a greenhouse.

I will not omit to tell you, what, no doubt, you have heard already, though, perhaps, you have never made the experiment, that leaves gathered at the fall are found to hold their heat much longer than bark, and are preferable in every respect. Next year, I intend to use them myself. I mention it, because Mr Hill told me, some time since, that he was building a stove, in which, I suppose, they will succeed much better than in a frame.

I beg to thank you again, Madam, for the very fine salmon you was so kind as to favour me with, which has all the sweetness of a Hertfordshire trout, and resembles it so much in flavour, that, blindfold, I should not have known the difference.

I beg, Madam, you will accept all these thanks, and believe them as sincere as they really are. Mr Hill knows me well enough to be able to vouch for me, that I am not over-much addicted to compliments and fine speeches; nor do I mean either the one or the other, when I assure you that I am, dear Madam, not merely for his sake, but your own,

Your most obedient

and affectionate servant,

W. C.

TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

Dec. 7, 1782.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

At seven o'clock this evening, being the seventh of December, I imagine I see you in your box at the coffee-house. No doubt the waiter, as ingenious and adroit as his predecessors were before him, raises the tea-pot to the ceiling with his right hand, while in his left the tea-cup descending almost to the floor, receives a limpid stream; limpid in its descent, but so nooner has it reached its destination, than frothing and foaming to the view, it becomes a roaring syllabub. This is the nineteenth winter since I saw you in this situation; and if nineteen more pass over me before I die, I shall still remember a circumstance we have often laughed at.

How different is the complexion of your evenings and mine!—yours, spent amid the ceaseless hum that proceeds from the inside of fifty noisy and busy periwigs; mine, by a domestic fire-side, in a retreat as silent as retirement can make it; where no noise is made but what we make for our own amusement. For instance, here are two rustics, and your humble servant in company. One of the ladies has been playing on the harpsichord, while I, with the other, have been playing at battledoré and shuttlecock. A little dog, in the mean time, howling under the chair of the former, performed, in the vocal way, to admiration. This entertainment over, I began my letter, and having nothing more important to communicate, have given you an account of it. I know you love dearly to be idle, when you can find an opportunity to be so; but as such opportunities are rare with you, I thought it possible that a short description of the idleness I enjoy might give you pleasure. The happiness we cannot call our own, we yet seem to possess, while we sympathise with our friends who can.

The papers tell me that peace is at hand, and that it is at a great distance; that the siege of Gibraltar is abandoned, and that it is to be still continued. It is happy for

me, that though I love my country, I have but little curiosity. There was a time when these contradictions would have distressed me, but I have learned by experience that it is best for little people like myself to be patient, and to wait till time affords the intelligence which no speculations of theirs can ever furnish.

I thank you for a fine cod with oysters, and hope that ere long, I shall have to thank you for procuring me Elliott's medicines. Every time I feel the least uneasiness in either eye, I tremble lest, my Æsculapius being departed, my infallible remedy should be lost for ever. Adieu. My respects to Mrs Hill.

Yours, faithfully,

W. C.

THEY ALL ARE GONE.

THEY all are gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove;
Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope, and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them
To kindle my cold love. (me

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
Shining no where but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
Could man outlook that mark?

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may
know
At first sight if the bird be flown,
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up gave room
She'd shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective, still, as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN. [circ. 1650.]

THE

THREE BEAUTIES OF DRESDEN.

THE troops of the Elector of Saxony were repairing to winter quarters, after a tedious, but at length successful campaign against Frederic the Great. The capital had very lately been threatened with a siege by the Prussian monarch, and it was principally owing to the excellent conduct and astonishing intrepidity of a regiment of dragoons, that the late desperate engagement had terminated in favour of the Electorate. They turned the tide of fortune; the Saxon army, which had been very nearly discomfited, rallied when they beheld the glorious stand made by these brave men, and inspired by their example, they rushed upon the enemy, and obliged him, beaten at all points, not only to quit the field, but to relinquish, for the present at least, his ambitious designs, and his intended attempt upon the capital. A truce was asked and obtained, and the remains of those gallant hussars, who had so gloriously distinguished themselves, galloped into Dresden upon a bright morning in the beginning of December. In addition to their own victorious standards, they brought with them the eagle of Prussia, wrested from the king's immediate guard, and with trumpets sounding and banners flying, they proceeded along the principal streets to the grand square. Shouts and acclamations attended them in their progress through the city, and every window and every balcony were filled with beauties eager to reward the exertions of valour with their smiles.

Victor Amadeus Wallenstein, a young man of seven-and-twenty, who had been raised to the rank of colonel by his almost marvellous achievements, was the chief object of attraction. His bravery scarcely equalled his beauty, and he managed his prancing steed with so much grace, that the whole city rang with the praises of his person and accomplishments. It was a proud and happy moment for the fearless soldier; he had escaped disease, or wounds, in many severe hardships and well-contested fields; and after a life of toil and danger, and banishment from social intercourse with the fairer portion of the world, he was going to spend a whole season in a festive city, with a name that insured him a general welcome. Wallenstein speedily experienced the hospitality of the inhabitants; no ball or party was considered to be complete without the handsome colonel; and he entered into the amusements of the place with the avidity of a young and sanguine heart, secure of finding the pleasure which he sought. To fall in love was a matter of course, and though for some time puzzled how to choose amid so many beauties, a slight sentiment of vanity decided him.

Romilda Blumenberg, a lady of high birth, was the star of the Electoral court; all the gay and noble of the city paid homage to her charms. She was somewhat capricious and difficult of access; which, in the opinion of many, enhanced the value of the rare and brilliant smiles she sometimes condescended to bestow. Wallenstein had been early struck with the commanding character of her fine features; he saw that she extended even the common courtesies of life but to few, and attributing the haughty demeanour, which gained her numerous enemies, to a dignified reserve which shrank from the freedoms that others permitted without scruple, he began to feel a restless desire to thaw the ice of this lovely yet frigid maiden. The gallant Colonel was not formed to sue long in vain: his paternal estate was large; and the favour which he so justly enjoyed at court, seemed to promise promotion to the highest ranks of his profession. In point of birth, fortune, and expectations, therefore, he might be deemed a fitting match for any lady below the dignity of a royal descent: and with the addition of his superior per-

sonal advantages there could be little doubt of his success. Romilda, even at first elated by this new conquest beyond the usual cold satisfaction with which she was wont to regard a fresh accession to her train, forbore the practice of those disdainful airs, so chilling to the hopes of her less favoured lovers; she received Wallenstein with a sweet graciousness, which convinced him he was not mistaken in supposing that she possessed a heart fraught with the most amiable and tender emotions. He became every day more and more enamoured, as new perfections developed themselves; and this fair, yet hitherto cold-bosomed creature, seemed to melt by degrees, until she returned his fond devotion with an equal sincerity of affection.

The triumph which Colonel Wallenstein had obtained over many titled suitors, afforded a theme of conversation to the idle portion of the community; the rejected and their friends were not sparing in their sneers and animadversions upon the subject; and a particular party, who generally assembled at a palace inhabited by Prince Albert, of Saxe Saalfeldt, then resident upon a mission of great importance at Dresden, were the most bitter in their indignation at the success of a man, who had already raised their envy by the fame which rewarded his martial exploits. Prince Albert had numerous reasons for disliking the accomplished soldier. He had once, even at the outset of Wallenstein's military service, been worsted by him in a skirmish; and since his arrival in the capital, he had been severely mortified by his steady refusal to join the loud and licentious revels which he was in the habit of holding in his saloons. Victor, disgusted with scenes of drunkenness and riot, had wholly withdrawn himself from the society of the Prince, who, following the bent of a fickle humour, was now running a wild career of dissipation. Never seen in assemblies, frequented by the virtuous of either sex, he drained the midnight bowl with companions of the same caste; yet, gifted with considerable talent, and often emerging from a life degraded by vice, he was not entirely condemned as incorrigibly devoted to reprobate habits. His exalted station procured him many friends, who prophesied that he would live to redeem the errors of his youth; and the

strong necessity in the existing state of Saxony to conciliate the imperial family, with whom he was allied, rendered the court and cabinet anxious to palliate, to overlook, and to excuse excesses, which in others would have been visited with the strongest censure. Though the Prince had for a long time ceased to attend the entertainments given by the nobility, he still retained a lively recollection of the charms of Romilda Blumenberg, and regularly paid the doubtful compliment of pronouncing her name before his ablu-tions, in union with the most base and worthless females of the city: and when Wallenstein's reported engagement was announced to him, he exclaimed with a deep oath, that the milk-sop was not worthy of the fairest hand in Dresden. "Ye have done wrong, gallants," he continued, "to allow this gunpowder hero to mingle myrtles with his laurels. By the red lip of St Catherine, I will overcome my constitutional laziness, meet him in the field of love and snatch away the prize. What say you, friends? I'll wager a thousand ducats, and the best barb in my stable to boot, that I oblige Wallenstein to retreat." The bet was immediately accepted, and the Prince offered fresh stakes—his jewels to one, his pictures to another; and lastly his plate. They were eagerly taken, for Wallenstein's marriage appeared to be certain, and the chances were very strongly in favour of Albert's forgetfulness of the whole affair. The news, however, was buzzed about the city the next day; Victor heard it, but it did not cause any uneasiness in him. It was brought to the toilette of the lady, and she was highly indignant at Prince Albert's presumptuous hopes. To the surprise of many, he appeared that evening at a ball. Romilda displayed her resentment by the most contemptuous neglect. He yielded to none in the grace and dignity of his deportment; there was no possibility of repulsing his easy assurance; and undaunted by her disdainful glances, he remained her shadow for the whole evening.

Wallenstein would have been better pleased had Romilda treated the Prince with quiet indifference; but the error was of the judgment only, and he would not pain his fair friend by remarking it. The next morning he found her laughing over some very fine verses which she had

just received; she tore them in his presence, and flung them into the fire. At night the Prince was at his post again, and occasionally extracted a word from the lady, fairly tired, it should seem, of her impenetrability. Wallenstein still would not allow himself to feel uncomfortable; but though on the following day he was almost certain that he saw Albert's page in the palace-yard, he was not shown any more letters, and in the evening Romilda was both thoughtful and languid in the dance; and when, complaining of fatigue, she sat down, the Prince was allowed to lean over the back of her chair, and to make as many fine speeches as he pleased.

The colonel now began to experience some uneasy sensations. So long as Romilda had checked the advances of this insolent suitor, for her sake he was disposed to overlook the liberty which he had taken with her name; but he now determined upon showing his resentment upon the first fitting opportunity. Watching their conduct closely, he saw that Romilda was dazzled by the splendour of her supposed conquest. Stung to the quick, he left her to the blandishments to which she lent so willing an ear; yet, unable to seek his pillow, he wandered around the residence of his beloved for several hours.

Towards morning the light of a waning moon revealed the figure of a man leaping the garden wall. Wallenstein darted forward—it was the Prince! Instantly drawing his sword, he commanded him to defend himself. Albert, with cool imperturbability called the guard, and in another moment the challenger was deprived of his sword, and placed in close custody. Many days elapsed ere Wallenstein was released; and it required all his own interest and the strongest exertions on the part of his friends to procure his pardon. The laws against duelling were exceedingly severe; and, had not Prince Albert interceded with the Elector, they would probably have been enforced. The prince gave himself infinite credit for his forbearance, since, had the combat actually taken place, Wallenstein must have been sentenced to banishment at least, a punishment little less than that which he endured in owing his security to the man who had so deeply mortified him.

Romilda's share in the mal-accident obliged her to retire from court. The Prince, having won his bets, pursued her no more; and Victor, ashamed of his attachment to one so heartless, strove to divert his mind by new scenes and new amusements. The burghers of Dresden, eager to show their high esteem of Colonel Wallenstein, had prepared for him a magnificent present, consisting of the precious manufacture of the city, the rich china, so highly celebrated throughout Europe. A deputation waited upon him, to invite him to the house of one of the principal merchants, where he found the chief citizens assembled, together with their wives and daughters. Victor lent apparent attention to the long-winded orations and laboured compliments, delivered with considerable difficulty by the civic authorities, whilst his eyes glanced over the fair faces of the damsels, who, shrinking behind their mothers, blushed deeply at his regards. There was one who far exceeded her companions in beauty and grace; her cheeks were suffused with a richer crimson, and her eyes flashed out brighter beams when those of the gallant Colonel rested upon her glowing countenance. The first ceremonial over, this young creature, though evidently embarrassed by her timidity, advanced a few paces, and having singled out six of the youngest and prettiest in the company, who arranged themselves into a group, motioned them to follow her as she stepped forward, and, with downcast looks and hesitating accents, approached the hero of the day.

"Alas!" said she, "I have forgotten my speech; but I am directed to tell you, Sir, that the women of Dresden are not ungrateful to the patriot-band who saved the city from the horrors of a siege; and, though most unworthy of your acceptance, they entreat that you will accept this vase from their hands. We do not pretend to vie with our fathers and brothers in the gift; but we trust that as it has been purchased by the product of our industry, exerted for the purpose, you will not disdain so trifling a record of our deep sense of your merits."

Wallenstein made a suitable reply, and his polite gallantry increased the favourable impression which he had made upon the assembly. A magnificent collation was now set out, which afforded him an

opportunity of giving a bright example to the male part of the company by his unceasing attentions to the ladies. When the repast was concluded, a band of music commenced a popular air, and Victor instantly led Ernestine Vanhagen to the dance. The evening passed delightfully away; his fair partner was all innocence and simplicity, and, unacquainted with the arts of her sex, took no pains to disguise her admiration of the handsome hussar. What a contrast to Romilda; and how much more attractive was such frank sincerity, than the cold and studied airs of that calculating coquette!

Wallenstein's style of living was almost entirely changed; he went seldom to court, but amused himself with domestic parties, given by the honest burgesses. Ernestine led him to her favourite walks round the city; she displayed a charming taste for the beauties of nature, as they wandered under the spreading pine-trees which crown the rocky banks of the sparkling Elbe; and whilst standing together in the cupola of the Frauenkirche, she pointed out to him the distant hills Der Tacchishen Schweitz, and described to him her own pleasant dairy in that romantic region, he thought that he could relinquish all the glories of his profession to lead a pastoral life with so sweet a companion. In fact, the prejudices of aristocracy were melting fast away, and Victor, too honourable to win a maiden's heart and leave her to weep over his desertion, had determined to raise the burgher's daughter to the rank of his wife. The birth-day of the Elector occurred in this month, and was celebrated with great magnificence. There was a masked ball at court, and a sort of carnival established throughout the city. All ranks and classes appearing in the streets and public places in fanciful dresses. Victor was engaged to meet Ernestine at the house of a friend. After he had paid his respects to his sovereign, disengaging himself as quickly as possible from the brilliant assembly, he hastened to his appointment. The streets were blazing with torches and ringing with minstrelsy; as he passed along, group after group, in quaint disguises, accosted him with many speeches, and the spirit of joy seemed to be abroad. He hurried forward to make his lovely friend a sharer in the universal gaiety; but she was not to be found.

Vainly did he search the houses of their mutual acquaintance, all those which were open for the reception of masks he had visited save one—it was Prince Albert's. It was splendidly lighted, and music sounded from within. He hesitated, yet entered. The prince, superbly dressed, was parading the principal apartment unmasked; a lady, covered with a flowing veil, leaned upon his arm; the height, the air, was that of Ernestine! Victor gazed for a moment, in doubt and dismay; he pulled off his hat and mask for air, and in another moment caught the regards of the veiled female—she uttered a faint shriek—his fears were verified, and hastening up to her, he exclaimed, "Have you been betrayed into this den of vice, or did you enter it with your own consent?"

Her whole frame shook with the conflict of her feelings—her veil fell aside, and disclosed a face quivering with agitation. Wallenstein grasped his sword; but, clasping her hands together, and rushing forward to prevent the rash design, she said, "Do not hazard your life for one so unworthy. I came here by my own consent."

Victor turned away, but he could not leave without an effort to save her from farther wretchedness and degradation. "Return with me at least to your parents," he cried.

"Oh! no, no, no!" she replied, wrapping up her head in her veil, "never shall I behold either them or you again."

All this time the Prince stood silently by, with a calm, cold look; his easy indifference roused Wallenstein to desperation; fire flashed from his eyes; and having drawn his sword, he menaced him with a blow: but Ernestine perceiving the action even through her veil, threw herself into Albert's arms, and Victor, dropping his weapon, rushed out of the palace.

Every feeling of Wallenstein's heart was outraged; his pride and his affection were equally wounded. Scarcely able to restrain the passionate impulse which prompted him to take a deep and speedy revenge upon the base contriver of his wretchedness, he wildly resolved to crush him like a noisome reptile, or hunt him as a beast of prey; but reflection, in bringing even more bitter mortification, turned the tide of his thoughts. Ernestine's

confession cut him to the soul. Should he forfeit his life and honour for a creature so easily won.

Wallenstein was seen no more in the haunts of the gay; he sickened at the name of pleasure, and devoted the whole of his time to study; seldom appearing in the streets, except when his military duties called him abroad, save in the dead of the night, when, secure from interruption, he perambulated the deserted avenues of the city. In one of these nocturnal rambles a shower of rain obliged him to seek shelter under the porch of a church. The dim light of a lamp gleaming faintly upon the pavement, caught the gold setting of a locket, which, by some accident, was lying on the ground. Wallenstein listlessly picked up the sparkling ornament, and holding it nearer to the light, discovered it to be the miniature portrait of a young and beautiful woman. Though the features were unknown to him, and consequently could not excite any painful feeling, his first impulse was to throw the bauble away, but, ashamed of so childish a sentiment, he placed it in his bosom, and the night clearing up, went immediately home.

Victor looked very often at the picture. There was a sweet pensive expression in the countenance which sympathised with the present state of his mind; the original was now probably grown old, or was dead, for he had never seen any in the least degree resembling her during his sojourn in the city, and the idea pleased him. He might gaze upon the inanimate object before him without danger: those melting eyes were perchance dim or closed in the grave; that ruby lip, shrivelled and pale, could no longer deceive the ear of trusting man. This mute companion, so beautiful and so lifeless, unconsciously soothed the tumult in his breast; he wore the picture next to his heart, and in its contemplation forgot the forms of those treacherous beings by whom he had been so deeply injured.

Passing one night through the most ancient and unfrequented part of the city, a street consisting principally of large buildings, formerly tenanted by the nobility, but now falling into decay, and converted into magazines and storehouses, he observed that from the high and narrow windows of the only mansion apparently inhabited by a family of the higher

order, streams of brilliant light issued, illuminating the pavement and the opposite wall, and brightly contrasting with the dreariness of the surrounding objects. The sound of music came sweetly upon his ear; he paused to catch the air of a favourite composition. He was standing in the deep shadow of a square tower which flanked the house, and scarcely perceived a low door under a projecting archway beside him. The withdrawing of a rusty bolt aroused his attention; his eyes glanced involuntarily to the place whence the sound proceeded; the door creaked harshly upon its hinges, and a veiled female stole cautiously out. Wallenstein retreated a few paces; the light from the house fell full upon him; and the lady, for such the richness of her garb indicated her to be, gazed earnestly upon him for the space of a second, then darted forward, and cried, "You look like a man of honour—pity and save me from a fate which I dread worse than death."

Victor wrapped his cloak about the suppliant in an instant, and putting her arm within his, conducted her with speed and safety to his lodgings. A light was burning in the hall, and procuring ready admission by a master-key, he gratified his companion's repeated intreaties for concealment by ushering her into a private apartment, unseen by any individual. Agitated and weeping, the veil dropped from her head, and he beheld the original of the miniature!

"Do not think ill of me," she cried, "and do not abuse the trust which unhappy fate has obliged me to repose in a stranger. Afford me shelter for three weeks; I have fled from the persecution of my guardians, who would force me into a marriage with a man that I abhor. Their power ends the instant that I become of age; but, in the interim, should they discover my retreat, the law would compel me to return to them; and such is the weight and influence of my detested suitor, that I should be conveyed away to one of his castles, and left to the mercy of the most brutal wretch alive. I am rich—alas! my wealth has been the cause of infinite misery; but I have not a single friend in the world."

Wallenstein assured her of his protection; his respectful demeanor disarmed her fears; and she retired to an inner

chamber, where a sofa invited her to repose, upon his promise that he would keep guard in the street. The night passed quietly away; if any pursuit was made, it did not reach so far; and Victor, at the next meeting with his fair incognita, perceiving that she was unwilling to enter more fully into her history, and flattering himself with the idea that he was perfectly indifferent about it, forbore to ask her any questions. His time was, however, devoted to arrangements for her especial comfort; and it was by no slight exertion of skill and diligence that he contrived to combine convenience with secrecy. He allowed himself only a few hours' rest in the middle of the day, in an outer apartment, and regularly, throughout every night, paced the streets up and down beneath her window. Their interviews with each other were but few and short, but each seemed equally interested by them. Wallenstein could not long remain proof against the charms of Luitgarde; and the lady, deeply touched by the scrupulous delicacy of her protector's conduct, evinced the most captivating gratitude. The morning at length came which freed her from the tyranny of her guardians; and Wallenstein, at her request, conducted her to a convent, an asylum which she did not consider to be sufficiently secure before. The whole city now rang with the adventures of the young heiress, who had, almost by a miracle, escaped from the machinations of interested relatives, who had sold her to a man that she hated. They made a futile attempt to reclaim her, but failed. The intemperate effort of the rejected suitor, who even endeavoured to influence the Elector to an act of the grossest injustice, revealed him to a scoffing crowd—it was Prince Albert of Saxe-Saalfeldt!

Wallenstein, already many fathoms deep in love, almost adored the lovely creature who had afforded him so signal a triumph over his insulting enemy; and, encouraged by the brightest smiles that ever beamed upon an anxious lover, he threw himself at Luitgarde's feet, and wooed and won the only woman in the world who had ever inspired the libertine destroyer of her sex with a serious attachment.

SONNET.

On seeing the Grave of an Unfortunate Girl, whom the author had known in the days of her innocence.

PEACE to thy dust!—The dove of peace, that fled
Its ruffled dwelling in thy living breast,
Has come again to be thy willing guest,
And sleep with thee in this untroubled bed.
Thy sleep is sound at last; thy weary head
A couch without a thorn at length has press'd;—
The heart that Death has hush'd no dreams molest;

No thorns bestrew the couch that Death has spread.
Sound is thy sleep—and when again it flies,
Thou shalt not fear to see the night depart,
And to another morn unclothe thine eyes;
For to the judgment then thou shalt not rise
Of erring men—but One who knows the heart,
And tries its reins—and pities as he tries.

Anon.

REAL MOURNERS.

YES! there are real Mourners—I have seen
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention, through the day, her duties claim'd,
And to be useful as resign'd she aim'd;
Neatly she dress'd, nor vainly seem'd t' expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep;
Then to her mind was all the past display'd,
That faithful Memory brings to Sorrow's aid:
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestion'd truth;
In ev'ry place she wander'd, where they'd been,
And sadly-sacred held the parting scene
Where last for sea he took his leave;—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace.

Happy he sail'd, and great the care she took,
That he should softly sleep and smartly look;
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was her's to buy, to make, and to bestow:
For he to Greenland sail'd, and much she told,
How he should guard against the climate's cold;
Yet saw not danger; dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood:
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he too smiled, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain.

He call'd his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message—"Thomas, I must die;
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,

And gazing go!—if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake:
Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that! and let me not despair,—
One last fond look!—and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more: I will not paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint—
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile; and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die"—and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head:
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart she sigh'd; alone she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think
Yet said not so—"Perhaps he will not sink."
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;—
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and seated him in his chair.
Lively he seem'd, and all he knew
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to things recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she press'd,
And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to rest."
"I go," he said; but, as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound;
Then gazed affrighten'd; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past!

She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved—an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
A wake alike to duty and the dead;
She would have grieved, had friends presumed to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.

Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

EPITAPH

IN MEMORY

OF A FEMALE SERVANT.

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF ANN DAVIES,

(FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS)
SERVANT TO WILLIAM GIFFORD.

SHE DIED FEBRUARY 6, 1815,
IN THE FORTY-THIRD YEAR OF HER AGE,
OF A TÊDIOUS AND PAINFUL MALADY,
WHICH SHE BORE WITH
EXEMPLARY PATIENCE AND RESIGNATION.
HER DEEPLY AFFLICTED MASTER
ERECTED THIS STONE TO HER MEMORY,
AS A FAITHFUL TESTIMONY
OF HER UNCOMMON WORTH,
AND OF HIS PERPETUAL GRATITUDE,
RESPECT, AND AFFECTION, FOR
HER LONG AND MERITORIOUS SERVICES.

THOUGH here unknown, dear ANN, thy ashes rest,
Still lives thy memory in one grateful breast,
That traced thy course through many a painful
year,

And mark'd thy humble hope, thy pious fear.—
O! when this frame, which yet, while life remain-
ed,

Thy duteous love, with trembling hand, sustained,
Dissolves, as soon it must, may that bless'd Pow'r,
Who beam'd on thine, illumine my parting hour!
So shall I greet thee, where no ills annoy,
And what was sown in grief, is reap'd in joy;
Where worth, obscured below, bursts into day,
And those are paid, whom earth could never pay.

GIFFORD.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN SOME TIME AFTER THE PRECEDING.

I wish I were where Anna lies!

For I am sick of lingering here:

And every hour affection cries,

Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! For when she died

I lost my all; and life has proved

Since that sad hour a dreary void,

A waste unlovely, and unloved.—

But who when I am turn'd to clay

Shall duly to her grave repair,

And pluck the ragged moss away,

And weeds that have no business there?

And who with pious hand shall bring

The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,

And violets that unheeded spring,

To scatter o'er her hallow'd mold?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

*I did it; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.*

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air, that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye.

Thy spirits, frolicsome, as good;
Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good-humour—Can they fade!

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye:
Cold turf, which I no more must view,
Dear name, which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last, a sad adieu!

GIFFORD.

ON THE BEAUTY AND FORCE

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.*

REGARD not the English language, I be-
seech you, as the mere medium of ordin-
ary intercourse. It is a mine, whence
you may extract the means of enchant-
ing, instructing, and improving commu-
nities yet nameless, and generations yet
unborn. Our English language has never
had adequate tribute paid to it.

Among the languages of Modern Eu-
rope, specious, but subordinate preten-
sions have been advanced to cadence,
terseness, or dextrous ambiguity of in-
sinnuation; while the sober majesty of the
English tongue stood aloof, and disdain-
ed a competition on the ground of such
inferior particularities. I even think,
that we have erred with regard to Greek
and Latin. Our sense of the inestimable

* By the Marquis of Hastings, in an Address to
the members of the College of Calcutta, 1814.

benefit we have reaped from the treasures of taste and science, which they have handed down to us, has led us into an extravagance of reverence for them. They have high intrinsic merit, without doubt; but it is a bigotted gratitude and an unweighed admiration, which induce us to prostrate the English tongue before their altar. Every language can furnish to genius, casually, a forcible expression; and a thousand turns of neatness and delicacy may be found in most of them; but I will confidently assert, that, in that which should be the first object in all language, *precision*, the English tongue surpasses them all; while in richness of colouring and extent of power, it is exceeded by none, if equalled by any. What subject is there within the boundless range of imagination, which some British author has not clothed in British phrase, with a nicety of definition, an accuracy of portraiture, a brilliancy of tint, a delicacy of discrimination, and a force of expression, which must be *sterling*, because every other nation of Europe, as well as our own, admits their perfection with enthusiasm!

Are the fibres of the heart to be made to tremble with anxiety,—to glow with animation,—to thrill with horror,—to startle with amaze,—to shrink with awe,—to throb with pity,—or to vibrate in sympathy with the tone of pictured love;—know ye not the mighty magicians of our country, whose potent spell has commanded, and continues irresistibly to command, those varied impulses? Was it a puny engine, a feeble art, that achieved such wondrous workings? What was the sorcery? *Justly conceived collocation of words*, is the whole secret of this witchery; a charm within the reach of any of you. Possess yourselves of the necessary *energies*, and be assured you will find the language *exuberant* beyond the demand of your intensest thought. How many positions are there which form the basis of every day's reflections, the matter for the ordinary operation of our minds, which were toiled after, perhaps for ages, before they were seized and rendered comprehensible! How many subjects are there which we ourselves have grasped at, as if we saw them floating in an atmosphere just above us, and found the arm of our intellect but just too short to reach them; and then comes a

happier genius, who, in a fortunate moment, and from some vantage ground, arrests the meteor in its flight; and grasping the floating phantom, drags it from the skies to the earth; condenses that which was but an impalpable coruscation of spirit; fetters that which was but the lightning glance of thought; and having so mastered it, bestows it as a perpetual possession and heritage to mankind.

ON THE INSTABILITY OF YOUTH.

WHEN I look back, and in myself behold
The wandering ways that youth could not descry,
And mark the fearful course that youth did hold,
And mete in mind each step youth stray'd awry;
My knees I bow, and from my heart I call,
O Lord, forget these sins and follies all.

For now I see how void youth is of skill,
I also see his prime-time, and his end;
I do confess my faults and all my ill,
And sorrow sore for that I did offend;
And with a mind repentant of all crimes,
Pardon I ask for youth ten thousand times.

Thou, that didst grant the wise king his request,
Thou, that in whale the prophet didst preserve,
Thou, that forgavest the woundings of thy breast,
Thou, that didst save the thief in state to starve;*
Thou only God, the giver of all grace,
Wipe out of mind the path of youth's vain race.

Thou, that by power to life didst raise the dead,
Thou, that of grace, restoredst the blind to sight,
Thou, that for love thy life and love outbleed,
Thou, that of favour madest the lame go right,
Thou, that canst heal and help in all essays,
Forgive the guilt that grew in youth's vaine ways.

And now, since I, with faith and doubtless mind,
Do fly to Thee, by prayer to appease thine ire;
And since, that Thee I only seek to find,
And hope by faith to attain my just desire;
Lord, mind no more youth's error and unskill;
Enable age to do thy holy will.

LORD VAUX.†

* "In state to starve"—About to perish.

† From the *Paradise of Dayntie Devises*, 1576.

THE BORDERER'S LEAP.

ESSELSTONE-HEATH, on the northern side of the borders, is the entrance to one of those jumbles of rocks and mountains which seem to have been destined by nature for the haunt of such wild and desperate characters as held in these districts their reign of blood and terror, before the union of the two kingdoms and for some time after. It was there that the Raven of Hornscliff, as he was called, one of the last of the "border thieves," terminated his career in a manner well worthy of his life. The crime which led to this catastrophe, although not unparalleled in the annals of the period of which we write, would seem, to the refinement of modern taste, too gross for historical detail:—it may suffice, therefore, to say, that at the marriage of one of his enemies, which was celebrated that morning, the Raven made his appearance—a guest as unlooked-for as unwelcome—with a numerous train of followers, massacred a great part of the company, violated the bride before the bridegroom's eyes, and set fire to the house. Unexpected succours, however, arrived—although not before the work of revenge had been but too well accomplished: the assailants were assailed in their turn, when least prepared for defence—the bridegroom liberated, whom they had intended to carry off as a prisoner—and their chief obliged to betake himself to flight, alone and unarmed.

It was the afternoon when the outlaw arrived at the borders of the heath, and his breath became freer as he felt the cool air from his own mountains, and saw the declining sun, which hung over the cliffs to which his fugitive steps were directed, pointing as it were to the place of their mutual repose. He slackened his pace for an instant, to look around on the well-known scene; his heart dilated with a kind of pride as he felt his foot once more on his native heath, which it pressed with an elasticity hardly diminished by the weight of fifty years; and his eyes sparkled with a fierce joy as he saw the approaching termination of his flight. But he was alone and unarmed—for his sword had been broken off to the hilt; a host of enemies were behind, and his

place of refuge yet distant. He looked back as he gained the summit of an eminence; and although, to a less experienced traveller no sound would have been heard to break the stillness of the hour, and no living form appeared to give animation to the desolate heath, save that of the wild bird, now and then startled by his sudden step from its resting-place; yet, when he had bent for a moment his keen eyes on the distance, and then turned his ear in the same direction, as if to catch some note of confirmation, the outlaw snuffed up the wind like a fox pursued to his covert, and, bending his body forward to the mountains, darted on with renewed velocity. He did not rest again till he had reached the base of the ridge of mountains, which forms the termination of the heath; but his exertions, during the latter part of the journey, although not less steady than before, were less violent. Perhaps his long and rapid flight—or, it may be, the pressure of approaching age—had contributed to stiffen his wearied limbs, and to depress his stout heart; or, perhaps, it was only some consideration of policy that induced him to reserve his strength for the greater hazard and fatigue of ascending the rocks: but so it was, that, towards the conclusion of the race, although the foremost of his enemies was then distinctly in sight, the pace of the outlaw became gradually slower; and at length he threw himself down by a small stream of water that gushed out of the cliff, and turned his eyes deliberately upon the heath.

As his pursuer approached nearer and nearer, it could be seen that he was a young man, of a strong athletic make: in his right hand was a sword covered with blood, which the mid-day sun had baked into a brown crust on the blade; and in his left he held a costly handkerchief, such as was at that time worn on holiday occasions by females of wealth or rank. He was dressed more like a chambering gallant than a rough warrior, who seeks the brown heath with the naked brand; but the disorder of his apparel, which was torn and daubed with the marks of mortal strife—his long hair, hanging in clotted heaps on his half-naked shoulders—and his wild and ghastly aspect, where fury, horror, and despair were written in mingled characters—seemed yet fitter for the lonely heath than the festive hall.

When he saw his enemy fall down by the side of the stream, a low but deep cry broke from his lips, resembling half the shout of the tired forester, when the stag who has held him to bay sinks powerless at his feet, and half the greedy and savage howl of the wolf-dog over the quivering carcase of his quarry. The Raven of Hornseliff smiled scornfully as the sound broke on his ear through the distance; but when his pursuer came within a space when farther delay might have been dangerous, he plunged his head into the cool stream, tore open his dress and splashed the invigorating element over his bosom; then springing upon his feet, threw back his hair over his forehead, shook his limbs, and returning the premature cry of triumph by a shrill yell of defiance, began to ascend the sides of the mountain, and speedily disappeared among the rocks. The bridegroom, with his black lips and burning forehead, rushed past the stream without wasting even a look on its reviving waters.

Guided either by a previous knowledge of the outlaw's haunts, or by an instinct similar to that which leads the bloodhound to his unseen prey, he threaded the maze of rocks with undeviating accuracy; till at length the sound of his enemy's feet—the crashing of the branches that were laid hold of to assist his ascent—and, finally, the rushing of stones and fragments of earth, dislodged by his feet, down the steep path, convinced him that he gained upon the object of his pursuit, and that a few more efforts of his strong and youthful limbs would place the fell destroyer before his eyes. In the meantime the outlaw, avoiding the steep breast of the mountain, turned short into a rocky pass which cuts through the ridge, and which, although dry at that time, in winter forms the bed of a torrent. In a few minutes more, he found himself within sight of a place, that, on former occasions of as great need, had stood him in lieu of friends and fortress; and, with renewed energy he rushed down the steep declivity, which forms the east side of the mountain he had ascended by the west, and leads direct to a singularly situated rock, even at that time known by the name of the Raven's Tower. On this side, the mountain sweeps down for more than half way in a tolerably smooth declivity—but then stops suddenly short,

and with frightful abruptness descends, in an almost perpendicular manner, for the remaining space of nearly a hundred and fifty feet. Its rugged and projecting points overhang the turbulent river below in a manner which precludes the possibility of a man's descending alive; and, although a fordable part of the stream lies immediately under, the traveller is thus obliged to make a circuit of some miles before reaching it. The rock we have mentioned, although seeming at a little distance to form a part of the steep—only projecting in a bolder manner than the rest, and surmounted by a capital resembling slightly the battlements of a fortress—yet, on nearer approach, is discovered to be, in reality, quite distinct and separate from the mass of mountain. It raises its gigantic form from the bosom of the dark waters below at a distance of a good many feet from the main land; but, in the corresponding shape of its landward side, and the strata of its substance, a geologist might infer the traces of a more intimate connexion subsisting at some remote period, and look upon it as a further token of the great natural convulsion believed to have once visited the elements of our globe—

“For neither rain, nor hail, nor thunder
Could wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once had been.”

The outlaw whose flight we are relating had good title to bestow his name on the Raven's Tower; for he alone, even of all the desperate adventurers who infest that part of the country, had strength of limb, steadiness of brain, and boldness of heart to leap across the chasm which separates it from the mountain. This feat he had performed on several occasions of imminent danger, and always successfully; for, when once he had gained the rock, a natural path down the riverward side—although one filled with danger even to him, and only made available by the heath, brushwood, and projecting stones, which afforded points of precarious support—led the fearless ruffian in safety to the ford below. On this occasion, however, there was more danger to be apprehended in the leap than on any former one. The length of this flight—which had lasted from the forenoon till the shades of evening were beginning to fall—had deprived his limbs of their wont-

ed strength and elasticity ; and, perhaps, even the few years of toil, intemperance, and crime that had elapsed since his last visit to the tower, had cast a weight upon his head, to which, during the progressive infliction of the burthen, he had been insensible. It may be, too, that the dreadful deeds of the morning, so different in their character from the usual feats of arms—which, however bloody in their consequences, appeared to these lawless men as something honourable and praiseworthy—may have sate with more than common weight upon his mind. But, however this may be, it was with an unsteady step he approached the brink of the precipice ; and when a wild bird, which had built in the cliff, scared from her nest by the intrusion, burst away with a sudden scream, the bold outlaw started and grew pale ; perhaps it was the cry of the devoted bride which it brought to his haunted recollection. Controlling his feelings, however, he went close to the edge of the cliff, and looked down for a moment into the abyss. Objects of a similar nature, occurring in the scenery of mountainous countries, do not usually impress the traveller with ideas of unmingled terror :—the trees bending across the chasm, and concealing with their foliage its depth and danger—the heath and brushwood clinging to the sides, like natural tapestry—and the projecting points of the rocks, raising their grey heads at intervals through the curtain, give a romantic variety to the picture, and gild our fear with admiration. But these points of pictorial beauty and relief were here wanting : the naked sides of the rock were only variegated by the colours of the different strata, and by its own sharp and bare projections, stretching forth from either side like threatening knives, to deter or to mangle, while the river, rushing through the comparatively narrow channel below—although its voice was scarcely heard through the distance—seemed to light the dismal passage with its white foam. A sound of hasty footsteps behind did not permit the outlaw to indulge long in contemplation of this object ; and, suddenly mustering up his resolution as well as he might, he stepped backwards a few paces, rushed to the edge of the cliff, and took the terrible leap. He did not, as heretofore, clear the chasm at a single effort ;

for it was his breast that first met the rock—his legs and the greater part of his body hanging over into the abyss. He was as brave a man, in the vulgar acceptance of the word, as ever faced a foe ; but, at this moment, the cold drops of mortal terror burst over his forehead : he dug his hands into the hard and scanty earth that covered the surface of the landing-place, and clung convulsively with his feet to a slight projection on the side, that must have instantaneously given way to a less pressure had it not been of the hardest granite. It seemed for some time as if further effort was impossible—as if his heart's sole aim and desire was to remain fixed for ever in this frightful position ; but as he found his strength gradually giving way, his hands relaxing in their grasp, and his feet slipping from their hold—and the conviction broke on his mind that, in a few minutes more, he must give himself up to a death the imagination shuddered at—desperation came to the aid of courage ; and, staking every thing on the event of a single movement—which, if unsuccessful, must plunge him into the gulph—he caught with his hands still closer to the rock, and pressing his feet with all his might against their slender hold, succeeded, by a violent muscular effort, in heaving himself upon the cliff.

“Eternal curses on my nerveless limbs !” cried the bridegroom, arriving at the instant ; “the Raven has reached his tower—and who may follow him ?—Turn back,” continued he, raising his voice into a furious shout, “ravisher ! murderer ! monster !—all things bad but coward !—Turn back ! and I swear by every thing binding on man's soul, to divide in twain my sword with thee ; and, although thou deservest to die like a dog, to fight a fair fight with thee on this hill side, without friend or witness, save yonder setting sun, and Him who made it !” But the Raven was deaf even to so courteous an offer ; he lay on his back upon the cliff, apparently without sense or motion, his legs hanging over the side—seeming, like the poet's personification of Danger, to have thrown him

“On the ridgy steep
Of some loose, hanging rock to sleep.”

“Take this, then, to rouse thee !” said

the bridegroom, tearing up, by main force, a fragment of the rock, and hurling it across the chasm: it fell with a heavy sound on the outlaw's breast; and he raised himself up, like a chained mastiff, at the pain and insult. "Who art thou?" he cried, hardly seeming to recollect his situation; "what dost thou seek?"—"What do I seek?—O God!—Look here!" replied the bridegroom, stretching his arms and his body far over the cliff towards the destroyer, while his voice was choked with the opposite and yet combining emotions of grief and rage.—"What do I seek? See'st thou this handkerchief: A few hours ago it covered the fairest and the chastest bosom in broad Scotland; the red blots of murder, and the wrinkles of ruffian violence, are on it now; and the covering of the bosom is reproach, and foulness, and dishonour!—What do I seek? I seek," continued he, speaking through his clenched teeth,— "I seek to fulfil the oath I made to heaven and to her—to steep this handkerchief, ravisher, in thy heart's blood!"—"Tempt me not!" said the outlaw: "hast thou not tasted enough of my vengeance already? I am slockened on thee. Get thee gone—but cross no more the path of one who has neither fear nor mercy."

The avenger paused for an instant, and then paced to and fro by the edge of the rock with the restless and impatient step of a beast of prey along the bars of his cage; but soon his brow grew blacker, and his lips met with a firmer resolution. "He is spent with fatigue," he said aloud, although communing only with himself; "he is weary with murder, or he would by this time have sought the ford. What holds me from leaping into his den? I am younger than he; my limbs are more supple than his. What care I for the craven-lay which threatens death for the attempt?—my vengeance shall not be stayed with a song. It shall be so: the weight of despair is surely not greater than the weight of guilt." And so saying, he stepped backward to the proper distance, and began to prepare himself for the adventure. This he did, in the first place, by striking his blade into the ground, clasping his hands, raising up his face towards heaven, and repeating a short prayer for success; but, although he stood thus in an attitude of Christian devotion, he might have seemed to re-

semble more one of the ancient Alani, whose only object of worship, as Ammianus Marcellinus informs us, was a naked sword stuck in the earth. He then drew forth his good steel again, and, planting his feet firmly in their proper posture, was about to spring forward to the perilous undertaking. The outlaw, who had apparently watched his movements, and even heard his words, raised himself gradually from his reclining posture—first on his knees, and then, as his enemy's preparations seemed to be nearly completed, upon his feet. "Stop!" he cried; "wituess that I have, at least not sought *this*. The event be on your own head! I confess that I am worn out—I am alone and unarmed; but the visitor who thrusts himself unbidden on me here shall never live to tell what welcome he met with at the Raven's Tower." The reply of the avenger was to wave the bloody handkerchief in the air, which he then placed in his bosom; and, clearing the intervening space at three rapid bounds, he darted from the side of the mountain. The desperation that had prompted him to the adventure lent an energy to his limbs, which it was believed only one man of that day possessed, and he alighted on the brink of the rock; yet so barely was the feat performed, that, had he not seized hold of the outlaw's arm, who struck a furious blow at him as he touched the ground, he could not have preserved his footing even for a single moment. They were both men of more than ordinary strength, and their mutual hate was of more than ordinary fierceness; and, had that meeting taken place upon the mountain's side, or had the assailant even gained a firm footing upon the rock, it is more than probable that the evening's sun would have gone down upon the struggle. But here was no contest of warriors in the field—no flashing of the sword—no spilling of blood—no cries of triumph or of vengeance! On the one part, it was an instinctive, silent clinging to the only object of support within reach—and, on the other, a desperate but hopeless resistance against a power which seemed, with supernatural force, to be gradually dragging him to perdition. They stood thus for some moments upon the smooth and sloping edge of the precipice, their frames convulsed and their sinews cracking with the inten-

sity of the struggle, and yet their motion towards the brink scarcely perceptible. They looked into each other's faces, and saw in the damp and ghastly features the image of death. "I warned thee!" at last broke, in choked accents, from the white lips of the outlaw as their fate became certain, and a glare of rage and terror illumined for an instant his despair. The bridegroom replied by bending down his head, with a last effort, and tearing with his teeth from his bosom the bloody signal of vengeance, which he held up in the destroyer's face. The next moment he fell backward into the abyss, still clinging with a death-clasp to his enemy, and they commenced their headlong descent; and so firmly did he retain his hold, that, although the projecting points of the rock spattered their brains upon the wall, and mangled their bodies out of the form of men, yet they arrived, still hand in hand, in one mass of blood at the bottom of the cell—whence the pollution of human guilt and misery was instantaneously swept out by the indignant stream.

Monthly Mag.

STANZAS TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Tandemque nobis exsultibus placent
Relicta.———

CASIMIR.

Come here's a health to thee and thine;
Trust me, whate'er we may be told,
Few things are better than old wine,
When tasted with a friend that's old;
We're happy yet; and, in our track,
New pleasures if we may not find,
There is a charm in gazing back,
On sunny prospects left behind.

Like that famed hill in western clime,
Through gaudy noonday dark and bare,
That tinges still, at vesper time,
With purple gleam the evening air;
So there's a joy in former days,
In times, and scenes, and thoughts gone by,
As beautified their heads they raise,
Bright in Imagination's sky.

Time's glass is fill'd with varied sand,
With fleeting joy and transient grief;
We'll turn, and with no sparing hand,
O'er many a strange fantastic leaf;

And fear not—but, 'mid many a blot,
There are some pages written fair,
And flow'rs, that time can wither not,
Preserved, still faintly fragrant there.

As the hush'd night glides gentlier on,
Our music shall breathe forth its strain,
And tell of pleasures that are gone,
And heighten those that yet remain:
And that creative breath, divine,
Shall waken many a slumbering thrill,
And oall forth many a mystic line
Of faded joys, remember'd still.

Again, the moments shall she bring
When youth was in his freshest prime,
We'll pluck the roses that still spring
Upon the grave of buried time.
There's magic in the olden song;—
Yea, e'en ecstatic are the tears
Which will steal down, our smiles among,
Roused by the sounds of other years.

And, as the mariner can find
Wild pleasure in the voiced roar
E'en of the often-dreaded wind,
That wreck'd his every hope before:
If there's a pang that lurks beneath—
For youth had pangs—oh! let it rise,
'Tis sweet to feel the poet breathe
The spirit of our former sighs.

We'll hear the strains we heard so oft,
In life's first, warm, impassion'd hours,
That fell on our young hearts as soft
As summer dew on summer flowers;
And as the stream, where'er it hies,
Steals something in its purest flow,
Those strains shall taste of ecstasies
O'er which they floated long ago.

E'en in our morn, when fancy's eye
Glanced, sparkling o'er a world of bliss,
When joy was young, and hope was high,
We could not feel much more than this:
Howe'er, then, time our day devours,
Why should our smiles be overcast,
Why should we grieve for fleeting hours,
Who find a future in the past.*

SWEEPS.

I HAVE a kindly yearning towards these
dim specks—poor blots—innocent black-
nesses—I reverence these young Africans
of our own growth—these almost clergy
imps, who sport their cloth without as-
sumption; and from their little pulpits
(the top of chimneys), in the nipping air

* By the author of the admirable article given
at page 133, headed "Fact and Fiction."

of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark, stifling caverns, horrid shades!—to shudder with the idea that 'now, surely, he must be lost for ever'—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered day-light—and then (O, fulness of delight) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in *Macbeth*, where the 'Apparition of a child crowned with a tree in his hand rises.'

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him twopence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels, no unusual accompaniment, be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularities of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness.—In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-

inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth—but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the *March to Finchely*, grinning at the pie-man—there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket, presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to 'air' them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is as when

"A sable cloud

Turns forth her silver lining on the night."

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility:—and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguise, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticeships of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts, not otherwise to be accounted for, plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montague be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless *defiliations*.

In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since—under a ducal

canopy—(that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur)—encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius—was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noonday, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitation to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle. But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug or the carpet presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula* and resting-place. By no other theory, than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state as I may call it, can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend Jem White was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that

in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quitted out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlours three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. James White, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion Bigod, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table—for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of the old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing 'the gentleman,' and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O, it was a pleasure to see the sable youngers lick in the unctuous meat, with

his more unctuous sayings—how he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it ‘must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman’s eating’—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony,—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts—‘The King,’—the ‘Cloth,’—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, ‘May the Brush supersede the Laurel.’ All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a “Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so,” which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth, for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions, indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savouriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment :—

“Golden lads and lasses must
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust—”

James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

CHARLES LAMB.

SONG,

FROM THE SPANISH.

O BROAD and limpid river,
O banks so fair and gay—
O meadows verdant ever,
O groves in green array;
Oh! if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me.

O clear and crystal dews
That in the morning ray,
All bright with silvery hues
Make field and forest gay;
Oh! if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me.

O woods that to the breeze
With waving branches play:
O sands, where oft at ease
Her careless footsteps stray;
Oh! if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me.

O warbling birds that still
Salute the rising day,
And plain and valley fill
With your enchanting lay;
Oh! if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me.

J. G. LOCKHART.

SONNET.

TO THE SKY LARK.

O EARLIEST singer! O care-charming bird!
Married to morning by a sweeter hymn
Than priest e'er chanted from his cloister dim
At midnight,—or vell'd virgin's holier word
At sunrise or the paler evening heard,—
To which of all Heaven's young and lovely Hours,
Who wreathes the soft light in hyacinthine bowers,
Beautiful Spirit, is thy suit preferred?
—Unlike the creatures of this low dull earth,
Still dost thou woo, although thy suit be won;
And thus thy mistress bright is pleased ever.
Oh! lose not thou this mark of finer birth—
So may'st thou yet live on, from sun to sun,
Thy joy unchecked, thy sweet song silent never.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE

DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

AN old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family were stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this, the dial-plate, if we may credit the fable, changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.—"Very good," replied the pendulum: "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."—"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here: and, although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course

only of the next twenty-four hours: perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being *quick* at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:—

"Dear Mr Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden notion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Would you now do me the favour to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.—"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon, if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red

beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half-an-hour in the night.

Youth's Magazine.

LAURA'S BOWER;

The celebrated CANZONE of PETRARCH, beginning,

"Chiare, fresche, e dolce acque."

CLEAR, fresh, and dulcet streams,
Which the fair shape, who seems
To me sole woman, haunted at noon-tide;
Bough, gently interknit,
(I sigh to think of it)
Which form'd a rustic chair for her sweet side;
And turf, and flow'rs bright-eyed,
O'er which her folded gown
Flow'd like an angel's down;
And you, O holy air and hush'd,
Where first my heart at her sweet glances gush'd;
Give ear, give ear, with one consenting,
To my last words, my last and my lamenting.

If 'tis my fate below,
And Heav'n will have it so,
That Love must close these dying eyes in tears,
May my poor dust be laid
In middle of your shade,
While my soul, naked, mounts to its own spheres.
The thought would calm my fears,
When taking, out of breath,
The doubtful step of death;
For never could my spirit find
A stiller port after the stormy wind:
Nor in more calm, abstracted bourne,
Slip from my travail'd flesh, and from my bones
out-worn.

Perhaps some future hour,
To her accustom'd bower,
Might come th' untamed, and yet the gentle she;
And where she saw me first,
Might turn with eyes athirst,
And kinder joy to look again for me;
Then, oh the charity!
Seeing betwixt the stones
The earth that held my bones,
A sigh for very love at last
Might ask of Heaven to pardon me the past;
And Heav'n itself could not say nay,
As with her gentle veil she wiped the tears away.

How well I call to mind,
When from those bowers the wind
Shook down upon her bosom flower on flower;

And there she sat, meek-eyed,
In midst of all that pride,
Sprinkled and blushing through an amorous
shower.

Some to her hair paid dower,
And seem'd to dress the curls,
Queen-like, with gold and pearls;
Some, snowing, on her drapery stopp'd,
Some on the earth, some on the water dropp'd;
While others, flutt'ring from above,
Seem'd wheeling round in pomp, and saying,
"Here reigns Love."

How often then I said,
Inward, and fill'd with dread,
—"Doubtless this creature came from Paradise!"
For at her look the while,
Her voice, and her sweet smile,
And heav'nly air, truth parted from mine eyes:
So that, with long-drawn sighs,
I said, as far from men,
"How came I here, and when?"
I had forgotten; and, alas!
Fancied myself in heav'n, not where I was;
And from that time till this, I bear
Such love for the green Bower, I cannot rest else-
where.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE DWARF

AND THE INVISIBLE CAP.

A HARZ LEGEND.*

SHEPHERD Jacob's greatest pleasure was his bagpipes. Almost before the morning dawned he was puffing upon them, and he puffed away at night when all other honest people were in bed. Though this afforded much pleasure to Jacob, it was not so well-relished by his neighbours.

In a cavern of the mountain upon which Jacob generally took his seat lived a dwarf, who, at the christenings and weddings of the surrounding country, made himself very useful by lending the people knives and pewter plates. Wherever he found a good reception, the dwarf proved very friendly, and was well-liked.

* We have been favoured with this amusing story by the translator, who has at present a work in the press, consisting of original translations of similar legends and tales from the inexhaustible storehouse of German romance, which will speedily make its appearance, under the title of "Foreign Tales and Traditions."

by all. Now to this dwarf, the eternal puffing that went on above his head became very tiresome; he therefore one day took his way up the mountain, and with much politeness requested the shepherd to give up his music for a little; but Jacob, casting a contemptuous look on the diminutive figure before him, insolently answered: "What right have you to command me? And what does it signify to me though your head should ache again when I blow my pipes?" And from this time Jacob blew away more furiously at his bagpipes than ever.

The dwarf resolved on revenge; but concealed his anger under the mask of friendship, and strove to win by degrees the confidence of the shepherd. He soon succeeded in this; for he had wit enough to praise the exquisite melody of his pipes, and gradually wrought himself into his full confidence, entertaining him with a thousand merry stories, for the sake of listening to which the shepherd would sometimes forget his darling pipes for half a day. At last the dwarf invited the shepherd to a party at which he promised him a great deal of pleasure. "Knight Fege sack who lives in yonder castle," said he, "celebrates his wedding to-morrow; he once set his dogs after me to hound me from his court when carrying some plates to his servant to help at a christening. There will be gathered together those great people of the country who look with such contempt upon us and our acorns; we will go thither, and give them a little sauce to their mirth. Here, Jacob, is an invisible cap: if you put it on your head, nobody will be able to see you, though you see every thing that is going on around you. Try its virtues at home, and leave the rest to me; only clean out that bag you have got there, for, unless I am sadly deceived, you will soon have occasion to fill it with something better."

Jacob took the wonderful cap from the dwarf, and made an attempt to try its virtue even before he reached his hut. Well, the sheep came running against him, and not even his own children could find him out, when he called them by name, with the cap on his head. He now gave himself implicitly up to the direction of the dwarf.

The day afterwards, Jacob and the dwarf set out with their caps on their

heads, and two empty wallets under their arms, to the castle of the knight. During the bridal ceremony they placed themselves upon the large round table, around which the bridegroom and bride and the principal guests were to sit. The dwarf then instructed the tittering shepherd in the part he was to perform.

In the course of an hour the whole company entered the room in pairs, and all took the places which were pointed out to them according to their several dignities, little suspecting the presence of any other guests.

And now the frolic began. The invisible dwarf pulled out the pins which fastened the myrtle garland on the bride's head, and Jacob pushed a large dish out of the hand of the butler which splashed the gravy over the scolding guests. Meanwhile, the bridal wreath fell from the head of the bride—a bad omen, which might well wrinkle the brow of the old ladies, and set the younger ones a whispering.

A pause ensued, in which the guests, who waited the filling of the bumpers to resume the conversation, set their jaws briskly in motion.

But, good saints defend us! What was the surprise of the whole company, when, on the appearance of the second course, they stretched their hands out towards the delicacies—scarcely had they got a morsel on their forks and raised it to their mouths, ere it was snatched away by the dwarf or by Jacob, who crammed it with much laughter into their invisible wallets. The guests opened their eyes wider and wider,—their faces lengthened more and more,—a silence, like that of midnight in a cemetery, reigned throughout the whole room,—knives, mouths, jaws, were laid at rest, while each gaped in blank astonishment upon his neighbour. Flagon after flagon, cup after cup now disappeared from the table, and still the thief remained invisible! Well might the hair of the guests now begin to rise on end; every where all was silent as death, not a sound was heard but the chattering of teeth.

How they might best make their way out of the enchanted room, or hide themselves under the table, became now a question with the horror-stricken guests. Most of them were about to adopt the latter alternative, when, the dwarf having

suddenly snatched the cap from the head of his companion, all at once the culprit stood revealed to their astonished sight, sitting upon his heels, with each arm supported by a well-filled wallet.

The deathlike silence now gave place to the most outrageous uproar; every arm and every tongue was again in motion, while Jacob, with his head hanging down like a broken reed, was dragged away, under a thousand curses, towards a dark dungeon, where serpents and newts crawled about, there to starve beside his emptied wallets.

They were just about to lower the unfortunate shepherd into this loathsome place, and all around stood the guests mocking and jeering the trembling rustic,—when lo! the invisible dwarf approaches the half-dead shepherd, claps the cap again on his head, and in the twinkling of an eye the prisoner disappears.

The spectators stood there as if changed into as many stones, with faces as long as a yard, for the full space of an hour, without bethinking themselves either of eating or drinking or the merriment of the wedding. And there they might have been standing to this hour, had not the dwarf, compassionating their blank amazement, taken off his cap and revealed himself for a minute's space in his true form. "Now, Sir Knight," said he, "do not hound me again with your dogs out of your castle-yard; and you, Jacob, I hope you will in future put your bagpipes a little while aside, when I politely ask that favour of you."

The guests now tumbled over one another, and scrambled out of the house where the mysterious dwarf had appeared.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEAR in the wave is a Coral Grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the fainty snow:
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift

Their boughs where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,

For the winds and waves are absent there,

And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air;
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter;
There with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the Coral Grove.

JAMES PERCIVAL.*

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

ON Southern Wind!
Long hast thou linger'd 'mid those islands fair
Which lie, like jewels, on the Indian deep,
Or green waves, all asleep,
Fed by the summer suns and azure air—
O sweetest Southern Wind!
Wilt thou not now unbind
Thy dark and crowned hair?

Wilt thou not unloose now
In this the bluest of all hours,
Thy passion-colour'd flowers;
And shaking the fine fragrance from thy brow,
Kiss our girls' laughing lips and youthful eyes,
And all that world of love which lower lies,
Breathing, and warm, and white—purer than
snow?

O thou sweet Southern Wind!
Come to me and unbind
The languid blossoms which oppress my brow.

We, whom the northern blast
Blows on from night to morn, from morn to eve,
Hearing thee, sometimes grieve
That our brief summer days not long must last:
And yet perhaps 'twere well
We should not ever dwell
With thee, sweet spirit of the sunny south,
But touch thy odorous mouth
Once, and be gone unto our blasts again,
And their bleak welcome, and our wintry snow;
And arm us, by enduring, for that pain,
Which the bad world sends forth, and all its woe.

Ann.

* An American Poet.

OCTOBER.

How beautiful are Nature's thousand hues !
 First comes the virgin Spring, with emerald vest,
 And cheeks of glowing childhood. Summer next,
 With all her gay and gladsome trappings on,
 Rejoicing in the glory of her strength,
 And, braiding roses in her auburn hair.
 And next maturer Autumn ; soft at first,
 Yet oftimes sad in her departing steps,
 Till hoary Winter meets her on the heath,
 And breathes destruction on her fallow cheek !

The year is now declining ; and the air,
 —When morning blushes on the orient hills—
 Embued with icy chillness. Ocean's wave
 Has lost the tepid glow, and slumbering fogs
 On clouded days brood o'er its level plain ;
 Yet, when the day is at meridian height,
 The sun athwart the fading landscape smiles
 With most paternal kindness, softly sweet,
 And delicately beautiful,—a prince
 Blessing the realms whose glory comes from him.

The foliage of the forest, brown and sere,
 Drops on the margin of the stubble field,
 In which the partridge lingers insecure,
 And raises oft, at sombre even-tide,
 With plaintive throat, her dull and tremulous cry !
 The sickle of the husbandman hath ceased,
 And left the lap of Nature shorn and bare ;
 The odorous clover flowers have disappear'd ;
 The yellow pendulous grain is seen no more ;
 The perfume of the bean-field has decay'd ;
 And roams the wandering bee o'er many a path,
 For blossoms which have perish'd. Grassy blades,
 Transparent, taper, and of sickly growth,
 Shoot, soon to wither, in the sterile fields.
 The garden fruits have mellow'd with the year,
 And, save the lingering apricot, remain
 Nor trace nor token of the summer's wealth !
 Yet, on the wild-brier stands the yellow hip ;
 And, from the branches of the mountain-ash,
 The clustering berries drop their crimson beads
 Descending. On the dark laburnum's sides,
 Mix pods of lighter green among the leaves,
 Taper, and springless, hasting to decay ;
 And on the wintry honeysuckle's stalk
 The succulent berries hang. The robin sits
 Upon the mossy gateway, singing clear
 A requiem to the glory of the woods.
 And when the breeze awakes, a frequent shower
 Of wither'd leaves bestrews the weedy paths,
 Or from the branches of the willow whirl,
 With rustling sound, upon the turbid stream.
 Yet still there is a brightness in the sky,
 A most refulgent and translucent blue,
 And still the mountains heave their ridgy sides
 In pastoral greenness. Every thing around
 Is placid, but not joyful as in Spring,
 When Mirth was young, and Hope with eagle eye
 Look'd forward to the glories yet to come.
 There is not in the heavens a single cloud ;
 There is not in the air a breathing wind ;
 There is not on the earth a sound of grief ;
 There is not in the heart a swelling thought :
 Quiet and contemplation mantle all.

△

THE SHARK.

LORD BYRON and Thomas Moore have extolled the scenery of Italy and Greece till every village *bas bleu* and library lounge has learned to prate of "Egean Waves," and "Adrian Gondoliers." I believe that their descriptions are as creditable as they are delightful, but neither Byron nor Moore had visited the West Indies, or the beauties of the tropics would at least have shared their eulogiums. They never saw the sun setting on the blue hills of Jamaica—They never beheld its meridian glories sleeping on the waveless surface of the Caribbean sea—they never heard the mellowed and sleepy sound of the conch shell swell out in the evening air—or the wild choral song of the pearl fishers and manati-men ; and though

"I ply but vainly on a broken string,"

I have, in this respect, the advantage of them : I have seen and heard both. Of all the beautiful scenery of the West Indies that of the Gulf of Dulce, on the Spanish Main, is the most beautiful. My little schooner has floated there, with idle sails flapping in the undulating swell of the tides, when the waters around me were as blue and translucent as the skies that hung over them, and the vessel seemed like a sunny cloud sleeping in middle air. The purple summits of the high-wooded mountains were still towering in the sunshine—but a soft grey evening shadow had gathered over their sides, and the rich and varied colours of the foliage were only distinguishable when a division of the hills suffered the descending radiance to fall on the lower heights. On the centre of the gulf, however, the mellow evening light reposed without a shadow, save what was caught at intervals from the ocean birds, or was reflected from fishing vessels. The waters were "glassed in light." Various windmills and wigwags belonging to sugar and indigo plantations, relieved, with their white walls and rising smoke, the quiet and sombre monotony with which sun-down had invested the dark wooded shores ;—and glimpses of gipsy fires were in many places flickering through the bush as the

evening deepened. It was in this place that the May-flower was overtaken, in a voyage to a small settlement at the bottom of the gulf, by one of those breathless calms that are common in the last month of the dry season. I had three Spanish passengers on board, who had made extensive purchases of British goods at Beltese, and had engaged mules to meet them at this retired village, in order to evade the harbour dues of Omoa. As the tide was flowing, I considered it expedient to drop anchor, much to the distress and annoyance of the Spaniards, who had calculated on being landed that day, and had exhausted their lungs in whistling for winds ever since the calm set in. Their invocations, however, were in vain. Night darkened around us, and the schooner floated like a log. The sailors sulked, and leaned idly over the bulwarks;—one of the Spaniards took up his guitar and played—while the other two stretched themselves out as if for sleep,—and I reclined upon the companion in deep and sad meditation. What was I dreaming of amid those far foreign lands—in that lonely ship—surrounded by high dark hills? It was of a distant fireside—and the happy hours when, with all the sanguine confidence of boyhood, I threw my arms around the neck of my widowed parent and cried, “Mother, I will be a sailor, and win gold for you on the wide sea.” Then I thought of her melancholy but truthful foreboding, in the words of the proverb, that “the steed would be gone ere the grass was grown;” and I laughed, in bitterness of heart, over all my wild hopes and childish calculations. From this abstracted mood I was aroused by one of the sailors, a Norwegian, of the name of Andersen, the only white man, besides myself, in the vessel, who sauntered up to the companion, and seated himself on one of the Spaniards’ *patakees* (a kind of box, made of plaited bark, diced in various colours) at my feet. This man reminded me of some of those wild and gipsy-looking figures that darken the foreground of old Flemish pictures. He was full six feet high, with large brawny limbs, and a set of features that, besides the determined pucker of a tobacco chewer, were as bronzed and weatherworn as those of Belzoni’s mummy. He was a true and genuine sailor, with all the reckless hardihood and superstition of his kind—a ghost-

seer in the most ample sense of the word, and a sort of walking repository of most of the legends with which the invisible world is connected. He had intrigued with two or three mermaids; and had been one of a party which had landed on the back of a kraken, like Sinbad of yore, mistaking the sea monster for a desert island. Many and wild were the legends he has related to me of the Northern Seas, and they almost borrowed a tone of probability from the earnest and implicit belief he himself gave them, and the nervous language in which they were told. He was the oracle of the black people, who have a constitutional tendency towards romance and mystery. Their strong passions, and confined intellect, assort better with the ideal world than the real one, and thus it is that the slave thinks less of his restrained liberty, than those who have taken the thankless trouble of thinking for him. After having seated himself quietly beside me, a brief dialogue, something like the following, passed between us. “Skipper, I was dreaming last night.” “Were you?” “Yes, and a d—d queer dream it was.” “Aye?” “Aye, and I know as how ill luck will come of it—’twas all about sharks.” “Out with it, I see that’s what you want.” “No I don’t; but shiver me if there ben’t a shark beating about the bows *now*—and what d’ye think of that?” “Nothing—are ye afraid ’twill swallow the ship?” “No—I an’t—but I think it will swallow some one on board of her—I tell you, skipper, its fate to some of us—I never saw it miss—let a man be dying or doomed on these seas, and a shark follows in the wake of the ship, as sure as the grave—to receive him when he is thrown overboard. To be sure its all one—as well feed sharks as land-crabs—as well lie in a shark’s belly as in a doctor’s rum puncheon—but I don’t just like the thought of being crushed to hashed meat between the grinders of those sea devils. Its silly, skipper, but I would like to lie quietly in the earth at last, after having been upon the salt sea all my life.” I rose and went forward—the sea was like molten lead, and rippled along the hull of the schooner with a quiet and trickling sound; while the sails which had shone so brightly during the day, had assumed the colour of night, and flapped supinely against the masts and cordage like funeral palls. There is no-

thing so imposing, and withal so soothing, as night on the ocean. In that wide solitude every object assumes a shadowy and spectral character, and impresses the sailor with a feeling of awe, that is seldom otherwise excited. All the objects on the shores were indistinct, except the fire-flies, with their topaz-coloured lights, that were travelling across the gulf, like those floating lamps which the Hindoo girls launch into the Ganges to discover the fate of their affections. I looked over the bulwarks, and, as Andersen had told me, there was the watchful monster winding lazily backward and forward like a long meteor, sometimes rising till its nose disturbed the surface, and a gushing sound, like a deep breath, rose through the breaker, at others resting motionless on the water as if listening to the sound of our voices, and thirsting for our blood. As we were watching the motions of the monster—Prince, the cook, a little lively negro, suggested the possibility of destroying it. Andersen uttered an incredulous “humph,” and I laughed outright, and asked Prince if he meant to engage him in single combat with his bush knife as the old Jamaica negro did the famous Port Royal Tom. Prince laughed, and shook his head—“No, no, skipper, me give um a hot bellyful—make a brick hot in de stove and give um for nyam”—(eat.) I consented, and Prince forthwith commenced his culinary operations. They were simply to heat a fire-brick in the stove—wrap it hastily up in some old greasy cloths, as a sort of disguise, and then to heave it overboard. This was the work of a few minutes, and the effect was triumphant. The monster followed its hissing prey—we saw it dart after the brick like a flash of lightning, and gorge it instant. Prince whooped and laughed with exultation, and hurrying up to the surly Spaniards, who took no sort of interest in the circumstance, congratulated them with a kind of sarcastic railleury on the prospect of “fresh fish for supper.” The shark rose to the surface almost immediately, and his uneasy movements soon betrayed the success of our manoeuvre. His agonies became terrible. The waters appeared as if disturbed by a violent squall, and the spray was driven over the tafferell, where we were standing—while the gleaming body of the fish repeatedly burst through the dark waves,

as if writhing with fierce and terrible convulsions. Sometimes also we thought we heard a shrill, bellowing cry, as if indicative of anguish and rage, rising through the gurgling of the waters. His fury, however, was soon exhausted. In a short time the sounds broke away into distance, and the agitation of the sea subsided. The shark had given himself up to the tides, as if unable to struggle against the approach of death, and they were carrying his swollen body unresistingly to the beach.

A breeze soon after set in, and we at length weighed anchor. I took the helm, and the schooner began to make her way slowly up the gulf. The Spaniards, restored to good humour by the prospect of debarking, suffered the sympathetic whine, which Prince frequently addressed to them, with “no fresh fish, Massa,” to pass unresented. Andersen, however, was evidently disappointed that his prediction was likely to remain unverified; and as he reclined sulkily upon the spare-mast, at a little distance, I could not avoid recurring to the subject, in order to tease him a little, and therefore asked him, gravely, which of the hands he concluded the shark had its eye upon? He answered, in a subdued tone—“Belay—belay, skipper, when you have sailed the high seas as long as I have, you will give those saws more credit; many a likely lad have I seen take to his hammock, with parched lips and burning temples, never to leap down from it in life—who was as hale and hearty, and as full of fun as one of Mother Carey’s chicks, before the shark appeared in our lee-way. Skipper—I know a story of a shark—a fearful, bloody story—and one that haunts my memory night and day—dreaming or waking.—When I was at Campeachy, I formed a sort of pot friendship with a pearl fisher, who had served under Mina in the expedition to New Orleans, and could tell long stories of burnings and bush fightings, and things that I had never heard of before; and I used to sit in his wig-wam all night, and swill rum grog, while he went over his campaigns and his wanderings, He was a merry fellow—and knew how to keep the joke fresh; and I liked his grog, and was compelled to like his company, for the yellow fever had broke out in our ship, and I was thrown upon my shifts till she came off her quarantine, so

that I was contented to sling my hammock in the pearl-diver's hut as long as he would allow me. One night I was drunk—perhaps he had made me so for particular ends—but if he did, he was punished for it. It was very dark and squally, and we were sitting alone in the hut, over the sleepy light of a mangrove fire. After looking at me for some time with a serious and steadfast eye, Jose said, 'Andersen, I will put my life into your hands; I have need of a friend to advise with, and I think you will not betray me. You may have heard, for rumour is loud-lipped, that the Cathedral of Nuestra Senora was plundered, about two years ago, and that two black men, who were implicated in the sacrilege, suffered publicly on the wheel. There was another man who evaded detection. They died like men of honour with the secret in their hearts, and he yet lives, unknown and unsuspected. *I am that man!* Hush!—The gold and silver vessels tempted my eye—and I never knelt at the altar without wishing to tear them down. The devil assisted me, and I did it.—*Madre de Dios!*—such commotion as it made in the town;—the people seemed to have made a vow to talk of nothing else, and the Padres yelled as if it were dooms-day. The poor blacks yelled too, but my name was never mingled with their confessions;—*my* punishment is far off. The gold cups and candlesticks are buried under ten fathom water, among the rocks of an old fishing station. I know the place well. Assist me in raising them to-night, and I will share them with you, and we will both take the first chance of going to Honduras!'

"I consented at once—for the devil is ever ready to take advantage of a man's necessities—and we went down to the beach immediately, where Jose unfastened his doree, and we put off for the fishing station. The sea was high, and we had enough to do to manage our slight craft. Jose's experienced eye was not long in discovering the repository of his treasure, though the night was so dark, and the drift so strong, that we could scarcely see beyond the bows, excepting when a streamer flashed through the clouds, and showed the heavy black waves mounting round about us.—'It's a plaguy bad night, messmate,' said I. Jose turned—the lightning glared over his face—it was as pale

as death. 'To-night or never,' he replied, 'wear up the doree while I strip.' He did not lose an instant in preparation, and after repeating his caution to wear up the craft, and keep near the place, he crossed himself, and dropped heavily, but quietly, into the water. I thought I heard a cry as he descended, and my anxiety began to take the shape of fear. Jose had scarcely dived a fathom when he rose again to the surface—apparently senseless and inanimate. I thought he had stunned himself against the rocks. I called to him, but he returned me no answer. I called again, and louder, and still no reply. Cold with fear, I paddled towards the place where the lightning had shown me his floating body. One arm was lying listlessly upon the waves. I seized hold of it hastily—and dragged him into the boat.—As I did so, blood—warm blood—spouted over my breast and knees:—a streamer flashed across the firmament:—I uttered a yell of horror, and let my load drop heavily at my feet. It was a headless trunk! The jaws of a shark had anticipated man's justice:—The punishment of the ill-fated and guilty Jose had only been protracted—not repealed!"

Edinburgh Observer.

ON REVISITING

THE SCENES OF MY INFANCY.

My native stream, my native vale,
And you, green meads of Teviotdale,
That after absence long I view!
Your bleakest scenes that rise around,
Assume the tints of fairy ground,
And infancy revive anew.

When first each joy that childhood yields
I left, and saw my native fields
At distance fading dark and blue,
As if my feet had gone astray
In some lone desert's pathless way,
I turn'd, my distant home to view.

Now tired of Folly's fluttering breed,
And scenes where oft the heart must bleed,
Where every joy is mix'd with pain;
Back to this lonely green retreat,
Which Infancy has render'd sweet,
I guide my wandering steps again.

And now, when rosy sunbeams lie
In thin streaks o'er the eastern sky,
Beside my native stream I rove :
When the grey sea of fading light
Ebbs gradual down the western height,
I softly trace my native grove.

When forth at morn the heifers go,
And fill the fields with plaintive low,
Re-echoed by their young confined ;
When sunbeams wake the slumbering breeze
And light the dew-drops on the trees,
Beside the stream I lie reclined,

And view the water-spiders glide
Along the smooth and level tide,
Which, printless, yields not as they pass ;
While still their slender frisky feet
Scarce seen with tiny step to meet
The surface blue and clear as glass.

I love the rivulet's stilly chime
That marks the ceaseless lapse of time,
And seems in Fancy's ear to say—
"A few short suns, and thou no more
Shalt linger on thy parent shore,
But like the foam streak pass away !"

Dear fields, in vivid green array'd !
When every tint at last shall fade
In death's funereal, cheerless hue,
As sinks the latest fainting beam
Of light that on mine eyes shall gleam,
Still shall I turn your scenes to view.

DR JOHN LEYDEN.

STANZAS.

THERE is a tongue in every leaf !
A voice in every rill !
A voice that speaketh every where,
In flood and fire, through earth and air ;
A tongue that's never still !

'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused
Through every thing we see,
That with our spirits communeth
Of things mysterious—Life and Death,
Time and Eternity.

I see Him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder cloud ;
I hear him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forests hoar,
When winds are piping loud.

I see him, hear him, every where,
In all things—darkness, light,
Silence, and sound ; but, most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall
At the dead hour of night.

I feel Him in the silent dews
By grateful earth betrayed ;
I feel Him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine, and the shade.

And yet (ungrateful that I am !)
I've turned in sullen mood
From all these things whereof He said,
When the great whole was finished,
That they were "very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things
Fell like unwholesome dew—
The darkness that encompass'd me,
The gloom I felt so palpably,
Mine own dark spirit threw.

Yet He was patient—slow to wrath,
Though every day provoked
By selfish, pining discontent,
Acceptance cold or negligent,
And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread
For my insensate heart.—
Not always so—I woke again,
To join Creation's rapturous strain,
"O Lord, how good Thou art !"

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,
The glorious sun broke out,
And love, and hope, and gratitude,
Dispell'd that miserable mood
Of darkness and of doubt.

Anon.

MEDICINE AND MORALS.

A STROKE of personal ridicule is levelled at Dryden, when Bayes informs us of his preparations for a course of study by a course of medicine ! "When I have a grand design," says he, "I ever take physic and let blood ; for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part ; in fine, you must purge the belly !" Such was really the practice of the poet, as La Motte, who was a physician, informs us, and in his medical character did not perceive that ridicule in the subject which the wits and most readers unquestionably have enjoyed. The wits here were as cruel against truth as against Dryden ; for we must still consider this practice, to use their own words, as "an excellent recipe for writing." Among other philosophers, one of

the most famous disputants of antiquity, Carneades, was accustomed to take copious doses of white hellebore, a great aperient, as a preparation to refute the dogmas of the stoics. Dryden's practice was neither whimsical nor peculiar to the poet; he was of a full habit, and, no doubt, had often found by experience the beneficial effects without being aware of the cause, which is nothing less than the reciprocal influence of mind and body!

This simple fact is, indeed, connected with one of the most important inquiries in the history of man; the laws which regulate the invisible union of the soul with the body: in a word, the inscrutable mystery of our being!—a secret, but an undoubted intercourse, which probably must ever elude our perceptions. The combination of metaphysics with physics has only been productive of the wildest fairy tales among philosophers: with one party the soul seems to pass away in its last puff of air, while man seems to perish in “dust to dust;” the other as successfully gets rid of our bodies altogether, by denying the existence of matter. We are not certain that mind and matter are distinct existences, since the one may be only a modification of the other; however this great mystery be imagined, we shall find with Dr Gregory, in his lectures “on the duties and qualifications of a physician,” that it forms an equally necessary inquiry in the sciences of *morals* and of *medicine*.

Whether we consider the vulgar distinction of mind and body as a union, or as a modified existence, no philosopher denies that a reciprocal action takes place between our moral and physical condition. Of these sympathies, like many other mysteries of nature, the cause remains occult while the effects are obvious. This close yet inscrutable association, this concealed correspondence of parts seemingly unconnected; in a word, this reciprocal influence of the mind and the body, has long fixed the attention of medical and metaphysical inquirers; the one having the care of our exterior organization, the other that of the interior. Can we conceive the mysterious inhabitant as forming a part of its own habitation? The tenant and the house are so inseparable, that in striking at any part of the building, you inevitably reach the dweller. If the mind is disordered, we may often

look for its seat in some corporeal derangement. Often are our thoughts disturbed by a strange irritability, which we do not even pretend to account for. This state of the body, called the *fidgets*, is a disorder to which the ladies are particularly liable. A physician of my acquaintance was earnestly entreated by a female patient to give a name to her unknown complaints; this he found no difficulty to do, as he is a sturdy assertor of the materiality of our nature; he declared that her disorder was *ATMOSPHERICAL*. It was the disorder of her frame under damp weather, which was re-acting on her mind; and physical means, by operating on her body, might be applied to restore her to her half-lost senses. Our imagination is highest when our stomach is not overloaded; in spring than in winter; in solitude than amidst company; and in an obscured light than in the blaze and heat of the noon. In all these cases the body is evidently acted on and re-acts on the mind. Sometimes our dreams present us with images of our restlessness, till we recollect that the seat of our brain may perhaps lie in our stomach, rather than on the pineal gland of Descartes; and that the most artificial logic to make us somewhat reasonable, may be swallowed with “the blue pill,” or any other in vogue. Our domestic happiness often depends on the state of our biliary and digestive organs, and the little disturbances of conjugal life may be more efficaciously cured by the physician than by the moralist; for a sermon misapplied will never act so directly as a sharp medicine. The learned Gaubius, an eminent professor of medicine at Leyden, who called himself “professor of the passions,” gives the case of a lady of too inflammable a constitution, whom her husband, unknown to herself, had gradually reduced to a model of decorum, by phlebotomy. Her complexion, indeed, lost the roses, which some, perhaps, had too wantonly admired for the repose of her conjugal physician.

The art of curing moral disorders by corporeal means has not yet been brought into general practice, although it is probable that some quiet sages of medicine have made use of it on some occasions. The Leyden professor we have just alluded to, delivered at the university a discourse “on the management and cure of

the disorders of the mind by application to the body." Descartes conjectured, that as the mind seems so dependent on the disposition of the bodily organs, if any means can be found to render men wiser and more ingenious than they have been hitherto, such a method might be sought from the assistance of *medicine*. The sciences of MORALS and MEDICINE will therefore be found to have a more intimate connexion than has been suspected. Plato thought that a man must have natural dispositions towards virtue to become virtuous; that it cannot be educated—you cannot make a bad man a good man; which he ascribes to the evil dispositions of the *body*, as well as to a bad education.

There are, unquestionably, constitutional moral disorders; some good-tempered but passionate persons have acknowledged, that they cannot avoid those fits to which they are liable, and which, they say, they always suffered "from a child." If they arise from too great a fullness of blood, is it not cruel to upbraid rather than to cure them, which might easily be done by taking away their redundant humours, and thus quieting the most passionate man alive? A moral patient, who allows his brain to be disordered by the fumes of liquor, instead of being suffered to be a ridiculous being, might have opiates prescribed; for in laying him asleep as soon as possible, you remove the cause of his madness. There are crimes for which men are hanged, but of which they might easily have been cured by physical means. Persons out of their senses with love, by throwing themselves into a river, and being dragged out nearly lifeless, have recovered their senses, and lost their bewildering passion. Submersion was discovered to be a cure for some mental disorders, by altering the state of the body, as Van Helmont notices, "was happily practised in England." With the circumstance this sage of chemistry alludes to, I am unacquainted; but this extraordinary practice was certainly known to the Italians; for in one of the tales of Poggio we find a mad doctor of Milan, who was celebrated for curing lunatics and demoniacs in a certain time. His practice consisted in placing them in a great high-walled courtyard, in the midst of which there was a deep well, full of water cold as ice. When

a demoniac was brought to this physician, he had the patient bound to a pillar in the well, till the water ascended to the knees, or higher, and even to the neck, as he deemed their malady required. In their bodily pain they appeared to have forgot their melancholy; thus by the terrors of the repetition of cold water, a man appears to have been frightened into his senses! A physician has informed me of a remarkable case: a lady with a disordered mind resolved on death, and swallowed much more than half a pint of laudanum; she closed her curtains in the evening, took a farewell of her attendants, and flattered herself she should never awaken from her sleep. In the morning, however, notwithstanding this incredible dose, she awoke in the agonies of death. By the usual means she was enabled to get rid of the poison she had so largely taken, and not only recovered her life, but, what is more extraordinary, her perfect senses! The physician conjectures that it was the influence of her disordered mind over her body which prevented this vast quantity of laudanum from its usual action by terminating in death.

Moral vices or infirmities, which originate in the state of the body, may be cured by topical applications. Precepts and ethics in such cases, if they seem to produce a momentary cure, have only mowed the weeds, whose roots lie in the soil. It is only by changing the soil itself that we can eradicate these evils. The senses are five porches for the physician to enter into the mind, to keep it in repair. By altering the state of the body, we are changing that of the mind, whenever the defects of the mind depend on those of the organization. The mind, or soul, however distinct its being from the body, is disturbed or excited, independent of its volition, by the mechanical impulses of the body. A man becomes stupified when the circulation of the blood is impeded in the *viscera*; he acts more from instinct than reflection; the nervous fibres are too relaxed or too tense, and he finds a difficulty in moving them; if you heighten his sensations, you awaken new ideas in this stupid being; and as we cure the stupid by increasing his sensibility, we may believe that a more vivacious fancy may be promised to those who possess one, when the mind and the body play together in one harmonious accord. Pre-

scribe the bath, frictions, and fomentations, and though it seems a round-about way, you get at the brains by his feet. A literary man, from long sedentary habits, could not overcome his fits of melancholy, till his physician doubled his daily quantity of wine; and the learned Henry Stephens, after a severe ague, had such a disgust of books, the most beloved objects of his whole life, that the very thought of them excited terror for a considerable time. It is evident that the state of the body often indicates that of the mind. Insanity itself often results from some disorder in the human machine. "What is this MIND, of which men appear so vain?" exclaims Flechier. "If considered according to its nature, it is a fire which sickness and an accident most sensibly puts out: it is a delicate temperament, which soon grows disordered; a happy conformation of organs, which wear out; a combination and a certain motion of the spirits, which exhaust themselves; it is the most lively and the most subtle part of the soul, which seems to grow old with the body."

It is not wonderful that some have attributed such virtues to their system of diet, if it has been found productive of certain effects on the human body. Cornaro perhaps imagined more than he experienced; but Apollonius Tyaneus, when he had the credit of holding an intercourse with the devil, by his presumed gift of prophecy, defended himself from the accusation by attributing his clear and prescient views of things to the light aliments he lived on, never indulging in a variety of food. "This mode of life has produced such a perspicuity in my ideas, that I see as in a glass things past and future." We may, therefore, agree with Bayes, that "for a sonnet to Amanda, and the like, stewed prunes only" might be sufficient; but for "a grand design," nothing less than a more formal and formidable dose.

D' ISRAELI.*

* "A second series of Curiosities of Literature," &c. Lond. 1823, 3 vols.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

When friendship, love and truth abound
Among a band of brothers,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others.
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy friendship, love, and truth!

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling,
Old time lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay good-humour smiling;
With ermine beard and forelock gray,
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like winter turn'd to May,
Night soften'd into morning.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy friendship, love, and truth!

From these delightful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure:
Can man desire, can heaven bestow,
A more resplendent treasure?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a constellation,
Where every star, with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy friendship, love, and truth!

MONTGOMERY.

TO TIME.

O TIME, thou know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird at day's departing hour
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful though its wings are wet the while:
Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

BOWLES.

SONG OF THE VIRGINS OF ISRAEL.

DAUGHTERS of Israel! praise the Lord of Hosts!
Break into song! with harp and tabret lift
Your voices up, and weave with joy the dance;
And to your twinkling footsteps toss aloft
Your arms; and from the flash of cymbals shake
Sweet clangour, measuring the giddy maze.

Shout ye! and ye, make answer! Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.

Sing a new song. I saw them in their rage,
I saw the gleam of spears, the flash of swords,
That rang against our gates! The warder's watch
Ceased not. Tower answer'd tower: a warning
voice

Was heard without; the cry of woe within!
The shriek of virgins, and the wail of her,
The mother, in her anguish, who fore-wept,
Wept at the breast her babe, as now no more,

Shout ye! and ye, make answer! Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.

Sing a new song. Spake not th' insulting foe?
I will pursue, o'ertake, divide the spoil,
My hand shall dash their infants on the stones:
The ploughshare of my vengeance shall draw out
The furrow, where the tower and fortress rose.
Before my chariot Israel's chiefs shall clank
Their chains. Each side, their virgin daughters
groan;

Erewhile to weave my conquest on their looms.

Shout ye! and ye, make answer! Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.

Thou heard'st, O God of battle! Thou whose
look

Snappeth the spear in sunder. In thy strength
A youth, thy chosen, laid their champion low.
Saul, Saul pursues, o'ertakes, divides the spoil;
Wreathes round our necks these chains of gold, and
robes

Our limbs with floating crimson. Then rejoice,
Daughters of Israel! from your cymbals shake
Sweet clangour, hymning God, the Lord of Hosts!

Ye shout! and ye, make answer! Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.

SOTHEBY.

BURIAL ANTHEM.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy salut' soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burthen of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his bless'd abode;

Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
Upon his father's breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed:
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful bless'd,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

MILKAN.

VERSES.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild and young,
I laugh'd, and talk'd, and danced, and sung;
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dream'd not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me.*

THE SHOWER BATH.

Quoth Dermot (a lodger at Mrs O' Flynn's)
"How queerly my shower bath feels!
It shocks like a posse of needles and pins,
Or a shoal of electrical eels."

Quoth Murphy, "Then mend it, and I'll tell you
how:
It's all your own fault, my good fellow;
I used to be bother'd as you are, but now
I'm wiser—I take my umbrella."

New Monthly Mag.

* These sweet and simple lines are said to have
been written by the Princess Amelia, daughter of
George III.—*Ed.*

THE GREAT STORM OF 1703.

In *Little Wild-street* chapel, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, a sermon is annually preached on the 27th of November, in commemoration of the "GREAT STORM" in 1703.

This fearful tempest was preceded by a strong west wind, which set in about the middle of the month; and every day, and almost every hour, increased in force until the 24th, when it blew furiously, occasioned much alarm, and some damage was sustained. On the 25th, and through the night following, it continued with unusual violence. On the morning of Friday, the 26th, it raged so fearfully that only few people had courage to venture abroad. Towards evening it rose still higher; the night setting in with excessive darkness added general horror to the scene, and prevented any from seeking security abroad from their homes, had that been possible. The extraordinary power of the wind created a noise, hoarse and dreadful, like thunder, which carried terror to every ear, and appalled every heart. There were also appearances in the heavens that resembled lightning. "The air," says a writer at the time, "was full of meteors and fiery vapours; yet," he adds, "I am of opinion, that there was really no lightning, in the common acceptation of the term; for the clouds, that flew with such violence through the air, were not to my observation such as are usually freighted with thunder and lightning; the hurries nature was then in, do not consist with the system of thunder." Some imagined the tempest was accompanied with an earthquake. "Horror and confusion seized upon all, whether on shore or at sea; no pen can describe it, no tongue can express it, no thought can conceive it, unless theirs who were in the extremity of it; and who, being touched with a due sense of the sparing mercy of their Maker, retain the deep impressions of his goodness upon their minds though the danger be past. To venture abroad was to rush into instant death, and to stay within afforded no other prospect than that of being buried under the ruins of a falling habitation. Some in their distraction did the former, and met death in the streets; others the latter, and in their

own houses received their final doom." One hundred and twenty-three persons were killed by the falling of dwellings; amongst these were the bishop of Bath and Wells (Dr Richard Kidder) and his lady, by the fall of part of the episcopal palace of Wells; and lady Penelope Nicholas, sister to the bishop of London, at Horsley, in Sussex. Those who perished in the waters, in the floods of the Severn and the Thames, on the coast of Holland, and in ships blown away and never heard of afterwards, are computed to have amounted to eight thousand.

All ranks and degrees were affected by this amazing tempest, for every family that had any thing to lose lost something: land, houses, churches, corn, trees, rivers, all were disturbed or damaged by its fury; small buildings were for the most part wholly swept away, "as chaff before the wind." Above eight hundred dwelling-houses were laid in ruins. Few of those that resisted escaped from being unroofed, which is clear from the prodigious increase in the price of tiles, which rose from twenty-one shillings to six pounds the thousand. About two thousand stacks of chimneys were blown down in and about London. When the day broke, the houses were mostly stripped, and appeared like so many skeletons. The consternation was so great that trade and business were suspended, for the first occupation of the mind was so to repair the houses, that families might be preserved from the inclemency of the weather in the rigorous season. The streets were covered with brickbats, broken tiles, signs, bulks, and pent-houses.

The lead which covered one hundred churches, and many public buildings, was rolled up, and hurled in prodigious quantities to distances almost incredible; spires, and turrets of many others were thrown down. Innumerable stacks of corn and hay were blown away, or so torn and scattered as to receive great damage.

Multitudes of cattle were lost. In one level in Gloucestershire, on the banks of the Severn, fifteen thousand sheep were drowned. Innumerable trees were torn up by the roots; one writer says, that he himself numbered seventeen thousand in part of the county of Kent alone, and that, tired with counting, he left off reckoning.

The damage in the city of London, on-

ly, was computed at near two millions sterling. At Bristol, it was about two hundred thousand pounds. In the whole, it was supposed, that the loss was greater than that produced by the great fire of London, 1666, which was estimated at four millions.

The greater part of the navy was at sea, and if the storm had not been at its height at full flood, and in a spring-tide, the loss might have been nearly fatal to the nation. It was so considerable, that fifteen or sixteen men of war were cast away, and more than two thousand seamen perished. Few merchantmen were lost; for most of those that were driven to sea were safe. Rear-admiral Beaumont with a squadron then lying in the Downs, perished with his own and several other ships on the Goodwin Sands.

The ships lost by the storm were estimated at three hundred. In the river Thames, only four ships remained between London-bridge and Limehouse, the rest being driven below, and lying there miserably beating against one another. Five hundred wherries, three hundred ship-boats, and one hundred lighters and barges were entirely lost; and a much greater number received considerable damage. The wind blew from the western seas, which preventing many ships from putting to sea, and driving others into harbour, occasioned great numbers to escape destruction.

The Eddystone lighthouse near Plymouth was precipitated in the surrounding ocean, and with it Mr Winstanley, the ingenious architect, by whom it was contrived, and the people who were with him.—“Having been frequently told that the edifice was too slight to withstand the fury of the winds and waves, he was accustomed to reply contemptuously, that he only wished to be in it when a storm should happen. Unfortunately his desire was gratified. Signals of distress were made, but in so tremendous a sea no vessel could live, or would venture to put off for their relief.”*

The amazing strength and rapidity of the wind, are evidenced by the following well authenticated circumstances. Near Shaftesbury a stone of near four hundred pounds weight, which had lain for some

years fixed in the ground, fenced by a bank with a low stone wall upon it, was lifted up by the wind, and carried into a hollow way, distant at least seven yards from the place. This is mentioned in a sermon preached by Dr Samuel Stennett in 1788. Dr Andrew Gifford in a sermon preached at Little Wylde-street, on the 27th of November, 1734, says that “in a country town, a large stable was at once removed off its foundation and instantly carried quite across the highway, over the heads of five horses and the man that was then feeding them, without hurting any one of them, or removing the rack and manger, both of which remained for a considerable time to the admiration of every beholder.” Dr Gifford, in the same sermon, gives an account of “several remarkable deliverances.” One of the most remarkable instances of this kind occurred at a house in the Strand, in which were no less than fourteen persons: “Four of them fell with a great part of the house, &c. three stories, and several two: and though buried in the ruins, were taken out unhurt: of these, three were children; one that lay by itself, in a little bed near its nurse; another in a cradle; and the third was found hanging (as it were wrapp’d up) in some curtains that hitch’d by the way; neither of whom received the least damage. In another place, as a minister was crossing a court near his house, a stone from the top of a chimney upwards of one hundred and forty pounds weight, fell close to his heels, and cut between his footsteps four inches deep into the ground. Soon after, upon drawing in his arm, which he had held out on some occasion, another stone of near the same weight and size, brush’d by his elbow, and fell close to his foot, which must necessarily, in the eye of reason, have killed him, had it fallen while it was extended.” In the Poultry, where two boys were lying in a garret, a huge stack of chimneys fell in, which making its way through that and all the other floors to the cellar, it was followed by the bed with the boys asleep in it, who first awaked in that gloomy place of confusion without the least hurt.

So awful a visitation produced serious impressions on the government, and a day of fasting and humiliation was appointed by authority. The introductory part of the proclamation, issued by queen

* Belsham's Hist. of G. Britain.

Anne for that purpose, claims attention from its solemn import.

"WHEREAS, by the late most terrible and dreadful storms of wind, with which it hath pleased Almighty God to afflict the greatest part of this our kingdom, on Friday and Saturday, the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh days of November last, some of our ships of war, and many ships of our loving subjects, have been destroyed and lost at sea, and great numbers of our subjects, serving on board the same have perished, and many houses and other buildings of our good subjects have been either wholly thrown down and demolished, or very much damaged and defaced, and thereby several persons have been killed, and many stacks of corn and hay thrown down and scattered abroad, to the great damage and impoverishment of many others, especially the poorer sort, and great numbers of timber and other trees have by the said storm been torn up by the roots in many parts of this our kingdom: a calamity of this sort so dreadful and astonishing, that the like hath not been seen or felt in the memory of any person living in this our kingdom, and which loudly calls for the deepest and most solemn humiliation of us and our people: therefore out of a deep and pious sense of what we and all our people have suffered by the said dreadful wind and storms, (which we most humbly acknowledge to be a token of the divine displeasure, and that it was the infinite mercy of God that we and our people were not thereby wholly destroyed,) We have resolved, and do hereby command, that a General Public Fast be observed," &c.

This public fast was accordingly observed, throughout England, on the nineteenth of January following, with great seriousness and devotion by all orders and denominations. The protestant dissenters, notwithstanding their objections to the interference of the civil magistrate in matters of religion, deeming this to be an occasion wherein they might unite with their countrymen in openly bewailing the general calamity, rendered the supplication universal, by opening their places of worship, and every church and meeting-house was crowded.

HONE's Every-Day Book.

VERSES.

WHY should man's high aspiring mind
Burn in him, with so proud a breath;
When all his haughty views can find
In this world, yields to death;
The fair, the brave, the vain, the wise,
The rich, the poor, and great, and small,
Are each but worms' anatomys,
To strew his quiet hall.

Power may make many earthly gods,
Where gold, and bribery's guilt, prevails;
But death's unwelcome honest odds
Kicks o'er the unequal scales:
The flatter'd great may clamours raise
Of power,—and their own weakness hide,
But death shall find unlooked for ways
To end the farce of pride.—

An arrow, hurtle'd ere so high
From e'en a giant's sinewy strength,
In time's untraced eternity,
Goes but a pigmy length—
Nay, whirling from the tortured string,
With all its pomp of hurried flight,
'Tis, by the skylark's little wing,
Outmeasured, in its height.

Just so, man's boasted strength, and power,
Shall fade, before death's lightest stroke;
Laid lower than the meanest flower—
Whose pride o'ertopt the oak.
And he, who like a blighting blast,
Dispeopled worlds, with war's alarms,
Shall be himself destroyed at last,
By poor, despised worms.

Tyrants in vain their powers secure,
And awe slaves' murmurs with a frown;
But unawed death at last is sure
To sap the Babels down—
A stone thrown upward to the sky,
Will quickly meet the ground again:
So men-gods, of earth's vanity,
Shall drop at last to men;

And power, and pomp, their all resign—
Blood purchased thrones, and banquet halls.
Fate waits to sack ambition's shrine
As bare as prison walls,
Where the poor suffering wretch bows down
To laws a lawless power hath past;—
And pride, and power, and king, and clown,
Shall be death's slaves at last.

Time, the prime minister of death,
There's nought can bribe his honest will;
He stops the richest tyrant's breath,
And lays his mischief still:
Each wicked scheme for power, all stops,
With grandeur's false, and mock display,
As eve's shades, from high mountain tops,
Fade with the rest away.

Death levels all things, in his march,
 Nought, can resist his mighty strength;
 The pallace proud,—triumphal arch,
 Shall mete their shadows' length:
 The rich, the poor, one common bed
 Shall find, in the unhonoured grave,
 Where weeds shall crown alike, the head
 Of tyrant, and of slave.

ANDREW MARVEL.

COUNT KONINGSFELDT.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH.

WHAT joys are the life of a hunter surrounding!
 For who foams so richly the cup of delight?
 With rifle and horn, through the broad forest
 bounding,

Or stretched in its shade, by the streamlet so bright;
 How glorious to see the fleet stag vainly flying,
 The hound in the greenwood, the hawk in the air!
 The pastime of princes, all others outvying,
 No sport upon earth with the chase can compare.

Yoho, tra, la, la, &c.

Not even with day is the hunter's sport ended—
 The midnight to him is as dear as the noon,
 For when the bright sun in the west has descended,
 Up rises to light him his lady the moon.

By her yellow beam led, through the deepest glens
 hieing,

The wolf or the wild boar he tracks to his lair;
 The pastime of princes, all others outvying,
 No sport upon earth with the chase can compare.

Yoho, tra, la, la, &c.

THE spirited chorus in the opera of *Der Freischutz*, with its accompaniment of forest scenery, the deep green wood, the rugged rocks and gushing waters, brought recollections to my mind, fraught with the wild romance of the northern nations, and forcibly reminded me of a pleasant adventure which occurred to me in a hasty journey through Sweden. My carriage had broken down at the entrance of a forest; many hours were necessary for its repair, ere it would be again rendered serviceable; and, having received such directions as I thought would enable me to reach the next post, I walked forward alone. The scene was to me equally new, strange, and beautiful; the woody labyrinth appeared to be interminable; but here and there a green glade interspersed to give variety, whilst the inequalities of the ground, the upland paths and deep ravines, the scattered trees and close

thickets, presented so many enchanting combinations that, wholly lost in admiration, I wandered from spot to spot completely at random, and entangled myself at every step still deeper in the mazes of the wild.

I was beginning to feel excessively fatigued, and not a little hungry, and my taste for the picturesque was fast giving way to a strong desire to exchange these profound solitudes for the busy haunts of men, when, much to my surprise and delight, I heard a song, not from a bird, but the voices of men, bursting upon my ear in one grand swell, then dying away in soft cadences, and in another instant making the distant echoes ring with the minstrel strain. Guided by the sound, I urged my way through winding alleys, and ran at once upon the party, a jovial band of hunters lying idly upon the green-sward, under a fir-crowned pile of rocks, and close to a fountain which swelled at their feet. An abundant supply of bread, meat, and wine, was spread upon the grass, and they were chanting the *Jagerlied*, (hunting song) with that exquisite native melody which is so astonishing and fascinating to an Englishman's ear, accustomed to the unmusical voices of his own countrymen. I met with a hearty welcome from the sylvan wassailers, stretched my limbs upon the green-sward beside them, appeased the cravings of appetite, and luxuriated in the exquisite sensations which the scene, and season, and the hour produced. The striking attitudes, costumes, and countenances of my companions, the delicious repose of the glen, broken only by the chirping of birds, the humming of insects, and then the fresh smell of the leaves, together with the brilliant glories of the now setting sun, as it gilded the tops of the trees, tinged the sparkling waters with crimson, and threw long streams of light up the avenues which intersected the surrounding oaks and elms, steeped every sense in calm delight. I thought what a happy change it would be to the imprisoned tenant of the city, reluctantly condemned to toil in dark buildings for gold, to inhale the reviving air of this rustic haunt, and brace his unnerved frame in healthful exercise; and was ready to exclaim—

Under the green-wood tree,
 Who loves to live with me,

And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Here shall he see no enemy,
Save winter and rough weather."

The hospitable party whom I had so fortunately encountered, consisted of the forest keeper, Count Koningsfeldt, and his attendants. He despatched a chasseur to apprise my servants of the cause of my detention, and insisted upon my spending the night under his roof. I accepted his courtesy as freely as it was freely given, and after a sufficient rest, we bent our steps to the Count's sylvan abode. It was an ancient structure, spacious, and beautifully situated upon the edge of a wood. I was much pleased with the antique appearance of its architecture, as the dark walls arose in Gothic grandeur, and received the last ray of the declining sun on the fretted stone work of their decorations. The interior was equally striking and pictorial; the hall and dining room were richly carved; and pictures representing subjects taken from the chase, were surmounted with the wide-spreading antlers of the buck; whilst rifles, and horns, and powder-flasks, mingled with the relics of ancient armour, both offensive and defensive, were tastefully arranged in appropriate situations. The principal saloon was hung with tapestry, whereupon some skilful hand had wrought the death of the stag; it was exceedingly well delineated; the whole group of horses, dogs, and hunters seemed to breathe; and the triumph displayed by the countenances and action of those who surrounded the expiring animal, strongly indicated the brave sport which the gallant brute had afforded. On looking around me, I found the scene repeated on every side; sometimes sculptured in wood, at others painted on canvass, and single portraits of the stag were multiplied by artists who nearly equalled the touch of Snyders. I could not help remarking my surprise at the constant recurrence of the same subject, when the wild boar and the wolf offered so much variety.

My host smiled: "there is an incident of deep interest to our family," said he, "connected with the chase, whose memory is here perpetuated." My curiosity was now excited, and having expressed a hope that I might be indulged with a relation which promised to gratify my pas-

sion for the romantic traditions of his country, he courteously assured me of his willingness to comply with my request, and immediately after supper, commenced his narrative.

"My remote ancestors," said he, "descended from the early kings of the north, were exceedingly rich and powerful; but, after a brilliant season of prosperity, their glory began to decline: sometimes involved in rebellion, at others engaged in long and sanguinary wars with their rude neighbours; the family possessions, diminished by forfeiture, and wrested away by conquest, became at length wholly inadequate to the support of the dignity of so illustrious a descent. The only portion of the paternal inheritance which remained to Count Leuthold Koningsfeldt, consisted of a tract of barren and sterile land, yielding a scanty portion of food to the labourer's toil. Gloomy pine-woods alone diversified the rugged aspect of the country, which, for the most part, was little else than a stony desert. Leuthold had lost his parents soon after he emerged from infancy; he spent his youth in the service of his prince, and early distinguished himself by his valorous conduct in the field of war. Returning peace found him covered with honour, but poorer even than when he had commenced his career in arms. The splendour so becoming, and indeed necessary to his rank, which he had been obliged to maintain during his attendance upon the king, at the court of Stockholm, had plunged him into debt; and he sought the ungentle soil of his birth, with the bitter feeling resulting from a conviction that no means remained to discharge the demands against him, except by the sale of these lands; and though the idea of parting with the last acre belonging to a noble, but unfortunate race, was extremely painful, the danger which existed of not being able to find a purchaser, increased the anxiety and despondency of his mind. His estate was surrounded on all sides by the dominions of rich nobles. Luxuriant meadow-land, and fertile corn-fields, villages tenanted by a hardy race of happy peasantry, and green hills dotted with innumerable flocks of sheep, met his gaze, whenever he passed the boundary of his own pine-wood and flinty heath. On the right dwelt the wealthy lord of Stathohenberg; on the left Count Xavier of Carlstrad. He had

fought by the side of the former in many a fierce battle against the Muscovites, and was now a welcome guest at his castle. Adriana, the fair daughter of Stathohenberg, the gentlest and the loveliest of her sex, smiled on the warrior. Undazzled by the jewels that shone upon the plumed caps and furred mantles of richer knights, or the proud grandeur of their numerous retinue, she welcomed the plainly-attired and unattended Lenthold with frank cordiality, extended her hand to him in the dance, and motioned her maidens to make room for him, whenever he approached the bower where she sat, plying the busy needle, and joining in the song of the blithe spirits around her.

"The unhappy young man found a balm for his wounded spirits in the soothing attendance of this lovely creature. Visions of happiness sprung up in his breast. He paused not to examine the foundation upon which these sweet hopes rested, but abandoned himself to the delight of the hour, and indulged in fond anticipations of felicity, though he knew not how they were to be realized. Adriana had already a host of lovers in her train; and of these, Xavier of Carlstrad was particularly favoured by her father. To him, however, she manifested coldness bordering upon aversion; yet, notwithstanding the evident marks of her indifference, he persevered in his attentions; for, vain of his person, and priding himself upon his wealth, it was long ere he perceived the slight chance which he had of success, or the preference which Adriana accorded to Count Koningsfeldt.

"A circumstance soon occurred which opened the eyes of all parties to their respective situations. The birth-day of the fair daughter of Stathohenberg drew near, and all her relations and friends were preparing rich gifts for the occasion. The whole world appeared to have been ransacked for baubles to please her eye, and to gratify the most exquisite taste. The silks of Persia were brought from the banks of the Caspian sea; Siberia presented costly furs; feathers and perfumes came from the deserts of Africa and Arabia the blessed; strange gorgeous birds in gilded cages, the productions of India; cambric and lace from Flanders; a lute from Italy, the land of song; and carpets and shawls from the Turkish loom. Valuable and beautiful, however, as these of-

ferings were, they were far surpassed by the splendour of Count Xavier's present: he laid at her feet a sparkling coronet, wherein the ruby, the amethyst, the topaz, and the emerald, contended for magnificence with the diamond. Adriana stood in the centre of her father's hall, with her sweet face lighted up with joy and gratitude, to receive the congratulations of her kinsfolk and friends. To the knights and noblemen who approached her, she gave kind smiles and gracious looks; to her young female companions, tender kisses and warm embraces. One gave her an embroidered scarf, wrought with her own hand; from the others she received a fan, a rosary of amber, a musk ball, a bracelet of Bohemian garnets, a box of sweetmeats, a Venetian neck-chain, an ivory basket—and where was Lenthold? He, too, had a gift: but just as he was about to withdraw it from the concealment of his mantle, with an apology for its worthlessness, Xavier stepped before him, and kneeling upon one knee, placed the jewelled diadem upon the floor, and solicited its acceptance from the lady of his affections. Adriana lifted the splendid trophy from the ground, and gazed with wondering admiration upon the rich clusters of precious stones which adorned it; and Koningsfeldt, not without a sensation of shame, seized the moment to make his humble offering, in the expectation that it would be instantly cast aside and disregarded, amidst the shining ornaments which had been heaped upon the queen of the day; it was a simple wreath of white roses, woven by the pious nuns of a neighbouring convent. "Ah, how beautiful!" exclaimed Adriana, as she hastily gave the glittering gems which had so lately won her attention to the care of an attendant, and stretching out her hand for the flowery garland, placed it with a glance of delight among the silken tresses which waved over her brow. Every body was struck with the action, and with the additional loveliness which the chaplet of roses conferred upon the fair wearer. It was the only improvement which could have been made to her dress, the most appropriate ornament and finish to flowing drapery of snowy texture, edged only with a satin braid of the same spotless hue. She looked like one of Flora's nymphs; that one who, rejecting the garden's gaudy blos-

som, chose by her modest emblems to personify simplicity.

"The eyes of the whole assembly were turned upon Count Koningsfeldt's roses, and all were loud in their praise of his taste and discrimination in the judicious selection of a birth-day gift, for one whose delicate beauty approximated so closely to that of the pure and tender flowers which crowned a brow of Parian whiteness. Xavier alone felt mortified: but he dissembled his indignation at the careless indifference with which his sumptuous present had been thrown aside, and kept a watchful eye upon the unconscious lovers. The morning was spent in wandering through the green wilderness of Count Stathohenberg's garden; Leuthold seldom quitted the side of Adriana, or if by chance they were separated, each manifested a restless uneasiness until they met again; in the evening there was a ball. How lightly and how gaily both flew down the dance together, and what an animated portrait did she present us; she threw back her fair head, and shook the clustering curls from her temples; whilst he, encircling her slender waist with his arm, bent down his eagle eye to gaze upon her, checked the rapid movement of his feet to give her breath, and then supporting her with a firmer clasp, darted round and round as the exhilarating music struck forth a livelier strain! Carlstrad observed all this as he leaned against a pillar, situated in a shadowy corner of the illuminated hall. Twice his hand grasped the hilt of his sword, and twice he stepped forward resolved to fling his gauntlet in Koningsfeldt's face, and dare him to immediate combat. But prudence restrained him; he read the genuine effusions of tenderness in every glance, every smile, every word of Adriana; and even should he prove victorious in the strife, and stretch his rival, bleeding, maimed, or lifeless at his feet, what could he hope from her who would regard him with horror as the destroyer of all that she held dear? These reflections determined him to have recourse to less obvious, but far more certain means to ruin the prospects of Koningsfeldt, and send him an exile from the land of his birth; and that point accomplished, he trusted that absence would work its usual remedy in the mind of an

individual, belonging to a sex which he had been taught to esteem as fickle as the wind. Then the field would be open to him, and he doubted not that, a favoured object removed, his zeal, his perseverance, and his assiduity, would win for him the prize he coveted.

"In pursuance of this plan, he approached the maid and her lover with a friendly aspect, and dexterously contrived, without appearing to attempt to supplant the envied Leuthold, to insinuate himself between him and Adriana, speaking in the most friendly manner to both, and at the same time effectually preventing them from conversing on the subject nearest their hearts. It was a fortunate, though disagreeable interruption. Koningsfeldt, more in love than ever, his spirits raised by the flattering compliment which the loveliest maiden in Sweden had paid him, animated by the song, the dance, the blazing lights, and the sparkling of the wine cup, had nearly forgotten his poverty; and the fond entreaty that the soft white hand which he clasped in his own, might be linked for ever with his fortunes, was upon his lips, when Xavier's intrusion checked the utterance of the rash desire. No opportunity occurred at the banquet in which he could whisper his tender tale unheard, and they parted, convinced of each other's attachment, but unbound by the mutual vow which would have engaged the honour as well as the affection of each.

"The rivals rode home apparently in cordial amity together. Already guessing the state of his companion's affairs, the lord of Carlstrad's artful questions soon drew a very important information from the unsuspecting knight. He had borrowed money from Amos Golshin, a rich Jew of Stockholm. The next day Xavier dispatched a confidential messenger to this man, whose persuasions wrought upon the Israelite to persecute his unhappy creditor for payment. Reports of Leuthold's debts, extravagancies, and, what was still more disgraceful, his want of means, were industriously disseminated throughout the neighbouring castles. His vassals and servants, too, who had hitherto borne their hard lot with patience, began to murmur at the privations which they were obliged to endure; and Koningsfeldt was not slow to perceive a change in the deportment of his acquain-

tance and dependants. He either was entirely shunned, or coldly regarded by the former, and the majority of the latter neglected his commands. His hawks were suffered to grow wild, his hounds were unfed, and his horses unhandsomely caparisoned.

"In the midst of these vexations, the Count of Carlstrad offered to become the purchaser of the Koningsfeldt estate. Leuthold would gladly have put off the evil day which should see him bereft of the last relic of his ancestral dominions; but the pretended friend so strongly urged the necessity of upholding his character and honour at any sacrifice, and the unfeeling taunts of the Jew chafed his lofty spirit so grievously, that he consented with infinite anguish to the only means that were left to avoid reproach. A day was appointed for the purchase, and Xavier hardly concealing his joy, kept close to his victim, inspired with a vague fear that there might be a possibility of his meeting with succour in his adversity. Refining upon cruelty, he proposed that the Count should take a farewell of his lands by hunting over them on the last day in which he could call them his own. The plan was extremely repugnant to Leuthold's feelings: but the more anxiously he declined it, the more eager was his tormentor to induce him to consent. Weary with fruitless contention, he conceded the point, and prepared for the chase, with a heavy heart. The day was remarkably fine; the sun threw its brightest beams upon crag and tree; and even the dark forest of pines, and the bare surface of the rock, seemed to smile in its radiance. The dogs soon roused a gallant buck from his green retreat: he bounded rapidly before them; and away swept the whole train, spurning the earth beneath their feet, awakening the echoes of the distant hills, and making the valleys ring with the sound of hoof and horn. Every heart was inspired with joy, save that which beat in Leuthold's aching breast. He almost envied the fate of the stag, so vainly flying before him, and so speedily destined to sink beneath the fury of his assailants; for, though all other ills might have been borne by a soldier and a knight, the loss of Adriana, the worshiped object of his soul's idolatry, was a misfortune which no fortitude could with-

stand, no time could assuage. He was miserable, and for ever.

"The wearied animal, now slackening his speed, was driven against a rocky barrier, where there was no escape. He turned, and made a desperate stand at bay; the dogs fell mangled around him; and Leuthold, first taking an interest in the chase, sprung forward, fronted the enraged brute, and plunged his javelin into his heart. The buck fell, amid the clamorous shouts of the whole field. Koningsfeldt, in gazing upon the prostrate monarch of the wood, so lately cropping the dewy grass, or reposing in safety in his lair, felt all his melancholy reflections revive; and just as he was withdrawing his eyes from a spectacle which grieved him, he observed a strange appearance on the antlers. He stooped to examine them more closely: they were covered with an ochreous incrustation; and he needed no evidence to assure him of the existence of a copper mine, whose rich ore, hitherto concealed under a flinty soil, would exalt him, at once, to a proud equality with the most powerful and wealthy nobles of the land. He imparted the discovery to his companions. Cries of 'Long live Leuthold!' 'Joy to the house of Koningsfeldt!' proceeded from every lip, excepting Xavier's. He retired to Carlstrad, unable to conceal his disappointment; whilst the buck, wreathed and crowned with oaken garlands, was carried in triumph to the Count's ancestral hall. Leuthold flew with the intelligence to the castle of Stathohenberg, secured the hand of Adriana, by her own promise, and the consent of her father; and, on the first day on which the toils of the labourer revealed the treasures of the mine, their nuptials were solemnized with a splendour which still forms a theme for conversation with the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets."

La Belle Assemblée.

THE MOUSE TURNED HERMIT.

FROM PIGNOTTI.

"O beata solitudo!"

In winter when my grandmother sat spinning,
Close in the corner by the chimney-side,
To many a tale, still ending, still beginning,
She made me list with eyes and mouth full wide,
Wondering at all the monstrous things she told,
Things quite as monstrous as herself was old.

She told me how the frogs and mice went fighting,
And every word and deed of wolves and foxes,
Of ghosts and witches in dead night delighting,
Of fairy spirits rummaging in boxes;
And this in her own strain of fearful joy,
While I stood by, a happy frightened boy.

One night, quite sulky, not a word she utter'd,
Spinning away as mute as any fish,
Except that now and then she growl'd and mut-
ter'd;

At last I begged and prayed, till, to my wish,
She cleared her pipes, spat thrice, coughed for a
while,

And thus began with something like a smile:—

"Once on a time there was a mouse," quoth she,
"Who, sick of worldly tears and laughter, grew
Enamour'd of a sainted privacy;

To all terrestrial things he bade adieu,
And entered, far from mouse, or cat, or man,
A thick-wall'd cheese, the best of Parmesan.

And, good soul! knowing that the root of evil
Is idleness, that bane of heavenly grace,
Our hermit laboured hard against the devil,
Unweariedly, in that same sacred place,
Where further in he toiled, and further yet,
With teeth for holy nibbling sharply set.

His fur-skin jacket soon became distended,
And his plump sides could vie with any friar's:
Happy the pious who, by heaven befriended,
Reap the full harvest of their just desires!
And happier they, whom an eternal vow
Shuts from the world, who live—we know not how!

Just at that time, driven to the very brink
Of dire destruction, was the mousal nation;
Corn was lock'd up, fast, close, without a chink,
No hope appeared to save them from starvation,
For who could dare grimalkin's whisker'd chaps,
And long-clawed paws, in search of random scraps?

Then was a solemn deputation sent
From one and all to every neighbouring house,
Each with a bag upon his shoulder went,
And last they came unto our hermit-mouse,
Where, squeaking out a chorus at his door,
They begg'd him to take pity on the poor.

"O my dear children," said the anchorite,
"On mortal happiness and transient cares
No more I bend my thoughts, no more delight
In sublunary, worldly, vain affairs;
These things have I forsworn, and must, though
loth,

Reprove your striving thus against my oath.

"Poor, helpless as I am, what can I do?
A solitary tenant of these walls;
What can I more than breathe my prayers for you?
And heaven oft listens when the pious calls!
Go, my dear children, leave me here to pray,
Go, go, and take your empty bags away."

"Ho! grandmother," cried I, "this matches well,
This mouse of yours so snug within his cheese,
With many a monk as snug within his cell,
Swollen up with plenty and a life of ease,
Who takes but cannot give to a poor sinner,
Proclaims a fast and hurries home to dinner."

"Ah, hold your tongue!" the good old dame
screamed out,

"You jackanapes! who taught you thus to prate?
How is't you dare to slander the devout?
Men in so blessed, so sanctified a state!
Oh, wretched world!—Ah, hold your wicked
tongue!—

Alas! that sin should be in one so young!

"If e'er you talk so naughtily again,
I promise you 'twill be a bitter day!"
So spoke my grandmother, nor spoke in vain;
She look'd so fierce I'd not a word to say;
And still I'm silent as I hope to thrive,
For many grandmothers are yet alive.

Anon.

TO A LADY.

THINK not, because thy quiet day
In silent goodness steals away,
Think not, because to me alone
Thy deeds of cheerful love are known,
That, in the grave's dark chamber laid,
With thee those gentle acts shall fade.
From the low turf where virtue lies
Shall many a bloodless trophy rise,
Whose everlasting bloom shall shame
The laurel'd conqueror's proudest name;
For there the hoary sire shall come,
And lead his babes to kiss thy tomb,
Whose manlier steps shall oft repair
To bless a parent buried there.
The youth, whose grateful thought reverts
The hand that ruled his wayward years;
The tender maid, whose throbbing breast
Thy gentle wisdom soothed to rest,
And he who well thy virtues knew,
When fortune fail'd and friends were few;
All who thy blameless course approved,
Who felt thy goodness, or who loved,
Shall crowd around thy honour'd shrine,
And weep and wish an end like thine.

JOHN BOWLER.

S O N G.

COME all ye jolly shepherds that whistle through the glen,
 I'll tell ye of a secret that courtiers dinna ken:
 What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man can name?
 'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

C H O R U S.

When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame,
 'Tween the gloamin and the mirk, when the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,
 'Tis not on couch of velvet nor yet in bed of down—
 'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without a name,
 Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines so bright, the hale soul to beguile,
 There's love in every whisper, and joy in every smile:
 O, wha wad choose a crown, wi' its perils and its fame,
 And miss a bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

See yonder pawkie shepherd, that lingers on the hill,
 His ewes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still:
 Yet he downa gang to bed, for his heart is in a flame
 To meet his bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gi'e?—
 And a' the arts that prey upon man's life and liberty:
 Gi'e me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame—
 My bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame!

JAMES HOGG.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME













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